



THE GULF
OF MISUNDERSTANDING
OR

*North and South America
as Seen by Each Other*

TANCREDO PINOCHET

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El diálogo de los dos continentes (Harper)

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THE WIND
AND THE WATERS

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INTRODUCTION

This book is neither a novel nor a didactic treatise. In it a woman and a man speak. The woman—so says the book—was born and educated in Chicago, but she might just as well have been born and educated in Buffalo, New York or Seattle. She is a woman of this country. The man—so says the book—was born in Santiago, Chile, but he might as well have been born in Argentina, Colombia or Ecuador. He is a man of Latin America.

The man—so says the book—wrote letters' to his wife about this country. It is of no particular importance that these letters were addressed to his wife; they might have been sent to his son, to his brother, or to one of his friends. Or he might have talked to them on the subject instead of writing; or else he might have only thought about these matters instead of writing or speaking about them. Any man who has left the environment in which he has always lived sees things other than those which he has seen before, and is guided by a new train of thought. Whether he writes, utters or keeps these thoughts to himself is of no consequence. The thoughts are there.

The woman—so says the book—is a member of the Censor's Department of the United States Government during the war. It would make no difference if she

were not. She is only a symbol, because every woman is a member of the body of censors in war-time and in time of peace, when the beliefs and moral code of her country are attacked.

The woman repudiates the way of writing—or speaking, or thinking—of the representative of another race which is in contact with hers, and she makes her protest. According to the book, she makes her protest, in writing alongside what the man has written. It would be just the same if she had spoken or merely thought about it instead of writing.

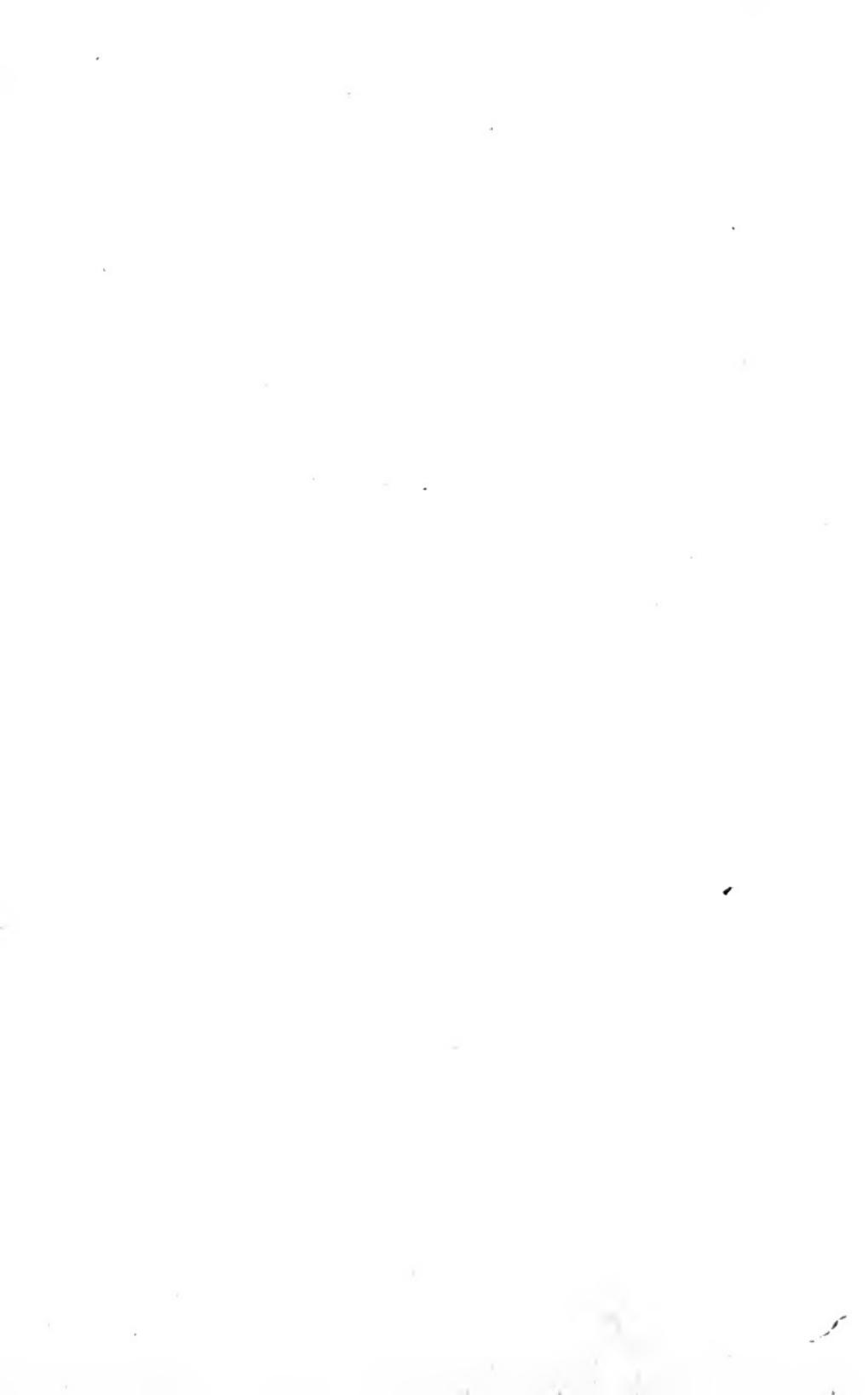
The line of thought of the man and that of the woman are not systematic. We do not think one day exclusively about one thing, and another day about one other thing, and on a third day about yet one other thing. We think every day about a thousand things. Just so did the man and the woman think on this occasion, but the book has classified and placed in one separate compartment all that the woman and the man thought about each determined subject.

Two things cannot be placed in contact without producing a reaction, a protest, a contention. Place a hot body alongside a cold body: they will contend with each other until they reach an agreement; and when they are reconciled, if they are of the same size, the warmer body will have given some of its heat to the colder body until both have been reduced to the same temperature.

The shock of man with man, of the races with the races, is much more complex, and may occur without immediate contact between them. Communication between peoples is attained by mail, by commerce and by telegraph.

This book is the analysis of the shock between Latin America and Anglo-Saxon America. The man and woman who are speaking here are symbols. They may never have seen each other. It does not matter. It may be that the man never came to this country, and that he received his impressions through books, magazines or newspapers. It may be that the woman never went to South America, and that she received her impressions in the same way. It all comes to the same thing. The two continents, the two races are in close contact. There is a shock, a reaction, and this book is the analysis of this shock, of this reaction.

This book is the dialogue of the two continents, the dialogue of the two Americas. It is the report produced by the moral shock of two worlds. The author has listened to this dialogue on both slopes of the Andes and on both sides of the Mississippi; he has classified and written down the things he has heard.



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THE GULF OF MISUNDERSTANDING
OR
NORTH AND SOUTH AMERICA
AS SEEN BY EACH OTHER



WILLIAM
S. LUMSDEN

THE GULF OF MISUNDERSTANDING

CHAPTER I

THE LETTERS AND THEIR CENSOR

No sooner had the United States entered the European war than the necessity was seen for an official censorship of international correspondence. Accordingly, in New York, San Francisco and New Orleans, the government established offices authorized to examine every letter which left the country. After the sensational discoveries which brought to light the cable correspondence of Count von Luxburg during his stay in Buenos Aires, the order was given to use very special care with all the letters coming from or going to South America.

Miss Mabel Jones was one of the staff charged with the duty of examining correspondence in the Spanish Department of the New York's Censor's Office. During her college course at the University of Chicago, Miss Jones had mastered the language of Cervantes; and, after graduation, she went to Spain for the purpose of continuing her studies of Latin American civilization and making original researches in the Royal Library of Madrid. In order to know well the Spanish America

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of to-day, she wished to dive into the history of the conquest and of the colony. A great reader, Miss Jones' interest had been quickly aroused by reading Prescott's "Conquests of Peru and Mexico," and later she had systematically read any book she could get about South American life. She soon became convinced that, in making these original investigations, she was preparing herself to revise and correct much that passes for knowledge with respect to these countries.

The daughter of wealthy parents, this work was her pleasure, and she had the necessary means to live and travel, without being hampered by the necessity of earning her daily bread.

After finishing her studies in Madrid, she returned to the United States, where she spent a year with her family, and then undertook a long journey through Latin America. She devoted much time to seeing Argentina, Chile, Uruguay, Peru, Ecuador, Venezuela, Colombia and Mexico. A few days were spent in Rio de Janeiro and short trips made into the small republics of Central America. The only Latin American country she did not visit was Paraguay.

She had now a large accumulation of notes prepared and classified for writing an intensive book on Spanish American civilization, when the European war broke out. The first chapters of her work were written when her own country declared war against Germany. She was then thirty-eight years old.

Miss Jones believed herself in duty bound to devote all her energies to help her country. If she had been able to do nothing else, she would have set about knitting woolen garments for the Red Cross, as millions of her fellow-countrywomen were doing, but, to her great satis-

faction, the Government accepted the offer of her services in the Spanish Department of the Censor's Office in New York.

In this work she found ample field for her studies, as there passed before her, like an endless film of moving pictures, the ideas, the opinions and the different points of view of the immense number of representative South Americans that, as transient visitors or permanent residents of the United States, were carrying on a correspondence with the other America. These live, intimate documents of a throbbing reality she found far more absorbing than had ever been the crumbling archives of the Royal Library of Madrid, in spite of all its wealth of data relating to days gone by.

The reading of private letters of eminent men, which posterity has been able to bring to light, has proved, at times, to be the one technical point lacking, the real key-note of interpretation in great historical moments. The perusal of these letters of a nameless but select multitude, which speaks without restrictions of present day life, gave access to an intimate library often denied to the historian and sociologist. Miss Jones was finding her work intensely interesting.

Purely commercial letters did not especially attract her attention. Some enigmatic notes were the object of detailed study, and often they were allowed to pass as a decoy in order later to reveal a secret. Sometimes it turned out that they were simply love letters of girls whose parents had not sanctioned the correspondence, or of married women who had adopted a species of code for clandestine communication.

One letter from a South American gentleman to his

wife seemed of most unusual interest. It was a bitter criticism of men and things in the United States, a series of what Miss Jones mentally qualified as profoundly mistaken judgments. Of her own accord, and even at the risk of overstepping her duties in the Department, she determined to add to the letter, on separate sheets, a few observations on the opinions of the writer. She made copies of both the letters and of her own comments, to serve later as references for use in her books.

A few days later there came to the office another letter from the same gentleman to the same lady, and again Miss Jones thought it proper to add her comment. These letters, written in Chicago, Ill., were directed to Santiago, Chile, and continued to be mailed with the utmost regularity. Although these letters criticized adversely the United States, there was no sufficient reason why they should be detained by the censorship, but Miss Jones thought that it could do no harm, and might do good to add her comments to each of them.

The Chilean gentleman and Miss Jones were unacquainted, but to her the correspondent of Chicago seemed to be a palpitating reality. It was the soul of Latin America that vibrated in his letters. She now saw in writing what she had heard a thousand times in her long journeys. This false conception of her country had continually tormented her.

He wrote from his room in the Hotel Blackstone, facing Lake Michigan, and something indefinable clouded the view of this observer: he could not see into the depths of American life, just as his eyes could not penetrate the depths of the lake. Should he be given a diver's dress to enable him to explore the ocean of American life?

Formerly, when she was in Buenos Aires, Rio, Santiago or Bogatá, she made allowances for those who spoke in generalities of her country because they did not know it; but here was an intellectual Spanish American, living in the heart of the country, who could see only through the smoked glasses of his spectacles.

She read each letter from him with avidity. Often she took up her pen to reply to him, but as quickly laid it down again. In spite of the ill-will—which bordered on hatred—with which he wrote about the United States, she could not dislike him.

“He does not understand,” she said. “How am I to make him understand?” This Chicago correspondent was for her the whole of Latin America in the heart of her country.

“We must get to understand each other,” she went on thinking. “We need to understand each other in order to fulfill our historic mission.” Trained to look back on the long road of history, she was also capable of looking forward, and saw in the future a Latin America of two hundred million souls, prosperous, of potential vitality, a factor as decisive in the problems of the world as her country was now. Situated between Europe and Asia, all America would have to be a moral entity to figure worthily in the great conflicts of the future.

At last the war came to an end, and the censorship was abolished. The Chilean gentleman, who had brought with him a proposition for the investment of capital in the extensive copper deposits that had been discovered on his estates, visited California and other States of the Union, where his business delayed him one year longer.

A few days before his departure for Chile, Miss Jones, who had heard that he was in New York, went to see

him at his hotel in order to ask his permission to publish his letters to his wife with her comments added. He would never have allowed her to do so, if it had not been that he himself had modified largely his beliefs, owing to the opportunities he had lately enjoyed to penetrate deeper into North American life, and influenced, as he could not fail to be, by the arguments contained in Miss Jones' writings, which his wife had sent him.

"My first impressions were readily acquired by superficial observation," he said. "Looking into the heart of things has taught me to understand this country better. By all means publish these letters, together with your illuminating replies, so that they may serve as a torch to others who have fallen into the same errors."

He said much more, which, as it properly belongs to the epilog of this book, will be found in the last chapter.

CHAPTER II

IDEALISM

A BOUT a week had gone by during which Miss Jones read the letters to Latin America in her office at the Censor's Bureau, when the first one written by the Chilean in Chicago reached her hands. Omitting the parts relating purely to family matters, the following pages are those which particularly arrested her attention:

Chicago, Ill.,, 1918.

My dearest:—

I do not know whether it is because everything in this country is so unlike Europe, especially Paris, or because I have come here without you and the little ones, but the fact is that this North American world seems to me simply horrible. I don't think it will ever be worth while to bring you here. When the war is over we shall resume our visits to Paris every winter. What a pity it is that this war should have diverted the course of Chilean travel from Europe to this country, though doubtless a superficial mind, judging only by appearances, may find real grandeur in this purely material triumph of the United States. I have already met some Chileans who are intoxicated with enthusiasm

for this country, a disposition that may do us incalculable harm in the future. This is the country of dollars and cents. Every one here is a money-maker. Business is the God of the country. With us the first question of friends when they meet is: "How is your family?" Here the usual greeting is: "How is business?" All men here are like race-horses to which the beauty of the grand panorama past which they run means nothing. They rush along unbridled, blinded by their mad haste to reach the goal, which is—the dollar, the mere dollar, the hundred dollars, the thousand dollars, the millions, yes, even the billions of dollars.

This is the country of quantity, not quality. It is the country of the Ingersoll one-dollar watch and of the three-hundred dollar Ford automobile.

There is here a veritable cult for speed. They have the fastest train in the world, and until lately, they used to pay a forfeit to the passengers for every minute of delay in arrival at their destination. Automobiles take the dead at full speed to the cemetery. There are express elevators which take you up ten floors in one gulp. The shoemakers have signs on their shop fronts, offering to half-sole your shoes while you wait, and tailors clean and press your clothes as quickly. At the barber's shop a customer has his hair cut, his nails trimmed and his shoes cleaned at the same time. A Frenchman wonders why Americans have not invented a machine to permit them to work with their feet while they speak over the phone.

I have read this humorous anecdote, a mere exaggeration of the reality, in one of their magazines: Two insurance salesmen happened to call at the same time on a man to get him to take out a life-policy. He ob-

jected that in case of his death his wife might have difficulty in collecting the insurance money. One of the salesmen told him that if he died at two o'clock in the afternoon, his wife would receive the money at four. "We do better than that," said the other agent; "our offices are on the third floor of the building. A client of ours had his office on the thirteenth floor. He had the misfortune to fall out of his window to the street, and as he passed in front of our window he was handed a check for the amount of his insurance with our courteous expression of regret."

Leisure is not understood in this country. To tell an American that we close our offices and shops at the luncheon hour would be to invite him to deafen you with his shouts of laughter. When a man is over forty he is looked down upon; he is worn out and good for nothing. In our country women try to deceive you about their age; they want to be thought younger. Here it is the men who lie about their age, in order to keep their jobs or get new ones, because money is worth more than men.

You know the story of one of our countrymen who was drowning in the sea. Two Americans were watching him from the shore as he struggled for life. One of us, directly he caught sight of the accident, hastened to the rescue; but one of the Americans stopped him, saying: "No, let him alone. We have made a bet: I say he will drown, and my friend thinks he will reach the shore."

You have no idea what a world of truth there is in this anecdote. Money, money! That is first and last in this country. Cities are built solely at the call of moneyed propositions. Here in Chicago there is a service

of elevated trains, carried over the streets on a hideous structure of steel, which makes their horrible streets still uglier. Why have they not made a subway like those of Paris, London and Buenos Aires, as they are immensely rich? Simply because it does not matter to them that the streets are ugly. The important thing for them is to tear through them quickly.

Chicago is beautiful in parts, Michigan Avenue, for instance, where my hotel, the best in the city, is located. But alongside such a building as the Public Library one sees gross advertisements or offensive signs that call attention to some automobile tires or some special brand of pork from the packing-houses of Armour or Swift. As I tell you, Michigan Avenue is beautiful, but in its most beautiful part it is cut off by an enormous disfiguring soap factory. A Yankee monument; it takes the place of a piece of sculpture in the Champs Elysées.

Weight, bulk and magnitude so dominate some superficial minds that they look upon a rigid sky-scraper of forty stories, built without art or grace, as a greater achievement than a Nôtre Dame, a Museum of Cluny, an Alhambra or a Milan Cathedral.

The fact that men are appraised here only for their money is crystallized even in their language. We say: "Una persona tiene un millón de pesos." The French say: "Quelqu'un possède un million de piastres." The Germans say: "Der Mann hat eine Million Mark." Naturally, to possess a million dollars is something accidental, like having a house or an estate; but here they say of a man: "He is worth a million dollars," which means that this is his value, the public's appraisement of him. He is worth as much as the number of his dollars.

I have not yet recovered from my surprise at the campaign for the second war loan launched here some time ago, just after my arrival in Chicago. It was worth seeing. The highest men in office issued public notices such as would be published by the manager of the advertising department of some great patent-medicine factory. In the course of this campaign one day was set aside throughout the nation for the special purpose of selling bonds, and in the editorials of the newspapers this day was compared with that of the Celebration of Independence. Just think of it: on that day no battle was won, no act of heroism was recorded, only money was loaned to the government at a good rate of interest.

To-day I passed by a store where they sell orthopedic goods: trusses for hernias and wooden legs and arms. In the window was a plaster copy of the Venus of Milo all disfigured by the belts to which they wished to call attention. Have you ever seen such an impertinence? The prototype of beauty, youth and health marred with belts and trusses for the deformed! It would not surprise me to come across an advertisement in which a plaster for chilblains is applied to the bare foot of some such a marble as that in which Chapu gave life to Joan of Arc. Everywhere one finds good taste sacrificed to business. They do not appear capable of arranging a window-display artistically as in Paris. I have seen shop windows piled two or three yards high with candies, nuts or button-hooks.

Their post-card views of cities are barbarously ugly and daubed with the most shrieking colors. Why can they not produce something in this line like the French? Because good taste is not marketable. There is through-

out the country an organized school of bad taste. The newspapers publish in their Sunday editions a colored section for children, in which their elders also delight. These are most irritating to persons of refinement. In our country nothing short of a revival of the Inquisition to burn these papers would suffice if any one should publish such atrocities.

The same is true of American music, which is rasping and calculated to tear the nerves. Its name describes it well: ragtime. Their national anthem is a proof of their musical poverty. Our ears, accustomed as they are to our own beautiful national anthem, or to the Marseillaise, protest indignantly against this national hymn of a hundred million people in North America.

George MacManus is a talented cartoonist who contributes to one of the Chicago daily papers. The other day his marvelous pencil created a witticism which scarcely exaggerates the theme. "Mrs. Jiggs wants you to play again," says Mr. Jiggs to the pianist. "It's rather late," answers the musician, "I fear it will annoy your neighbors." "Oh! That's all right. They've got a dog that howls all night."

Some one has said—in order to explain certain traits in the American character—that the Americans like to be humbugged. I think they also like to be annoyed. That is why they buy pianos for their girls. But, now and then, they get tired of it. Here is another funny dialog by the same artist: Mrs. Jiggs awakens her husband at midnight. "There is a burglar in the parlor," she says. "I think he is trying to steal the piano." "I'll go down and see," says her husband. "Don't do anything rash," she called after him. "Certainly not;

but you don't suppose the man can get that piano out without help, do you?"'

Parvenus, people who have made their money suddenly and who do not know how to use it, they pile up everywhere mountains of valuable material without art, without taste, and they brag of what it cost. They talk here, for instance, of a half million dollar production for a play whose setting cost all that money, a two million dollar building, a five million dollar hotel.

I am writing to you from my balcony which looks out upon Lake Michigan. In my conception this lake is the most beautiful bit of Chicago. But the Yankees did not make the lake, they cannot call it a billion dollar lake, and so they have spoiled its view from the city by a horrible railroad with a wide expanse of iron rails, where a belt of smoke takes the place of a splendid park.

Everything here is estimated by its value in dollars and cents, including love. Will you wonder when I tell you that a woman may prosecute a man in a court of justice if he has broken his promise to marry her? Furthermore the court estimates the amount of damage done to the sentiments of his client in so many thousand dollars; and so with a cash equivalent for her sweetheart the lady is quite resigned, nay, even happy. This occurs so often that almost any daily paper will publish a report of one of these cases of breach of promise, and frequently the women who have taken advantage of such means to make capital out of their shattered illusions are wealthy, prominent women. I do not know that such a thing has ever occurred in any part of Latin America. What happens there in these cases is that the bride sends back to the man who was to marry her, along

with his love letters, any jewels or other gifts that she may have received from him.

Money-makers and practical men, they have produced no Watt or Papin to discover the force of water's expansion into steam, but they have had a Fulton, who applied it to industrial ends. Science is not studied here for its own sake, but for the sake of money. To invent an automatic button to hold in place the collar of a shirt gives better money returns than to discover the laws of the circulation of the blood, and consequently here they give themselves to the task of inventing the automatic button that shall keep in place the shirt collar.

Their superficial and almost always futile literary magazines fill three-fourths of their pages with "ads." The newspapers do the same. In their first page they boast every day of the number of columns of advertising published by them. A French newspaper, like *Le Matin* could not survive here. And we, unhappily, are aping in our country the Yankee papers.

A materialistic people, a people whose only thought is of money, who dream of money, who exploit beauty, who make of religion a trade—later I will tell you of Billy Sunday and other exploiters of religion—a metalized nation which does not scruple to coin love, will not hesitate to trade in justice, honor, truth and all the most sacred of the Old World ideals, standards that European civilization has always kept apart from the consideration of dollars and cents.

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You must not be misled by the frequent news in the papers regarding some endowments or philanthropic gifts. This is "advertising;" it brings more money, it

is a sound investment. Here is an item published the other day in one of their papers. I must borrow from their own humor to illustrate my statements. Of course, it is intended for a joke, but do not forget that American jests are a reflection of reality. A man, making his last will and testament, leaves five thousand dollars to each of his servants who have been with him for more than ten years. "But we have no servants who have stayed so long as that," objects his wife. "Never mind," replies the philanthropist, "it will look well in the papers."

With the most affectionate greetings to all, and a thousand kisses

from your adoring husband,

* * *

Miss Jones read this letter through twice. Should she let it go forward, or should she detain it as harmful propaganda to her country? Finally she made up her mind to leave it on her desk until the following day.

That night, at home, she sat for hours writing a letter addressed to the same lady who would receive that other letter now lying at her office. She wrote unceasingly, except, when rising from her seat, she consulted a volume on the shelves of her library.

This is what she wrote and sent off next day inclosed with the letter which a woman in a far distant land was doubtless anxiously expecting from her husband.

Madam:

Something that never has happened before in my country has now come to pass; our government has been

compelled to appoint persons whose task it is to violate the private correspondence to foreign countries. It has fallen to my lot to read what your husband has written you, and I must confess that what he says about my country astonishes me greatly. The letter is not one that must be intercepted by the censorship, but I venture to think that neither you nor your husband will take it amiss if I make some comment upon the impressions he has conveyed to you. I am ready to believe that he writes in all good faith, and in the same spirit I take the liberty to correct some of his mistaken deductions. Pardon me, then, this intrusion into your intimate correspondence, of which I am guilty, impelled thereto by an irresistible sense of justice.

I do not think that my country can truthfully be accused of materialism, or that it worships no other God than the dollar. I am convinced, on the contrary, that my native land is the most idealistic in all the world, and that your husband has lacked both time and opportunity to make the searching investigation required to warrant so dogmatic a statement.

Let me remind you, madam, that no sooner did we learn of the Belgian horrors than a unanimous impulse was felt throughout our whole republic to lend a helping hand to the cruelly stricken kingdom, now a land of blighted firesides; and a squadron sailed from New York laden with the most substantial proofs of American generosity. My country gave millions to succor the unfortunate in distant lands. This generous response to need brought about by calamity is characteristic of my people, whether in regard to misfortune within our own national boundaries, such as the earthquake at San Francisco, or in the case of far off disaster, like that

of the volcanic eruption at Messina. The funds collected by private initiative for San Francisco amounted in an incredibly short time to ten million dollars, and if no more was sent it was because the city earnestly protested that no more was needed. Was this a case of materialism, madam? Was this the sordid egoism of vulgar money-makers? It cannot even be alleged that this money was contributed with a view to self-advertisement, as many of these donations were absolutely anonymous.

The spirit of giving, madam, of giving for the sake of others, is undoubtedly a characteristic trait of our national soul. Millionaires give part of their fortunes for the welfare of the community. Carnegie and Rockefeller are, if you like, hunters of the dollar who have amassed millions; but the first has given two hundred million dollars to establish libraries in all parts of the country, and the second has with forty million dollars created the University of Chicago, one of the most sumptuous in the world. And the same may be said of every American millionaire. Ford's peace expedition may have been foolish, but this was the folly of a dreamer, of an idealist, not that of a money-grubber.

Yes, it might be said that he did it as a means of advertising his automobiles, which need a world-wide market. Of course, madam, I do not wish to rank your husband with those self-appointed arbiters of human actions who think that a millionaire, in giving away his millions, always either wants advertisement or needs to silence his conscience. They never believe that a good action was done for its own sake. According to them, Christ was advertising Himself when He carried His own cross. When these cynics see a youth whispering to a

maiden in the woods, they think a plot is being hatched to harm some one. The forest, the blue sky, the crystal brook, the youthful charm and shy gladness of the happy pair have no power to suggest to these parodists of human dreams that here is no conspiracy, but a revelation of love.

In one decade private individuals have donated over one hundred million dollars for education in my country. In the year 1916 alone, private initiative contributed a thousand million dollars among us for purposes of common welfare. Eleven out of these millions were sent to Belgium inside of twelve months. This year the Y. M. C. A. asked the country for thirty-five millions, and the country gave fifty millions. They are going to ask for much more. This year also the Red Cross opened a second campaign, in which the American public was asked for a hundred millions. In the seven days during which the campaign lasted one hundred and fifty millions were received.

This readiness to curtail private fortunes for the benefit of the masses is not to be found to the same extent in any other country. Ferrero, the Italian sociologist, who recognizes and admires this fact, says that this generous spirit is not apparent in Europe, composed as that continent is of highly developed countries where the state has taken charge of nearly all functions proper to the public weal; and he reminds us that something similar occurred in ancient Rome. The lavishing of private fortunes for the public benefit is characteristic of young countries enjoying great prosperity, he adds. But Argentina and Brazil are young countries of great material prosperity, and they do not offer a phenomenon analogous to that of the United States. Moreover, one

of the public functions in the United States which owes most to private fortunes has been that of education, in the form of schools, universities and libraries, yet we must admit that the state has always been generous in our country for the advancement of institutions of learning. The Public Library of Chicago, with branches in all parts of the city, is one of the most perfect in the world; nevertheless, private initiative has established there other opulent public libraries like those of Newberry and John Crerar. Private initiative does not here fill a neglected want, but supplements official enterprise, a form of assistance that has been woefully lacking in old Europe.

This spirit of giving is inherent in our race, in our people. The little child begins to learn it at the foot of his first Christmas tree laden with toys. Perhaps no other country has set apart so many days on which to give vent to this spirit: Christmas, New Year's, Easter, Valentine's and Mother's day. If your husband would enter any one of the numerous flower-stores in any of our cities, he would see how many orders come in every minute for flowers to be sent from home to home as messages of friendship. Every sick person at home or in the hospital has his bed surrounded with flowers, which friends have sent him. This is much more common here than in Latin America or in any other part of the world.

To appreciate these traits of the gentle American character, it is necessary to live in this country, not in a hotel, transiently, but in personal contact with our home life.

Nor is this spirit of generous giving the only disavowal of your husband's assertion that we are a purely

materialistic people, engaged exclusively in the making of money, and capable of turning all to account for sordid ends, even matters of love, honor and justice.

You are aware, madam, how in Belgium and in northern France this dreadful war has wiped out, not only the population and the homes of the people, but also the ancient relics of art. Longwy, Louvain and Rheims have been destroyed, and if your husband reads the Chicago papers, he will have seen that in this country of money getters, where the meaning of beauty is not understood, there has been formed a society, the aim of which is to gather together money for the reconstruction of such monuments of art as the Cathedral of Rheims. With this object in view a considerable sum of money has been collected, not to repair some monument of art in Chicago, but to do so in cities five thousand miles away; and—please note this—from people who have seen these monuments only in photographs.

Does this argue a purely materialistic spirit, madam, or the worship of the dollar?

This being so, it is not surprising that you should ask why Chicago is ugly, and why the people tolerate the existence of a hideous elevated railroad to still further deface the unsightly streets. You will naturally inquire why the Illinois Central Railroad owns a station in full view of beautiful Michigan Avenue that would be a disgrace to a city of the lowest grade, and also why Chicago has allowed any business enterprise to rob it of its Lake front. Let us admit that Chicago is partially ugly, as are American cities in general, when compared with some old European cities. This has come to pass because in this country of rapid growth the cities have developed almost spontaneously. Buildings have had to

spring up as if bidden by a magic wand, almost as a miners' camp grows alongside a coal, iron or copper mine. The men who build the first houses in such a camp occupy tents. The United States is a colossal nation still in the making, and in a measure a great part of the population that has arrived in millions from Europe still live in tents.

Nevertheless, madam, your husband has failed to take into consideration how much is being done in my country to beautify the cities. He specially mentions Chicago, and it would have been worth his while to know that this city has spent millions and millions to make itself hygienic and beautiful. It unquestionably possesses to-day the most extensive and most beautiful park system in the world. And what has been done in this respect is only the commencement; billions will be spent yet. Mr. B. T. Ferguson alone has presented the sum of one million dollars for sculpture to ornament the city. If your husband had brought your children to Chicago, and if they had attended a public school, they would have used text-books in which plans for a future Chicago are described. They would have seen the plans for a new station of the Illinois Central, which is to be made to harmonize with the new Field Museum, a magnificent building of marble; they would have found a design to reclaim the Lake front by the addition of gardens, transforming the city into one of the most magnificent on the surface of the globe. He would then have seen how civic pride may be awakened in the children as they trace the story of the city beautiful, from the days of Athens to the transformation of Paris by Baron Haussman. And believe me, madam, Chicago in the near future is going to be one of the most attractive

cities in the universe, not only for its commercial opportunities, as it is to-day, but also for its real beauty. Chicago will be the Paris of the future; a spirit so exquisitely refined as the sublime Parisian, Sarah Bernhardt, has already said: "I adore Chicago; it is the pulse of America." She was capable of understanding at its true value this new species of beauty, composed of infinite force and exuberant virility.

My country is devoting itself with untiring enthusiasm to the decoration of everything: ports, cities, parks and homes. Lincoln Highway is a road which crosses the continent, and will be a matchless Eden, costing millions of dollars. In every city there are municipal committees and private associations for the fostering of civic art. Models, ideas, lines and inspiration are being imported from Europe; but the seal of Americanism is being added in every case. Your husband thinks the skyscraper horrible. I find in it a special, new beauty: the modern obelisk of the Titans of action. The Parisians have in their *Place de la Concorde* an Egyptian obelisk, and to it is attributed an architectural grace sanctioned by centuries of existence. Our skyscrapers have not had time to be beautified by tradition, but the very edifice of the hotel in which your husband lives in Chicago is worthy to figure with pride among such classical examples of architecture as the Alhambra and Rheims Cathedral.

The love of art for art's sake grows daily among us. When the war which has enveloped this planet first broke out, a battalion of our art students were to be found in Europe, in all the art schools of Italy, France and Germany. For our part, we have founded here art schools which will be centers of attraction for the whole

world. The most famous musicians of the universe pass almost their whole lives among us. Chicago maintains two theaters for opera alone, and if it is true that my country has not yet given birth to many great artists to rival with those of the European civilization, our democracy is nevertheless beginning to create men and women of genius able to interpret the new spirit of humanity, the spirit of the new world. We are now busy in making that supreme work of art—democracy. We are cultivating human capacity *in extenso*. Every great genius of the past was, in some degree, the result of an intensive culture of the few at the expense of the many. In our country we have reached a point in the intensive cultivation of the many never before attempted in the world. Wait a little and see the flowering of this culture.

This, madam, explains why in my country we have tried to solve first the problem of quantity in the different branches of industry, leaving until later those of quality. If the mother of ten children is ill provided with resources, she will rather give bread to the ten than pie to three, leaving the other seven with nothing. That is to say, if the fate of all of them interests her equally; but if she has favorites or accords privileges, she will leave seven children hungry and feast the other three. The opportunities impartially offered to all the citizens of my country have created a demand for articles of luxury. That is to say, in my country we manufacture for all, whereas in Europe the produce of labor is still to some extent for the privileged class exclusively. Quantity is the first cry of democracy. A workman may possess and does possess among us property of all kinds: a sewing-machine, a Victrola, a motor car, a house, just

because we have attended to the problem of quantity in the first place. And this does not signify that we have not also advanced very rapidly with the improvement of quality at the same time.

Your husband makes an accusation of materialism against our country for certain legal prosecutions called "breach of promise" cases entered into by women who ask as compensation large sums of money. In this he does us a manifest injustice. The conduct of some of our women is not a characteristic trait of American women in general. In our nation of a hundred million inhabitants, every ordinary incident of our daily life does not get into the newspapers, but, of course, only what is out of the ordinary. One of our most famous journalists has said that when a dog bites a man, that is not news; but when a man bites a dog, that is news. If John Smith, an unknown laborer of any town or city, dies in his bed of pneumonia or tuberculosis, the incident does not occupy a line of space in the local paper; but if John Smith, an unknown laborer, should be lifted up by a hurricane and deposited in fragments some twenty miles away, all the papers of the country would publish the notice of his death on the front page. So it is with everything.

The tranquil happiness of hundreds of thousands of homes, the promises of marriage kept and those broken for some reason and the consequences silently endured, are not chronicled in the daily press. The exceptional case of some girl who sues for twenty, or fifty, or a hundred thousand dollars because a man has failed to keep his promise to marry her is published by the papers eager to dilate upon the unusual items arising out of our complex American life. These are really isolated

eases, madam, in which women, usually of the upper classes, avail themselves of the ample protection which our laws offer them. If there were similar laws in other countries offering a like protection there would be plenty of women to take advantage of them. Without making too much of this one detail, I would like to add that only a short time ago I read in one of our newspapers of a young lady from Chile, of idealistic Spanish ancestry, who had presented herself in our courts asking a hundred thousand dollars damages in a breach of promise prosecution of one of my countrymen.

Your husband says, madam, that science is not studied here for its own sake, but for the sake of money. The expansive force of steam was not discovered in this country, but only one of its practical applications. Yes, madam, we are people of a practical idealism; we are constructive dreamers. The sanitation of Panama was a work of practical idealism, as was the devotion of the American doctor, who, in seeking means to combat the ravages of swamp-fever, discovered the poison-bearing mosquito, and died a victim of his idealism.

The series of endowed institutions in this country, created for the purpose of making investigations of all kinds, not for business ends, not for making money, but to lavish it at the call of the common welfare, would fill a list long enough to cover many of these pages. The Carnegie Institute in Washington owns forty-two million dollars, and the interest of this fund is used for scientific, geographical or purely scholastic investigation. The Carnegie Fund for International Peace, with ten million dollars, has for its object the investigation and economic causes of war. It has a department of educational exchange which pays foreign professors to give

courses in the United States. The Rockefeller Institute for medical investigation in New York is a center of inquiry into the causes of disease for its prevention and cure. The Russell Sage Foundation, with a fund of ten million dollars, has for its object the investigation and suppression of the cause of poverty and ignorance. I shall not continue, madam, to name institutions of this type for fear of tiring you with long, dry statistics, but I ask you, when you gaze at the summit of San Cristobal Hill in Santiago, to remember that the Astronomical Observatory which is there was erected and is being maintained by money from this country, and that our astronomers, who live there like hermits, studying the stars, are not exactly looking for money in the heavenly constellations.

We are eager, it is true, to make money, to acquire wealth by means of work and effort, because money is the value resulting from work and effort; but at the same time there is in us a passion for spending this money more and more directly for the common welfare. Nowhere is the social rôle of money better understood than here; nowhere else are more dollars made to work for universities, schools, libraries and settlements. The passion for money in my country is largely idealistic. This may not be so apparent in the American of the first generation, but it is quite true of Americans whose spirit has lived here for generations past. Molière could not have written *L'Avare* here, nor could Shakespeare have found here a Shylock for his *Merchant of Venice*.

My country materialistic! Is a people materialistic which has such unlimited faith in education that they take it with equal fervor to the negroes and redskins of America as to the Malays of the Philippines, the Latins

of Porto Rico and the Esquimaux of Alaska? Can a nation be called materialistic which sends religious missions to all the confines of the universe? Are they materialistic who would abolish the consumption of alcohol in spite of the wealth and influence of the liquor interests? Can a people be called materialistic which combats vice in all its forms with untiring zeal, vigorously restraining a practice officially tolerated almost everywhere else in the world, in pursuit of the idealistic dream to abolish the prostitution of the flesh? Is it materialistic to make of every immigrant unable to read and write a citizen with electoral rights equal to those of the direct descendants of the first colonists? Is materialistic a people which gives the suffrage to women, together with all those prerogatives which have been man's by tradition in all the world?

Finally, madam, why are the United States taking part in this war of the old world? Why have we abandoned the traditions of the Monroe Doctrine, which demand that Europe shall not intervene in the affairs of the new world, offering at the same time to refrain from interference in old world affairs? Why send hundreds of thousands of citizens to shed their blood in France and spend billions of dollars, if not in response to a call of burning idealism for the defense of liberty, justice and democracy in the world? Why have the millionaires acquiesced with smiling affability to the imposition of a burden amounting to sixty per cent. of their revenues as a contribution to the maintenance of this war in another continent? Why have the sons of the millionaires vied for places in the aviation corps, offering the hey-day of their youth on the altar of an ideal?

The French philosopher, Henry Bergson, in an ad-

dress delivered October, 1917, to the members of the American and English Red Cross in Paris, said in part:

"Any one of us who has crossed the Atlantic is believed to have discovered America, and is expected to give an account of his discovery. Such was my case, a few years ago. Called upon to give an opinion of the American people, I told the audience that there was probably no country in the world where material interest was less considered, where money was less cared for, where the highest ideals more thoroughly and continually penetrate and permeate every day life. America, I said, is the land of idealism. The lecture was listened to favorably, because, over here, we have always been fond of America; yet when it was over a man came up to me and said: 'I don't know your books, sir, but judging by the way you spoke of the American people, I guess that you belong, as a philosopher, to the optimistic school.' I have not met the gentleman since; but I am perfectly sure that, seeing what the Americans are doing and have already done in the present war, he will never again venture guessing to what school a philosopher belongs."

In the midst of fervent acclamation on the part of his fellow-citizens, President Wilson uttered these words, which should be graven in letters of gold in the history of mankind:

"The world must be made safe for democracy. Its peace must be planted upon the tested foundations of political liberty. We have no selfish ends to serve. We desire no conquest, no dominion. We seek no indemnities for ourselves, no material compensation for the sacrifices we shall freely make. We shall be satisfied when these rights have been made as secure as the faith and the freedom of nations can make them. But the right is more precious than peace, and we shall fight for

things which we have always carried nearest our hearts —for democracy, for the right of those who submit to authority to have a voice in their own governments, for the rights and liberties of small nations, for a universal dominion of right, by such a concert of free peoples as shall bring peace and safety to all nations and make the world itself at last free. To such a task we can dedicate our lives and our fortunes, everything that we are and everything that we have, with the pride of those who know that the day has come when America is privileged to spend her blood and her might for the principles that gave her birth and happiness and the peace which she has treasured."

I leave it to you, madam, to say whether these are the words of a sordid materialism, words uttered by a president, in a democracy, and acclaimed by a whole people. Does it not seem to you, madam, that Wilson is the poet of international politics?

I could write many pages on this theme, but I think that what I have said will suffice to show you that we are not a materialistic people, mere money-grubbers. Rather do I think that a Cervantes is wanted to write a Don Quixote of the twentieth century, in which our country is shown gallantly fighting for high, shadowy ideals with such tenacity, faith and generosity and with such a spirit of sacrifice that will turn the distant cloud-land of our dreams into a radiant sun of reality.

I beg you once again, madam, to excuse this intrusion in your private correspondence, but I feel sure that you will know how to understand and pardon me.

Your Friend of the Other Continent.

CHAPTER III

DEMOCRACY

HARDLY a week had gone by since Miss Jones had forwarded the foregoing letter when a new one from the same Chilean in Chicago to his wife reached her table. It was already late, and she was about to leave the office as she opened the envelope; but such was her impatience to read the letter, that she took it home with her, and in her quiet, warm library, this was what she read:

Chicago, Ill., , 1918.

My dearest:

.....
.....

This country boasts of being the first democracy of the world. The classic definition of democracy here is that given by Lincoln at Gettysburg, "A government of the people, by the people and for the people." It is largely a theoretic formula, the slogan of Roosevelt, the touchstone of all patriotic speeches, but it has really no actual existence. The truth is that those who govern here are a group elected by the moneyed classes and not by the people. It is a mere pantomime of democracy. In no other part of the world is class distinction so marked as it is here. The millionaires are in a class by themselves. There is no aristocracy of blood as in

Europe, the aristocracy that pulses through one's veins, an inheritance through centuries of nobility, of valor and of virtue from father to son through long generations. Here they appreciate a long pedigree for horses, dogs, chickens and even swine, but not for men. A large fortune gained in the tallow industry suffices to make a genealogical oak spring up over night. Europe has her Counts, her Dukes, her Marquesses and her Princes; New York has her upper Four Hundred, her select families. The upper circle of Yankee plutocracy outdoes in many ways the extravagances of courtiers in the time of Sardanapalus, who ground up pearls and diamonds in their food.

Rockefeller has a fortune of twelve hundred million dollars, and a yearly income of sixty millions. Ogden Armour, here in Chicago, has a fortune of a hundred and twenty-five millions, from which he derives a yearly income of six millions two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Frick earns more than eleven millions a year. Thirty millionaires of this country could have loaned to the government of their own private fortunes all the money collected in the Second Liberty Loan, the sum of three billion dollars.

Yet the daughters of these democratic multi-millionaires go to the old world to win for themselves a share in the effete titles of European Counts, Marquesses, Dukes and Princes.

It is true that to-day, because of the war and of the great number of men that are being sent to Europe, it may be said that there is abundance of work for every one, but none can deny that in normal times there is here an army of unemployed who are unable to get work of any kind, and are reduced to frightful poverty.

I will cite you another one of the witticisms published in their newspapers which is, as usual, only an exaggeration of the truth:

A man in Chicago sees a person drowning in the lake. His first impulse is to rush to save him, but then he discovers that the man struggling desperately for his life is a friend who occupies a position which he himself could fill. He thereupon leaves him to drown and hurries to the office where his friend had been working, before any one else should have time to apply for the position. "I have come," he said to the manager, "to offer myself for the job held by my friend John Doe, who is drowning in the lake." "You are five minutes late," replied the manager, "the man who pushed him in was here first."

The foregoing is a mere joke and a clever one. Psychologically considered the humor consists in exaggerating—until it becomes unbelievable—an actual truth; the difficulty of getting a living in America. To cap this I am going to tell you of an actual occurrence which sounds like fiction but which is a horrible reality—a counterpart of the preceding jest. Not long ago three eminent men in Chicago died suddenly after a dinner they had partaken together in a hotel. Upon examination of the case it was discovered that they had been poisoned by some powder placed in their food. Further investigation proved that many waiters were accustomed to put this powder in the dishes ordered by patrons who did not tip them. Such cases of poisoning are frequent.

The truth of the matter is that the lower classes, in spite of their much advertised democracy, live here in more frightful misery than in any other country on

the globe. It is enough to read books like "The Jungle" and "King Coal" of Upton Sinclair in order to get an idea of what poverty is like in the United States. Jack London, in his book, "The Iron Heel," gives some idea of what life in this country will be once capital and labor will have met in battle array.

And meanwhile, what means this democracy of political oratory, of the demagogue, what means this adulation of the workers, this deception of the poor? It is a way of flattering them so that the blusterers may climb to political power. But the result will be far more tragic than one can foresee. The laborer has become arrogant, wants everything and thinks himself entitled to demand everything. He believes himself equal to the upper classes. You cannot imagine the tyranny of the American labor unions. They declare a strike to enforce the acceptance of some audacious demand which they have put forward, and then prevent the men from entering the factories until it is granted. These workmen forbid their employers to engage men who do not belong to the unions. The capitalist, the man who provides the work, is a slave of the working man. Once there was a strike in the McCormick workshops in Chicago, employing thousands of workmen. The factory engaged through the Pinkerton agency the services of new men, so-called strike-breakers, who form a special profession in this country; but these professionals could do nothing, and had, indeed, a narrow escape from a horrible death, because the strikers set fire to the vessel which was bringing them across Lake Michigan.

Not long ago there was another strike in Evanston, near Chicago. In order to recommence work the factory had to engage the services of fifty strike-breakers

who were compelled to live at the factory under the protection of seventy policemen.

You can understand now what the tyranny of workmen intoxicated with democratic ideas means. A fruit of this social philosophy are the "Industrial Workers of the World," workmen who do not speak with their tongues but with bombs of dynamite with which they daily succeed in terrorizing this country. There are at present under indictment a hundred and twelve of these Industrial Workers, who are accused en masse of fermenting dynamite outrages and treason.

All this is the result of the famous Yankee democracy, that will probably bring in its wake a catastrophe like that of the Bolsheviks in Russia. There it has been shown quite convincingly what a government, "of the people, by the people and for the people," really is, namely, chaos and the appointment of ignorant laborers as Secretaries of Finance. This may come to pass any day in this country that maintains its social organization as by a miracle in a tottering balance.

Not because the United States can boast so far of a material triumph can we admit that they have succeeded as a democracy. The success of a country is proven by the record of centuries. To-day one chapter suffices to tell of the grandeur and fall of Rome. Men count their lives by years, but nations count theirs by generations. The United States of America has only begun to live, and as yet cannot speak of any really definite triumph. This democracy is only an experiment, and runs the risk of those who experiment in laboratories with unknown explosives.

I think that this government of an anonymous, irresponsible multitude is an absurdity. They do not even

know what is good for them. This nation represents an experiment in democracy, the result of which is going to be tragic. Up to the present it has succeeded because it has never been a democracy in reality, but only a democracy in theory.

How different things are in Germany,* where, nevertheless, the workman lives better than in any other country, though he is not flattered nor permitted any undue interference in the election of his governors. There government is by the upper classes, which are the most capable in any country; there the social hierarchy is respected, and they have the courage to recognize the value of caste, inherently superior by virtue of its antecedents. Here, as in our own country, they lack the courage necessary to proclaim openly the superior inherited ability of the higher classes, though we cannot deny that they possess all the sterling virtues of the human race.

And it is from here, from the United States, that the new current of democratic ideas has gone to Chile; ideas that have infected our people, constituting one of the most serious dangers that threaten us for the future. We owe our progress and our order to the traditional régime of our country, by means of which the intelligent classes hold permanent control of the government as in Germany.

It is not, as you well know, that I am a German sympathizer in the present war. The Germans are entirely too ambitious and aim at world control. It is proper that all the world should be on guard to show that it has no intention of being so dominated; but we have to

* This letter is supposed to have been written when Germany was at the high water mark of its military achievements.

admit that Germany is the most efficient nation of the globe, exactly because there the most efficient classes rule without hindrance.

The basic idea of democracy is against the law of nature. Society is a living organism, the individuals composing which are equivalent to the cells of an individual organism like that of man.

It is impossible to imagine the cells of the feet directing the whole structure of the human body; it is the cells of the brain which tell the feet where they are to go. In a social organism the upper classes constitute the brain of the nation, and this it is that should determine the destiny of the people and dictate the regulations to which they must submit. In nature liquids occupy the place which corresponds to their density; mercury cannot be made to float on water. Men also occupy in society the place in which they belong according to their merit, and this merit is hereditary.

In Germany, the worth of an electoral vote is in accordance with the individual merit of the elector in question. The vote of a man of high rank has, naturally, greater weight. This is logical and just; it is an advantage to the nation. In our country, although we had the weakness to adopt in theory the principles of the French Revolution, we have had the common sense not to accept such a dangerous policy in reality, and our electoral votes count in accordance with the wealth of each elector. The vote of one who can purchase the greatest number of votes is worth the most. This has saved us. If our people had conducted their own elections with this so-called democratic freedom we should have failed utterly as a nation. There they declaim against bribery as a salute to the flag of democratic prin-

ciples; but no politician of any party, except labor, wishes sincerely to see any change in the reality of our electoral system.

Here in the United States there is an increasingly ardent desire to place the government in the hands of the people. The judges are elected by popular vote, in some States they may even be impeached by a petition drawn up by the same electors, a prerogative which is entitled the "recall." A proof, however, that faith in this system of popular election is not absolute is shown by the fact that Judges of the Supreme Court are not chosen by the popular vote. On the contrary, they receive their appointment directly from the government, as in our country.

Another most extraordinary democratic right of the common people in many States of the Union are the proceedings called "initiative and referendum." This actually permits them to make laws directly. It means that a certain number of voters may present for the popular vote any private petition that has in no way been instigated by the authorities elected by the people. A municipal candidate, or a candidate for the legislature, may have been elected on a definite political platform, with a definite program to carry out. If in any way he breaks faith with the terms of this program, or departs from his political platform, he can be impeached by the same will that put him in office: the popular vote. It may happen sometimes that he has conducted himself according to the terms of his platform but that those who had elected him had seen fit to change their minds about some certain topic. These voters, in a group whose number is determined by law, may petition that this or that legal project be submitted to ballot.

Not long ago in Chicago they secured about one hundred and fifty thousand signatures to a petition that it be decided by a popular vote whether Chicago should or should not be a prohibition city. In order to put this question to popular vote there were needed the signatures of only one hundred and six thousand five hundred voters. If this project had become law, as has happened in so many other States, it would have been an example of legislation initiated directly by the people. A law dictated by the State Congress may, by means of the referendum, be submitted to the popular vote, that is to say, the people may veto the decisions of the legislators. I do not think that this could ever come to pass in our country, and alas for us if it should!

It would take too long to explain this to you in detail, but the sum and substance of it is this: A maximum of power is given to the people, not only to elect its representatives and to recall them before they finish their term, but also to instigate direct legislation, sometimes in opposition to the will of the very persons whom the popular vote has placed in office. Moreover, the franchise, or right to vote, is as widely extended as possible, and includes the women in a great many States, a condition that will soon exist in all parts of the country. Some day, perhaps, the animals and plants will vote as well! Soldiers can vote, and just now they are taking steps to enable those who are actually in the trenches in Europe to exercise this right of American citizenship. It will not surprise me if there should come a day when American warships will send home the votes of their crews by wireless from all the seas.

What most particularly impresses me in the barefaced deception of this pretended democratic system of gov-

ernment of the people, by the people and for the people is the fact that the "people," the multitude, neither thinks nor wishes nor cares for anything in which it is not directly interested. It allows itself to be swayed unconsciously in affairs of common or collective interest. A few leaders take charge of a project and organize the respective propaganda. When I tell you that there have been secured a hundred and fifty thousand signatures to the petition which would make of Chicago a prohibition city, do not imagine for a moment that a hundred and fifty thousand persons have come forward voluntarily to sign this petition. Nothing of the sort. It has been taken from house to house, from office to office by solicitors pleading for signatures and seeking to convince the voters just as merchandise is offered for sale by traveling salesmen. The petition is not a reflection of the collective will of the people, but of the will of a small group that knows how to drag in its train an unthinking mob. It is just this that saves for the present the democratic régime of the country.

It is already apparent here in Chicago that the Socialists are gaining ground, and, in order to beat them at the last election of Judges for Cook County, the Republicans and Democrats, the two traditional parties of the country, had to join forces against them. One need not be unusually penetrating to see that the Democrats and Republicans in the future will unite into one party representing the interests of capital, in order to combat the ever growing Socialist party representing the endless exactions of the working class. And after them will come the Bolsheviks, the nihilists, the anarchists, the iconoclasts of civilization. There will be no other means of saving the situation than that of dictating a new law

to curtail the voting power of the lower elements of society, for otherwise there must come the downfall of the present organization. And this curtailment will be the denial of the democratic theory, of a government of the people, by the people and for the people. Even now there are editorials in the most prominent newspapers that advocate the idea of placing more obstacles in the way of the suffrage of the naturalized foreigner; and in other articles of the public press it is even claimed that the Socialists should be denied the right to vote.

Radical measures like this will have to be taken, in this country and in all the world, because if it is really true that this is now only nominally "a government of the people and by the people," at the rate at which things are going, with the development of the labor unions, it might become a real government of the common people, which will be as exacting as the soviets of the Russian Bolsheviks.

In all that I have told you, you can see to what extremes is carried this democracy that we foolishly accept in theory and wisely repudiate in practice. In our country no one speaks of this openly in the newspapers nor in the magazines nor in books; no one has dared frankly to come to the defense of the aristocracy, and we must needs feign reverence for this democratic chorus in which the world now lifts its voice. This is one of the most outrageous conventional falsehoods of which our new civilization is guilty. Germany is the only country that has preferred not to lie, but has had the courage to defend the doctrine of an aristocracy, to fight and shed blood in its cause; and, consequently, that country is the most efficient in all the world, in science, arts, industry and strength, so much so that

Germany, in the intoxication of its triumph, has wished to rule the world. There is only one other example of this type on the whole planet: Japan. These are strong countries and their strength is that of their ablest men. The United States also has its super men, but they are surrendering their power, abandoning their prerogatives and avoiding their responsibility. It is a renunciation. That is what democracy signifies, the renunciation of the fit and the advent of the unfit.

But I have already talked too much, my dear one, of the affairs of this country, and very little of our private affairs. I ought to.....
.....
.....

Your husband who adores you,

* * *

No sooner had Miss Jones finished reading this than she started to write the answer. There was no time to finish that night, and on the following day she had to go to the Public Library to look up some items which she could not find in her own library. Her supplementary notes finally took shape in these words:

Madam:

Since I took the liberty to make a few observations on your husband's former letter, it may not seem strange that I do the same with this. The letter that goes to you by this mail arouses in me as many, if not more, objections than the last.

Yes, madam, your husband is right, we are a national

experiment in democracy, but it is an experiment in which the country has an immense faith, a faith that is almost religious. We have faith in a government of the people, for the people and by the people. We believe that every man and every woman should have freedom to govern him or herself personally as best it suits them within the limitations that the rights of others impose; but we do not believe that those in office have the right to govern us as they please, in contradiction to the will of the governed.

When our nation had just awakened to independent life it was thought to make of it a monarchy, and to Washington was offered a royal crown, but the spirit of liberty which had impelled the first colonists to America brought about the triumph of the Republic. The history of our political development, first with its "congressional caucus" (oligarchy, the election of the candidates for the presidency of the republic in private conferences between congressmen) afterwards with political conventions, and finally with the popular liberty more freely expressed to-day, show that we are rapidly making of our country a democracy in action, not in theory alone, as your husband says.

We do not believe, madam, in the divine right of authority. We believe that the authority to govern a people comes from the will of that same people. Neither do we believe in the prerogatives of a governing class, in an aristocratic régime. As your husband says, we appreciate the value of a pedigree in horses, cows, chickens and hogs, but not in men. Madam, if you have a prize chicken farm or a horse-breeding establishment, you subject all your best stock, which you desire to improve and perpetuate, to very special conditions of

feeding and propagation, and you are constantly seeking to improve the race which is your specialty. With the human race nothing of the kind is possible. The son of a magnate, lacking the urgent need to work that made his progenitors rich and powerful, and surrounded by comforts and luxuries, is exposed to the danger that instead of cultivating and improving the virtues that should be his by right of inheritance, he is very apt to acquire vices unknown to his ancestors. If this rich man's son should conserve and perfect the sterling qualities of his forebears, he will enjoy, in a democratic society, all the prerogatives of his parents in open competition with others as able as he, whether they are heirs of superior men, or sons of men of humble origin who in the rude school of life have fashioned their characters and acquired qualities essential to social and economic success.

Napoleon II has no claim to the admiration of the world although he happened to be the son of Napoleon I, and Abraham Lincoln is revered by humanity although his father was a carpenter who could not read or write when he married. We believe every man to be the architect of his own character, the sculptor of his own monument, and we strive to keep the social structure such that the survival of the fit shall be realized as easily as the downfall of the unfit. We believe that the greatest riches a country possesses are its own citizens, and we likewise believe in giving to each and every one of these the best possible chance to develop their personality. We have faith in what a broad education will do, and we wish to place it within the reach of every man in order to permit him to develop his powers to their utmost. It is also part of our social

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creed that talents should find easy and automatic means to place themselves in the setting which they deserve, in order that they may render the greatest possible service to the community. What would it have availed our country if Edison had continued selling newspapers to railroad passengers? It is much better that he should have the management of his present large fortune, and of his laboratory at Menlo Park, where he can produce more, not only for himself, but for the common good.

We do not yet know enough about biology to determine whether individual organisms are democratic or aristocratic, but we do know that human society is more complex than the human individual, because its constituent cells are more complex, and it is therefore not logical for your husband to say that the basic idea of democracy is against the law of nature.

Democracy is a question of social justice, but it is also a question of social convenience, of social advantage. A democratic organization is the most adequate human organization for the most intense utilization of all the resources of mankind, that is to say of the material, the intellectual and the moral opportunities that are his dower.

A democratic organization means, in the first place, an equality of opportunity for all. You have seen, no doubt, in your own country, the condor spreading out its majestic wings high over the peaks of the Andes, free and powerful, covering great distances in its rapid flight; and you may have seen, in the Zoological gardens, the same condor, apparently free, without a fetter to impede his soaring to the heights. Why does not the latter also fly? Why is he dejected and sad? His wings are there, entire; the sky is there, free and open, but the

gratings that limit his enclosure do not permit him to make the running start necessary for his flight. Man laughs at his great wings. The condor seems to be free, but he is not. Thus, the man who has not had his chance at a public school—that wide arena where the first unfettered trials are made to prepare for the real race of life—seems to be free, all his limbs are whole and sound; he has the wide world before him for his flight, but . . . his freedom is derisory, he is a prisoner like the condor.

This equality of opportunity exists in my country on an ever increasing scale. It exists on a larger scale than in any other country of the world. The term "self-made man" has passed from the English to all modern languages. The "self-made man" is a product as American as the pineapple is Brazilian. In the presidency of the Republic, among the secretaries of state, in Congress, in the judicial career, in industry, in commerce, in the army, in the navy, in all human activities, you may see children of unknown fathers, messengers, even newsboys as they arrive at maturity become leaders in some branch of activity. These same boys would not have been able to rise in the same way in any anti-democratic country, because "self-made man" does not mean made by himself alone, without the help of society, but formed by himself with the help of society, and without the help of the special privileges that in other countries involve the inheritance of a more or less considerable fortune. Society helps with its public schools, its night-schools, its Sunday schools, its libraries, its free lecture courses, its museums, its art galleries, its churches, its settlements; that is to say, society has, in a democratic régime, hundreds and thousands of

tentacles that go reaching out into the remotest confines of the nation striving to touch as by a magic wand every brain and every heart. For each there is a ladder by which he may reach the heights appropriate to his capacity now developed to its greatest extent by these social agents with which, whether or not he wills it, he is, nevertheless, placed in contact every day of his life.

This secures to society a constant renewal of its directing elements. It does not mean the renunciation of the fit and the advent of the unfit, as your husband believes, but the elimination of the unfit and the advent of the fit. In your country, the presidency of the Republic has been generally in the hands of a few privileged families, that is to say, within a republican constitution there has been perpetuated a European aristocratic régime. This is not the case with us. We have never had both father and son elected to the presidency. Neither the fame nor the ability of the father secures the future welfare of the son; in each generation all enter the race on equal conditions. I do not pretend to say that this is the invariable rule in our country now, but it is the tendency of our evolution, and has been since the beginning of our history.

Not long since, madam, the University of Wisconsin celebrated its fiftieth anniversary. There were present four of the former Presidents of the University. One of them, ex-President Northrop, pronounced these words which illustrate my thought very clearly: "The utility of the University is not limited to the great men it forms. The utility of the public school is not measured by the number of exceptionally able men that have studied in it, but in the general betterment of the multitude. If we can make the sum total of our citizens fifty

per cent more capable, it is much better than to make some of them a hundred per cent more capable, while the multitude has not been appreciably improved. The ideal of democracy is to make the multitude intelligent, not to form a few intelligent leaders and leave the common people in obscurity. We need intelligent leaders, but we also need an intelligent people, able to follow those leaders."

The above does not imply the suppression of social divisions, as these are not in themselves a negation of democracy. We consider the public school a democratic ideal because there all have a common basis upon which to begin—one and the same platform from which to make the start of life's flight. This does not mean, however, that a democratic régime obliges the person of culture to live with illiterates, or the millionaire with the pauper, though their doing so is not prohibited or even censured; it signifies merely that the illiterate has every facility to make himself a man of culture and the beggar, a like chance to become a millionaire. There are select circles, and separate groups, but the doors that lead to them stand wide open to him who wishes to pay his entrance fee in effort, talent, perseverance and honesty. Democracy is not equality among men, but equal opportunities for all men. Democracy does not mean the leveling of mankind to an average standard, but the bringing of opportunities to a level that all can reach.

Your husband may say when commenting on the power of our millionaires that this equality of chance is only a hollow phrase beside the privileges of an acquired fortune. Let us see.

He speaks of the enormous fortunes of this country.

There are such, it is true. John D. Rockefeller has a fortune of twelve hundred million dollars, and many others follow closely after. Doubtless, unjust social conditions have made these extraordinary accumulations possible. But, madam, have you any idea of the amount to which this private fortune is assessed for public revenue? Rockefeller's annual income amounts to sixty million dollars and his taxes to forty millions. The present tax—a war tax, it is true, but likely to remain at little less than his ratio—provides that all incomes exceeding two million dollars shall pay sixty-three per cent to the state. It is one of the great checks to the undue privileges of capital. The additional taxes on income now in force are progressive.

These undue prerogatives of capital are moreover subjected to limitation by our democracy in many different ways, such as by the laws that regulate trusts, income and inheritance taxes, and by other methods which each new social period proceeds to formulate. William Kent, a millionaire and a member of the Tax Committee, has recently expressed his opinion with respect to this problem in the following words: "There should not exist such employments as footmen, butlers or chauffeurs. Men of fortune retain a great number of persons employed in these positions of luxury. I would like to see," added this millionaire, "the income tax so high that this class of employees could not be retained by wealthy families."

We do not fear at all what your husband sees fit to call the undue pretensions of the working man. We firmly believe that the working man will continue to secure higher wages and shorter hours of work, partly as a measure of social justice and partly as a dictate of social

selfishness, because society needs that all its members should have an equal opportunity to develop personality to its highest, a thing that is impossible under actual conditions of industrial servitude. We must face the inevitable, madam, that the crowbar, the plane, the brace and bit, the furnace and the lathe are all taking on the majestic proportions of heraldic escutcheons, of the royal crowns. Only yesterday we read how our delegation of working men was received in the palace of the King and Queen of England and feasted by the highest dignitaries of the United Kingdom.

No, we are not afraid, we are not troubled as we note this evolution. On the contrary, we have enthusiastically gone out to meet it that we may help it. Even our wealthy magnates understand the transformation and comment upon it without becoming alarmed. Do you know what one of the best known millionaires of the U. S. A. says in regard to this? This steel king, Mr. Charles M. Schwab, is president of the Bethlehem Steel Company, which exploits the iron of El Tofo in your own Chile, the company which has built on that far off coast the port of Cruz Grande, and which is transporting a mountain of iron from your country to mine. The company of which Mr. Schwab is president employs a hundred thousand workingmen and pays in wages twelve million dollars monthly. It signifies that economically speaking, the word of such a man has weight, and it has also great weight politically speaking, as not long since Mr. Schwab was Chairman of the Board controlling the construction of ships for our government. This man uttered these words when not yet an employee of the government at a salary of one dollar a year: "We are on the threshold of a new

era. The new order of things is going to be hard for many of us and it will come sooner than we were expecting. It means a social rebirth of all the world. Some call it socialism. Others call it Bolshevism. What it means is this: The man that works with his hands, the man that does not possess riches is he who will rule the business of the world, not only in Russia and Germany and the U. S. A., but literally throughout the world. This great change will be a social adjustment. I repeat that it is going to be hard for those who possess a large part of the capital, but in the end it will probably be beneficial for all of us; and so we ought not to oppose this movement without informing ourselves regarding its dominant ideas. I have no wish to lose the money I possess. The more money a man has the more he wishes to have. The change from the old to the new order of things will be steady but rapid. The aristocracy of the future will not be the aristocracy of riches. It will be the aristocracy of those who have done something for their country and for the world."

You see, madam, that even the owners of great fortunes do not entertain much fear of the social evolution that inspires your husband with so much dread. As for the extravagance of our millionaires to which your husband alludes, frankly, I think it is very much exaggerated. I believe that, in comparison with millionaires of other countries, what most distinguishes the American is their cheerful readiness to give away their millions in works destined for the benefit of the whole people.

The same Mr. Schwab, not long ago, in Chicago, where he was speaking as Director General of the Shipping Board, related a very telling story: Going with Mr.

Carnegie to inaugurate a library and an auditorium, gifts which Mr. Carnegie and he were making to the University of Pennsylvania. He went to his room to dress for the ceremony, and found his valet desperately hunting under the bed for a collar-button. "I am leaving your service," said the indignant man to his employer. "You and Mr. Carnegie come here to give away millions, but you are the owner of only one collar-button, which I have dropped on the floor and cannot find."

While Mr. Schwab was making his speech, his wife was in the hotel knitting woolen clothing to send to the soldiers in the trenches. This is where I must tell you that there is much exaggeration in the general belief that the daughters of our millionaires lose their heads over European princes. Naturally, some cases of this kind occur among the thousands of millionaires' families, and they are given so much publicity that the inexperienced observer very frequently makes a mistaken generalization.

Riches have their privileges, madam. How could it be otherwise? But the tendency in our democracy is to see to it that these privileges of fortune shall be only equal to the strength and the intelligence employed in acquiring them. Thus, an arrow can fly through the air only in proportion as we have bent the bow to shoot it. A slight flexion of the bow and the arrow makes a short flight. We bend the bow with force and the flight is long. In human life, a democracy disposes of existence in such a way that no one is able to shoot his arrow farther than the force used in bending the bow will permit him.

Your husband, madam, gives a very synthetic de-

scription of our electoral system, and he seems to see a national peril in our faith in a "government of the people, for the people and by the people." He believes that the puffed up working man will become a destroyer of society. We do not believe that this ample liberty for the workingman to impose his ideas in the election booths need bring dangerous results to the country. On the contrary, this is the legal way gradually to change our social organization already so greatly modified in the course of our history. This is the way in which the aspirations of all our citizens are tried out openly and the reason why those of the majority succeed. This is the safety valve of the machine of progress. The violent revolutions and counter revolutions in Russia are a consequence of the traditional oppression of the workingman in the domain of an aristocracy. If Russia had had a half century of democratic organization, it would not have fallen into the present chaotic condition that your husband condemns. We do not know as yet what will be the end of Russia, but if it should find the path of democracy while struggling desperately in the darkness to find its destiny, Russia will stagger the world with its progress.

The suggestion that your husband has seen in some of our newspapers that we should suppress the right of the socialist to vote does not entitle him to accept this idea as representative of a tendency of our thought. You will see, madam, in our daily papers, in our magazines, in public speeches and in books the most outrageous and contradictory ideas. This is only one of the manifestations of our democracy, in which everybody thinks himself authorized to express his opinions, whatever they may be. In other countries the pro-

fession of thinking and expressing opinions is restricted to the educated classes, or to those who make their living with their pen. Here every one says what he thinks, and, as is natural, some perfectly preposterous opinions are expressed. The observer who studies our country should not forget that this is a trait of our national idiosyncrasy, or his comments will contain many mistaken inferences.

This free expression of the opinion of all is a democratic school. In our schools public speech is a branch of the usual course of study, not a luxury, but simply a means to enable every one to express his opinion publicly without self-consciousness. If errors come to light, it matters as little as if a boy does his school task wrong in the class or makes a mistake in his manual training work. It serves as a step onward to better things. Each day we see incorporated more new elements into the realm of citizenship, and from the most humble ranks there rise up men who turn out to be torchbearers in their different walks of life.

Unquestionably there is in my country still much ignorance and much poverty to be reclaimed. Your husband asks you to read Upton Sinclair's books to get an idea of the poverty among the working classes. This pauperism is found chiefly among the European immigrants who have not as yet adapted themselves to our democracy. We have in our country, that receives this immense European immigration, more than five millions who cannot yet speak our language. In Chicago alone, madam, the city from which your husband writes, my own native city, one-third of its inhabitants are foreigners; another third is composed of sons of foreign-

ers, and of the other third, a third part have either father or mother a foreigner. We are building up our democracy of foreign materials; we are making a monument out of clay brought from across the sea.

To study the living conditions of our workingman one should not choose as a type the recently arrived immigrant, who has not had as yet the time to adapt himself to our ways; but any one who travels a little in our country, and will take the time to visit the homes of American workmen, will find carpenters, mechanics, painters and workingmen of all the industries living in their own houses, with one or two baths, with parlors, pianos and libraries, and more comforts than those of the middle-class of a generation ago. This is not the rule as yet, but it tends to become more so every day.

I do not believe, madam, that the happiest working classes are to be found in Germany, as your husband says. They have been systematically trained into being submissive *automata*. They have no such opportunities as the workingmen in the United States, where every day one sees men of the humblest origin rising to social, scientific, economic and political heights. As our ex-ambassador Mr. Gerard says: "In Germany all the higher offices are held by the members of the Prussian nobility. Germany is still the country of great land-holders. Laws that have been abolished for years in England, still exist in Germany to permit these enormous estates to pass from one generation to another without being divided up. The workingmen of German cities work longer hours and earn less than in any other part of the world. More than fifty-five per cent of the families in Berlin live in one room." I have quoted this to you, madam, merely to answer the expressed

belief of your husband that an oligarchy insures the greater well-being to the workingman. It will not be necessary to add that in the countries of Latin America the condition of the workingman is infinitely inferior.

I do not pretend that we have reached perfection. Far from it. Our country is a democracy in the making and, as in all works of construction, it presents still, alongside the parts already made and finished, crude material, stone, sand and lime, in formless piles. When an artist is fashioning a piece of sculpture, you will see by the side of the work in course of creation, masses of shapeless clay as yet nothing but a lump of common earth. Maybe the head is finished; maybe the soul is already there, but we shall not be able to appreciate the beauty of the composition until the whole is finished. It is not right to judge the work by the formless mass of clay that has not yet taken on the lines the artist means to give it. The construction of a democracy is a far more laborious piece of work than the production of the finest masterpiece of the most gifted artist; there must be formless masses of material while the work is in progress, and of this mere clay no one can judge until it has been given the breath of life. In our democracy only the first blows of the chisel have made their mark. Let us not be so superficial as to condemn the work in preparation because it has not yet received the last finishing touches. Let us wait and help to give life to the monument that is the work of our hands, of our brain and of our heart.

Very sincerely,
Your Friend from the Other Continent.

CHAPTER IV

IMPERIALISM

MISS JONES now looked for these letters from Chicago with the same interest with which she expected her own private correspondence; and although their contents naturally hurt her feelings, it cannot be denied that she vehemently desired to read the letters because they expressed so well what Latin Americans in general were thinking about her country.

One morning she noticed at once the elegant and energetic handwriting of the Chicago correspondent among the heap of letters piled up on her desk. That morning Miss Jones did very little work in her office. Reading and meditating upon this long letter took up all her time until the luncheon hour. The letter was as follows:

Chicago, Ill.,, 1918.

My Dear One:—
.....
.....

One frequently sees it stated in the newspapers of this country that a democracy offers guarantees of peace to the world, whereas an aristocracy is a threat of war to all humanity; that it is necessary, therefore, to conquer Germany in order to make democracy safe and give peace to the world. I cannot see upon what this assertion could

logically be based. The United States boasts of being a democracy, and has, nevertheless, waged war against Mexico for the purpose of seizing her northern provinces; it has made war against Spain to get possession of Puerto Rico and the Philippines, and upon Colombia to seize Panama. In less than a century they have annexed, by right of conquest, a million square miles of what was formerly Latin American territory.

Among these conquests are the taking of Texas and of six more States that were Mexican possessions before the American invasion, which was pushed even to the ancient Aztec capital. This was the imposition of the southern slave States. Those seven States, in which there was no slavery, were taken precisely so that slavery might be established in them, thus degrading them socially in order to secure a larger representation from the southern States as partisans of slavery in the Federal Congress.

This policy of aggression and conquest, this imperialism without precedent in latter days, has been shown by a North American writer, William Hard, in an ultra-sensational article severely condemned by the American government. It was published in the *Metropolitan Magazine*. The author imagines a conversation between Wilson, the Kaiser, Venizelos, the prime minister of Greece, and a bandit of the Dominican Republic, in which it is shown that the United States, in their relations with Latin America, have proceeded without a shred of honesty.

The United States is unquestionably the most imperialistic country in the world. The first States of the Union, since those times when the English Puritans landed from the *Mayflower*, have not been satisfied later with reaching out toward the West, even to the

Pacific. They have desired and have obtained colonies in distant seas. Roosevelt has defended this policy of intervention on the part of his country in the small South American republics by use of the personal argument of a man who holds a big stick in his hands. "If I have a happy home," he seems to say, "enjoying therein a prosperous life, and I find that in the house at the right hand side of mine they make a great deal of noise at night, and do not let me, or my wife or children sleep, I am justified in knocking at the door of these neighbors and demanding silence; and if the noise continues, I have the right to use my big stick to make them keep quiet." An argument this to snuff out by main force the revolutions of Mexico. Continuing this philosophy, Roosevelt has said almost in these words: "If in the house on the left they have in the yard a pile of filth, the odor of which infests my house and places in danger my life and that of my wife and family, I have the right to rap on their door and to demand that they clean up their premises, and if they do not do so, I compel them with my big stick." An argument this for interfering in Ecuador and forcibly cleaning up Guayaquil, if the Ecuadorians will not or cannot do so. Likewise, Roosevelt considered himself at liberty to open a door (Panama) for his own use in his neighbor's house, when by doing so he would contrive to shorten the distance between two rooms in his own house: the room to the East, New York; and the room to the West, San Francisco.

Tyranny will always find a suitable pretext to warrant an abuse of force. Could not the same argument be stretched so that the United States might with its "*big stick*" rule over all Latin America? The United States

is becoming now a military—a warrior country. They are creating a stupendous army and navy. When these forces are mustered out from the European war, will they not look for a way to occupy themselves elsewhere? Every organ must exercise its functions or it dies. Organs that are not used become withered. If the fish would cease to swim, its fins would no longer function and would, in course of time, disappear. If a species of bird should not fly for generations, the wings would likewise go, just as the blind mole does not need to see in the darkness of its underground galleries.

The United States has been imperialistic in the past; it is so to-day and will be more imperialistic to-morrow. Consider the name they have appropriated for themselves. They call their country America, and its citizens Americans. Is not Canada a part of America, and are not the Canadians Americans? Mexico, Brazil, Argentina and Chile, are they not a part of America and are not their inhabitants as much entitled to be called Americans as those of the United States? But no, they have taken the name as their own. If the United States had formed their country in the old world, and if they had conquered European Turkey instead of the land of the red man, they would surely have called their country Europe and their inhabitants Europeans, that is, if they did not call it THE WORLD once and for all.

It is particularly serious for us that North American capital should be finding its way to our country in ever increasing quantities. In Chilean mines alone they have invested more than five hundred million dollars, and this is only the start to capture our natural resources, as is the case on a larger or smaller scale in all the Latin American republics. If, a little later on, there should be

a great labor strike, with attacks upon the life and property of the North American owners of these great mining possessions, might not these men of the "big stick" ask reparation for their wrongs and indemnities for their losses, and might they not even venture so far as to interfere in our internal political life? The most powerful navy in the world would be ready at their orders, anxious to go into action. We are the country of iron, of coal and of copper. We shall always be an irresistible lodestone to North American capital and enterprise. Although we are so far away, our danger for the future is very great. Sometimes my conscience pricks me when I think that the success of my efforts to sell to the Yankees my copper deposits may aggravate the danger to which our country is exposed in the future. As a matter of fact, our government ought not to permit the sale of our mining resources to the Americans, and as it would be impossible to make an odious exception for them alone in our legislature, we should prohibit the sale of our mines to foreigners in general.

There exists a veritable Yankee peril for Latin America. I have always thought so, and what I now see and read only confirms my suspicions. Of course, there are many here who write of Pan Americanism—of intercontinental love; but all that is only vain chatter, as I can easily prove to you by quoting from books and papers published here.

The University professor, Hamilton Wright Mabie, in lectures he gave at Japanese Universities under the auspices of the Carnegie Foundation in the cause of international conciliation, said these words:

"A war with Mexico ended in a forced sale to the United States of a territory that constitutes now six

of our States. Many Americans believe that this war was unnecessary and unjust, but a glance at the map will show that this territory, for which the United States paid eighteen million dollars, was an integral part of our national dominion, and sooner or later would have had to come under the flag of the United States."

An argument this which would serve Germany for claiming the Belgian coast; a contention that would justify Brazil in taking possession of Uruguay. It suffices to look at the map to be convinced of this. This argument was proffered by an American professor in a foreign country, under the auspices of a Yankee foundation for the promotion of universal peace!

A magazine called *The Seven Seas*, the official organ of the *Army and Navy League*, says in one of its numbers:

"A world dominion is the only logical and natural final aim of a nation. The real militarist believes that pacifism and humanitarianism are respectively the masculine and feminine manifestations of a natural degeneration. It is the absolute right of a nation to live with the greatest possible intensity, to expand, to found new colonies, to become as rich as possible through all appropriate means, such as armed conquest, commerce and diplomacy."

One of the most important newspapers of Chicago, the *Chicago Tribune*, prints every day this motto:

"My country, in her intercourse with other nations may she be always right; but my country, right or wrong."

A famous American writer, Alfred Mahan, says in one of his books:

"As civilized man has every day a greater necessity for lands that he may occupy, he is always in search of new fields where he may establish and develop himself; but as it happens that this planet is entirely explored and exploited, there are no longer desert continents or desert isles; there are only territories more or less occupied by a population more or less well organized. Hence proceeds the natural direction of human tides, whose impulse, like all natural forces, follows the line of least resistance. When two races, one highly organized and the other of inferior and rudimentary organization, meet, the result is not doubtful; the first dispossesses the second, because the right of the previous occupant disappears before the right of the superior exploiter."

According to Mahan, to dispute about the morality of the phenomena that are developed in accordance with that principle, is like disputing about the morality of an earthquake.

What do you think of the philosophy of this American sociologist? The Germans themselves might adopt and use it as a pretext for taking possession of all Russia or all France. They only need consider themselves superior exploiters in order to force the former occupants to retire from their own fatherland. Consequently they could proceed with a moral right about which it would be as foolish to dispute as about the morality of an earthquake.

Not long since, at the invitation of President Wilson, there visited this country twenty newspaper men from Mexico. While in Chicago one of these journalists, Señor de la Parra, made a speech rather unfriendly towards the United States, an impertinent speech, if you take into account that the journalist was a guest of this country. But if it is true that the utterances of the

Mexican were out of place, it is none the less true that certain comments of the public press were much more impudent. Arthur Brisbane, editor-in-chief of the *Chicago Herald and Examiner*, published on the front page of his paper a comment on the remarks of the Mexican, as follows:

"It would be worth while for the Mexicans to study the character of Woodrow Wilson. The Kaiser forgot to make that study; this ought to serve as a warning to Mexico. Mr. Wilson wishes nothing more of Mexico than civility of the damnedest, commonest kind; furthermore, with respect to the lives and properties of Americans, Mexico ought to respect these lives and interests and leave to one side its one-fourth Spanish and three-fourths Indian idea that the United States are afraid of the Mexicans. In only one of the twelve war camps this country has all the material necessary to tear Mexico to pieces like an old newspaper. It would be worth while for Mexico to proceed with courtesy and justice, especially if it wishes to continue its life as a nation. We took and we improved a large piece of Mexico not long ago: Texas, etc. The next piece that we take will be larger."

This editor does not say "may be," he says "will be."

H. H. Powers, who was professor of the famous University of Stanford, has attracted a great deal of attention by his two recent books. The last, "*America Among the Nations*," appeared after the United States had entered the war, and after the declaration that they were fighting for justice and democracy. This book might be quoted almost entirely in corroboration of what I have written. Its principal merit, in my conception, is the barefaced frankness with which it speaks. I reproduce a few lines taken from different chapters:

"Our Latin American neighbors, though sharing our preference for democracy and modeling their governments as closely as possible on our own, persist in regarding us with mingled suspicion and fear. Neither our protestations of friendship, nor our democracy, nor our history as they read it, reassures them."

Take note of this introduction of our author, that I quote only that you may compare the above with the rest of the quotations that follow. Speaking of the struggle that the North American colonies had with the Indians, he says: "You can make a man of him (the Indian) in time; but not as easily as you can displace him with a better man already made." Speaking of the purchase that the United States made from France of possessions that really belonged to Spain, he says:

"The reluctance against purchasing stolen goods we did not feel, as indeed nations never do." . . . "This acquisition, the largest ever made in all our history, was accomplished at the ripe age of fifteen years."

Continuing the same theme, the author says:

"Florida was necessary to complete our natural frontier, in itself a strong incentive to aggression. If it had been objected that Spain had rights in Florida, the answer would probably have been that incompetency invalidates all such claims, a doctrine instinctively accepted by energetic peoples and ever a cardinal principle of American policy."

Florida was perhaps a natural frontier coveted by the United States; but notice what he says of the natural frontiers of his country. Mentioning that its limits reached at one time to the Rocky Mountains, a natural frontier, he says: "But the American people have not

been looking for stopping places. For them all stopping places have been starting places, and that forthwith." In reality it cannot be said that the Philippines, Hawaii and Alaska are natural frontiers. Why not the Straits of Magellan? He continues:

"We want the earth, and we say so quite frankly. Not that we have far reaching designs of world empire, far from it. Such unholy ambitions have always been abhorrent to us. We merely want the next thing beyond. We are like the young woman who had no sympathy with the craze to be rich. All she wanted was to have money enough so that when she saw something she wanted, she could buy it." . . . "Incentives to the control of the American tropics are likely to be found in the world's growing need for their products, the necessity of more intensive exploitation, the inefficiency of their peoples, and the incompetency of their governments to encourage and protect foreign enterprise. It would be rash to predict that this inherent conflict between northern energy and tropical lethargy will not result in farther extension of northern control over the American tropics. . . . Doctrines do not determine destiny but destiny determines doctrines."

Speaking of the possibility of a union among Latin American countries, such as has formed a single great nation in North America, he says:

"This historic method will not be applied, certainly not if we can help it, and as a consequence, South America will seemingly remain divided. . . . The relation of Latin America to the United States is inherently that of a protectorate, and the Monroe Doctrine is the recognition of that relation. This the Latin nations perfectly understand and deeply resent. . . . The demands made by a single invention like the automobile are revolutionary in our relations to the tropics. These demands, the tropics in the hands of their own people,

and managed in the true tropical way, are utterly unable to supply. Yet there is almost no limit to their productivity if their exuberant nature forces can be brought under human control."

Notice this, my dear wife: the inhabitants of Brazil, where rubber is produced for automobiles, are not human; and this author says previously that even when one can make a man of a savage, it is much easier to eliminate the savage and put in his place a man already made. A decisive argument for not educating Latin America, but on the contrary replacing the native population by North Americans already educated. If rubber is the magnet of Brazil, nitrate, also not produced in the United States, is the attraction held by Chile. Many of us fear the consequences of the successful manufacture of synthetic nitrate in this country. Maybe this artificial production here would be our salvation in the future. If they have their own nitrate they will not trouble to get possession of ours.

What does this author think of us in particular? Here you can see: "Chile and Brazil have a hybrid population with little power of organization or of rigorous assertion." This shows a supine ignorance so far as our country is concerned. And of the Filipinos, what does he say? "We have given them a copy in miniature of our American government, a Senate, a House of Representatives, a Cabinet and all, which they use much as a Hottentot would a high hat."

And this stupendous book by a professor of one of the most famous American universities, ends with this declaration of principles that could not be in more flagrant contradiction to all the previous pages. Speaking of a possible objection that what both England and the

United States aim at in the present war is to put the Anglo-Saxon on top in place of the Teuton, he replies:

"No, what we want is the English principle on top instead of the German. This principle is the principle of fellowship, not of feudalism. It leaves each one free to live his own life and think his own thoughts and go his own ways, and to see the power and the greatness of fellowship in this liberty of its members."

The Monroe Doctrine is one of the greatest *camouflages* of history. "America for the Americans" is a tragic sentence for us. The first word, "America," means the three Americas; and the last word, "Americans," means the inhabitants of the United States.

We do not need so interested a tutor. This doctrine never had the semblance of kindness and protection for weak Latin America. It was, from the beginning, a protection for the United States itself, which feared the possession by Europeans of colonies on American soil because this might place its own independence in danger. If Mexico had become German they would have had to fear that some day Washington or New York or San Francisco would have to be German. The Monroe Doctrine will be in the future, as it has already begun to be, the anesthetic to be used by Uncle Sam as he amputates Central America and South America. No doubt, Americans are clever surgeons!

What wonder, then, that South America should hate the United States? This anecdote might well be a true story: A Yankee asks a citizen of Ecuador: "Why do you not clean up Guayaquil? Americans will not come to such an insanitary spot." The Ecuadorian replies: "But we prefer the filth to the Americans."

J. Gamble Reighard writes in the *Sunset* review:

"Who said that the South Americans wished to be Pan Americans? In the United States there are enthusiasts who write and speak as if the Latins were anxious to form closer relations between our country and theirs . . . Latin America has no wish to learn anything from us; they look for inspiration to the Latin nations of Europe, to which they are related by ties of race, by culture and by all natural sympathies. In speaking of Latin America we ought never to lose sight of this essential fact: the fundamental difference of culture between the Southern Iberian and the Northern Anglo-Saxon."

This is the truth. We are two opposed worlds accidentally bearing the same name. We have no more in common than have William Taft, ex-president of the United States, and William Hohenzollern, German kaiser, only the name.

A matter for serious consideration is that Anglo-Saxon America wishes to devour Latin America. The United States have been comparatively slow in starting the conquest of South America because they have been so busy during the past century in conquering their own continent. The same thing has happened in regard to their industries. They did not look for foreign trade in the beginning because they had first to supply their own market. They had first to get rich by exploiting their own resources. Now that they have satisfied their needs in this respect they are looking about for foreign markets to conquer. The same thing will happen in their thirst for territorial conquest. The Monroe Doctrine is this: A glutton who is eating his own plate of food and has neither time nor hunger nor stomach to eat the dish that he sees farther on. He understands that later he will have time, hunger and stomach to partake of it

and he says to those who might wish to help themselves: "Let no one touch that dish." America for the Americans! We hope that the greedy one will not have digested his first course until we are sufficiently strong to defend ourselves.

How fortunate it is that Latin America for the most part has kept herself neutral in this war. No matter how much the great nations may protest to-day about justice and equity when referring to the weaker nations, we cannot be so innocent as to believe in them even when in exceptional cases such protests are made in transient good faith.

If we should declare in favor of the Allies and Germany should triumph, the latter would take us afterwards in her fist and squeeze us as one does a lemon; if we should side with Germany we would be cut to pieces quite as promptly by the Allies. And which side is going to win? We do not know. Whose triumph would be to our advantage? That of neither the one nor the other. It would be better for South America that neither the Allies nor Germany should triumph. Again, in a probable future war between Japan and the United States much less would it be to our advantage that either should triumph. Men have a conscience, nations have none. As Professor Powers says in the book that I have mentioned: "Doctrines do not determine destiny, but destiny does determine doctrines." It is to our advantage that there should be a balance of power in the world, seeing that the world has no conscience. An equilibrium of nations is the only salvation, the only security for small nations. When this balance of power ceases, when a nation believes itself to be stronger, nothing is respected. *Belgium.* The great nations have in-

vanted a maxim that is above all moral codes: "The vital interests of the country come first." Is there no parallel in the world for the case of Belgium? The rape of Panama.

The balance of power among the great nations suits us in order that the little ones should be respected. For this reason, up to a certain point, South America has been respected. The United States has kept us from being conquered by Europe. Europe has defended us, as far as she could, from being conquered by the United States, and this state of affairs will continue if none of the parties in the fight gain an absolutely definite victory, only, of course, until the day arrives that is not far distant, in which we shall be respected for our own strength.

South America is the continent of the future and we ourselves want to fashion this future according to our temperament, according to our soul, according to our idiosyncrasy. Latin Americans will never mix with Anglo-Saxon Americans. It is impossible, although there should come thousands of thousands of the youth of South America to study in the universities of the United States, in order to transplant to our soil this civilization. Because a nest of duck eggs are hatched out by a hen they do not have to be chicks that break the egg-shells. We shall always keep our soul, our temperament. Oil does not mix with water, and if it is attempted to force the mixture, there will be a protest that may be violent even on the part of the sensitive Latin American spirit.

Speaking of this I wish to say.....

.....
Your husband who adores you
.....



Miss Jones took very much to heart the task of answering these letters. It seemed to her that she was speaking to the whole of Latin America. Not only did she retain a duplicate of her notes, but she also carefully copied the original letters from Chicago. At first her idea had been to use many of the items for some future work of her own, but when writing the following comments, she began to see that the publication of these letters themselves would make a useful book:

Madam:

This letter of your husband's has caused me the deepest regret, but I am well aware, nevertheless, that it contains a synthesis of opinion held by many Latin Americans with regard to my country. They distrust and fear us. They think we are a menace to their peace and their future. I believe, madam, that this distrust and terror engenders the dislike and even the hate that many feel toward us.

For my part, I entertain a great love for Latin America. I believe this is because I know it so well, because I have studied it for years, because I have read its history, because I foresee its future, and because I regard its problems from its own point of view. I know and I understand Latin America, and for these reasons I love it. Our President, Woodrow Wilson, in an address which he delivered in Buffalo not long since to the workingmen of my country, referred to a reply of Charles Lamb when they asked him if he hated a certain person of whom they were speaking. The celebrated English author replied: "No, how could I hate him if I know him?"

To know a person intimately, to penetrate into the

deep recesses of his soul, to be able to interpret in the light of all circumstances, every reflection, whether real or fancied, every gesture, every action of a person, signifies to have a close regard for that person. Katusha, the fallen woman, condemned for a crime committed in the house of ill fame where she plied her evil trade, was intimately known by Prince Neckludoff, who followed her into exile in Siberia, and he, a prince, loved that woman and asked her to be his wife. The secret of love is to know, to understand, to see beyond the superficial fallacy of vision; and the secret for hating is to ignore, to see all through a distorted lens and to willfully reject the view bared in the radiant light of the noon-day sun.

The Americas do not know each other. Any person of culture in your country knows the history of Egypt, but ignores completely our history, just as we ignore the history of Latin America. This mutual ignorance appears to have been officially fostered if we examine the curricula of public schools and colleges in both American continents. The result is that each forms hasty judgments that are not based on reliable information.

Your husband, madam, sees our country always through a prism of suspicion and fear, and for that reason all looks gloomy to him; he interprets all by the same stereotyped formula. He conceives an imperialistic country, accepting a qualification by which they refer to us quite commonly in Latin America. However, the truth is that we are not imperialistic and every day we are farther from being so. We are fighting to-day, offering the blood of our best sons and the accumulated

fortunes of a century precisely to strangle foreign imperialism.

Your husband, my dear lady, has come to see even in our name "America" an intention of conquest. The name is wrong. It is not improper to call ourselves the "United States of America," but wrong if we call ourselves "Americans." This is due only to the difficulty there is in giving us another name. It is easy to form the name Argentine from Argentina, Chilean from Chile, Brazilian from Brazil, but it is not so easy to coin a word like "Unitedstatian" of America. On the other hand, there are many names in history ill bestowed which remain as they are because custom sanctions it. The whole American continent ought to be called Columbia and not America, because it was Christopher Columbus, and not Amerigo Vespucci, who discovered it.

We speak in America of the *Orient*, meaning the lands of ancient civilization situated to the east of Europe, because they are called by this name over there; whereas we should really call this part of the world the *Occident*, as it lies to the west of us.

The conquest of our continent from one sea to the other has obeyed the necessity to which Mahan refers, that of a more gifted people displacing the Indian who lived on an inferior plane of civilization.

This conquest of our continent is parallel to the conquest made by you South Americans in your own continent. In this necessary struggle between the Indians and the Americans there were doubtless less cruelties than in the conquest of Mexico or of Peru. For some time it was a general belief in Spain that the Indians had no soul.

It is sufficient to see how our government treats the

Indians to-day, the schools created for them, the way in which they are protected and helped in the development of their properties, to understand that we know our duty as a Christian nation toward these primitive inhabitants of the soil. To-day there are nearly ten thousand Indians enrolled in our army and navy, almost every one of whom has gone voluntarily to fight for his country. Last year it was calculated that there were some three hundred and forty thousand Indians in my country, surely many more than inhabited the land when the first colonists landed here. These Indians unquestionably live a better life than they ever lived before the European colonization.

It is not my desire to make odious comparisons, but we must admit that Latin America has not yet taken seriously its obligations toward the indigenous inhabitant in each of those countries. There are countries like Bolivia where they sell them along with the live stock of an estate. Much that is done there for the benefit of those poor Indians is due to the initiative, sacrifices, devotion and money of our people. We have missionaries, men and women, even in the heart of your own country, madam. These missionaries of both sexes go to live in those solitudes, in the midst of the Indians, not for the sake of an income, which is ridiculously small, but urged by an overwhelming desire to serve the humblest of the human race.

It seems absurd that a South American, in judging us, should advance as proof of our imperialism the conquest of our continent in the struggle with the original inhabitants. As for our foreign expansion, there is more than a little to say in our defense, and I hope

that you are sufficiently interested to attend to what I have to say.

In the Monroe Doctrine your husband sees a tragic menace for the future of Latin America, and he stamps it as having had an ulterior motive from its very beginning. I agree that the Monroe Doctrine was dictated partly for the security of our own country. It was also in part for our own sake. When a millionaire founds a hospital, and endows it for the express purpose of combating the plague of cancer, is it not also to his personal interest and to that of his family that the disease should diminish in his city or his country, and that they should be safeguarded by the experience and research which he has promoted? Does it lessen the merit of his philanthropy if, reciprocally, he and his family should benefit by it? Every good action toward others reflects upon the benefactor as there is reflected in a mirror the face of one who looks in it. The United States was with Latin America in its campaign for independence, and decided later to uphold that independence. The Monroe Doctrine has been of service to South America. It has been an easy pillow upon which the Latin American continent has been able to rest its head quietly during its childhood and first youth. When no longer needed, it will be relegated to oblivion, just as the cradle is sent to the lumber room when it is no longer needed by the little one.

Your husband quotes the words of Professor H. H. Powers to prove that we consider the Monroe Doctrine an acknowledgment of our protectorate over Latin America. If there has been any subject among us speculated upon and discussed it is just this Monroe Doctrine. In almost any gathering of persons who discuss this

doctrine there are as many opinions as there are different kinds of raiment. To the interpretation of Professor Powers' line of thought as exposed in such stupendous citations as your husband quotes, may I not contrast that of our own ex-President Roosevelt, considered even by your husband the most imperialistic of Americans. He says the following in his autobiography:

"The Monroe Doctrine lays down the rule that the Western Hemisphere is not hereafter to be treated as subject to settlement and occupation by Old World powers. It is not international law; but it is a cardinal principle of our foreign policy. There is no difficulty at the present day in maintaining this doctrine, save where the American power whose interest is threatened has shown itself in international matters both weak and delinquent. The great and prosperous civilized commonwealths, such as the Argentine, Brazil, and Chile, in the Southern half of South America, have advanced so far that they no longer stand in any position of tutelage toward the United States. They occupy toward us precisely the position that Canada occupies. Their friendship is the friendship of equals for equals. My view was (and is, because Mr. Roosevelt has repeated this on several occasions) that as regards these nations there was no more necessity for asserting the Monroe Doctrine than there was to assert it for themselves. Of course, if one of these nations, or if Canada, should be overcome by some Old World power, which then proceeded to occupy its territory, we would undoubtedly, if the American nation needed our help, give it in order to prevent such occupation from taking place. But the initiative would come from the nation itself, and the United States would merely act as a friend whose help was invoked. The case was (and is) widely different as regards certain—not all—of the tropical states in the neighborhood of the Caribbean sea. Where these states are stable and prosperous, they stand on a foot-

ing of absolute equality with all other communities. But some of them have been a prey to such continuous revolutionary misrule as to have grown impotent either to do their duties to outsiders or to enforce their rights against outsiders. The United States has not the slightest desire to make aggressions on any one of these states. On the contrary, it will submit to much from them without showing resentment. If any great civilized power, Russia or Germany, for instance, had behaved toward us as Venezuela under Castro behaved, this country would have gone to war at once. We did not go to war with Venezuela merely because our people declined to be irritated by the actions of a weak opponent, and showed a forbearance which probably went beyond the limits of wisdom in refusing to take umbrage at what was done by the weak, although we would certainly have resented it had it been done by the strong."

It is important, madam, that you take into consideration that our constitution prohibits acquisition of territory by conquest, for which reason, Florida, the Philippines and Panama, like Louisiana and Alaska, have all been territories that we have bought and paid for. Even in the cases of our victorious wars we have amazed the world in that we, the conquering nation, have paid indemnities. I do not believe there is another country in the world whose constitution is so stamped with this principle of international honor. On surrendering Alsace-Lorraine France had to pay to Prussia the highest indemnity that had been paid in the world up to that date, and this in a war provoked by the victors. England, France and Germany have colonized in thirty years nine million two hundred and fifty thousand square miles of territory, containing one hundred and thirty-nine million souls, which is equivalent to a domain larger than all Central and South America, and con-

taining nearly twice the population of all Latin America. It is true that some of the purchases of territory made by my country have been forced: for instance, the territory which we bought from Mexico following the war which brought about the annexation of Texas, a State which had already made itself independent and had repeatedly asked to be taken over.

We, as a country, in our already long history, have committed errors and injustices, both in domestic as well as in our foreign policy. Where is the man who has not committed such errors? In our former relations with South and Central America there can be cited cases of actuations that redound to our discredit. This our present political leaders constantly recognize.

How have these injustices occurred? Moneyed interests have, on several occasions, secured objectives abroad that were opposed to the principles of stainless morality. In reading our history, as in reading the history of any other country throughout the record of mankind, we find on strict investigation, ever the struggle between justice and unlawfully acquired privileges. Our country cannot be an exception to this universal law, and also there have been and there are still such unjust privileges among us. Great corporations have been able to laugh at justice and to carry on unlawful business within our country, in defiance of the rights of our citizens. Who can doubt that trusts like these would be successful in their perverse way when extending operations to foreign parts? This has been responsible in the past for a foreign policy at times unjust. It led us to the annexation of Texas and to the war with Mexico, strenuously resisted by the moral forces of the North. That was a triumph of evil in our

'domestic struggles between good and evil. It is the reason why Henry Clay was not elected President in the campaign that gave the office of Chief Executive to Polk. The annexation of the Mexican territories to our country was an imposition of the slave interests. It was triumph, with reverberation abroad, of undue privileges, just as other privileged interests have often triumphed in internal affairs, to the detriment of our own citizens.

But any one can see, comparing with the past, that justice is getting the upper hand against these privileges in internal affairs. Our present tendency is carrying us toward the nationalization of all public utility industries that involve privileges, such as railroads, telegraphs, telephones, the merchant marine, river commerce, and surely, later on, mines and other natural resources. From now on there will be less to fear from the foreign policy of the United States than in the past.

If there are examples in our history of an international policy at variance with morality, such as can be explained in the way I have just indicated, we can, nevertheless, offer many more examples in which we have proceeded according to a moral code higher than that of other great powers. A case in point was the conduct of President Wilson in the combined action of England, Germany, France and Japan regarding China. In this instance our country was opposed to the interests of our capitalists and in defense of the purest international ethics.

My dear madam: in no other country in the world is there being waged such a fight against interests which abuse their power as that in which we are engaged; and as imperialistic wars are always dictated

by these interests, the conclusion is natural that our country will henceforth be less involved in unjust wars than in the past.

Nevertheless, madam, when hastily analyzing some arbitrary act, we are liable, instinctively, to darken the colors of accusation and to fail to give due consideration to extenuating circumstances or justification on the part of the aggressor. I wish to analyze for you the two cases to which your husband refers: those of Panama and of the Philippine Islands. The truth in these respects is little known in Latin America, as I have had ample occasion to notice in my journeys through those countries.

To compare the case of Panama with that of Belgium is possible only with an unfathomable ignorance of history. The construction of the Panama Canal was a necessity felt by the whole world since Balboa first crossed the isthmus with his dauntless companions in adventure. This is obvious to any one who glances at the map of the world.

France, impelled by the genius of de Lesseps, constructor of the Suez Canal, tried to carry out this enterprise. The immense capital and genius of France failed signally in the attempt.

The United States, by means of the Hay-Pauncefote treaty, acquired, as far as Europe was concerned, the right to take up the work that had been begun by the Old World. The government of my country hesitated as to whether they should open the proposed route through Nicaragua or through Panama, the first country being independent and the second a part of the Republic of Colombia. Both Nicaragua and Colombia used every effort to induce us to give them the prefer-

ence. The experts appointed by Roosevelt to report on the matter gave their decision in favor of Panama.

At the request of Colombia, the Hay-Herrán treaty was celebrated, conceding to us the right to construct a canal across the isthmus. As a matter of fact, the Republic of New Granada, the predecessor of Colombia, had guaranteed us this right since 1848. But Colombia maintained a continual state of anarchy. Then came the imprisonment and death of President San Clemente and the dictatorship of Marroquín. This despot believed he could disregard the Hay-Herrán treaty, and so gain time to allow for the expiration of the contract with the French company of Panama, whereupon he could lay claim to the forty million dollars that the United States was to pay to the French company.

Not only was my country, under the presidency of Roosevelt, highly indignant at this treatment, but also in no lesser degree was Panama, where all wished ardently for the prompt opening of the canal that was to benefit this region in so many ways. Naturally this provoked a revolution in Panama. I say naturally, madam, because Panama was accustomed to revolutions. From 1850 to 1902 there had been fifty-three revolutions or attempts at such in Panama; that is to say there had been one revolt each year. Panama brought forth revolutions as naturally as an apple tree bears apples every fall.

Ex-President Roosevelt maintains that it is by no means a fact that he provoked this last triumphant revolution of Panama. What he did was to refrain from helping Colombia to reestablish order, as he had helped on former occasions; and he believed that he had good cause for such abstention, given the conduct of Colombia.

This revolution broke out just at the time when Roosevelt had prepared a message to Congress asking for the relinquishment of the Panama Canal project unless they were prepared to pass measures compelling Colombia to respect its contracts. In spite of this, a treaty of friendship with Colombia is pending in the Senate, in which the independence of Panama is recognized, and by which my country pays twenty-five million dollars for the Canal Zone. This is over and above the compensation previously given to the Republic of Panama. This treaty will be approved because it has the support of public opinion.

The Latin Americans, in general, know but one version of the history of the canal and certainly that version presents a hard case. I have studied this problem carefully and sympathetically and with a leaning in favor of Colombia, and I have found that my country has conducted itself most honorably. We Americans have always been indifferent to the opinions that foreigners have of us and therefore have never cared to defend ourselves when attacked unjustly beyond our own borders, and I believe that this idiosyncrasy has had fatal consequences, as it is what most has separated the two Americas.

Neither has the case of the Philippine Islands been properly explained to our neighbors of the other America. Those who burn the midnight oil have given many reasons for our war with Spain. This war was not waged with any idea of conquest, but only to put an end to the oppression by the Spaniards in Cuba after that island had been fighting for years for the independence that its Iberian sisters had achieved. The struggle at our very gates was unequal and bloody.

If at the door of your house, madam, a big man is abusing a little boy, would you and your husband remain impassive, contemplating the fight? We did not remain impassive. The blowing up of the *Maine* was as if the two combatants in the unequal fight had broken a window in your house. The explosion of the *Maine* was like the tragedy of Sarajevo in the present world war, the insignificant, immediate and determining cause.

My country interfered to secure Cuban independence, a thing that it accomplished. No other nation of the world has respected thus its pledged word in international obligations of this sort. Did England respect hers in Egypt?

The fact that the Spaniards had warships in the Philippines with which they could blockade our commerce, made us fight in Manila and take from the Spaniards their possessions of the Pacific; possessions as unjustly and cruelly governed as the same Island of Cuba. It has not been and is not our wish to keep these islands, but in undertaking to give them their independence, we have not specified a fixed date, preferring to give the Filipinos sufficient time to prepare themselves for free and independent citizenship. Even when the Filipinos are ready and desirous to exercise the rights of citizenship, I doubt whether we should accept them as citizens of the United States rather than see them independent.

No efforts have been spared by the United States to prepare the Philippine Islands for their own government. What have we left undone to help their inhabitants to advance as a race, as a people, and not as tools of their North American rulers? We brought in the first place hundreds of young Filipinos to be

trained in our country as teachers of their own race. The educational work carried out by us there has no precedent in the history of those islands, nor in the history of any colony of any country. Egypt is an English protectorate. Egypt has eleven million inhabitants and the Philippine Islands eight million. Egypt has two hundred and eighty-one thousand children in its schools, and the Philippine Islands have six hundred and ten thousand. This educational work, let it be said in passing, the American carries with him wherever he goes, with an unquenchable faith. In Alaska, the region of the eternal snows, in the cities near the pole, it has created schools for the Esquimaux; and the adult Esquimau attends night school at Shismareff, in the north-east of Alaska.

Professor Powers may say what he pleases of the American policy in the Philippine Islands; he may say that our attempt to teach them free government is like putting a silk dress on a hippopotamus. But he unaccountably forgets that he is dealing with facts, though he claims to do so in every chapter of his book; and this American idealism, this American faith in education is for us an Aladdin's lamp, a *fact* and a reality in spite of Professor Powers, who, without realizing it, frequently poses as a preacher of imperialism, instead of being, as he pretends to be, a commentator or expounder of existing realities. One should not allow one's self to be carried away by a writer who has fallen in love with a bit of colored glass through which he sees the sea, the mountains and the sky, all of the same color. It is a fact, madam, that as much in deciding problems of internal import as in its foreign affairs, our country raises its moral standard higher each day that passes.

This can be seen crystallized in President Wilson's policy which has dictated a new international code to the world. Certainly the American nation would not have been provoked into entering this struggle with the Central Empires if it had not believed that therein were involved principles of justice and morality.

One more example of our so-called Imperialism will suffice to illustrate my point. There is a case in which the Senate of the United States refused to accept the annexation of a Latin American territory after the inhabitants had actually voted in favor of it. From 1844 until 1861 the Dominican Republic was an independent state, and was, in the latter year, annexed to Spain, only to obtain its independence once again in 1865. It was the wish of President Grant to annex the country to the United States, and a treaty to that effect was ratified by the Dominican people. This treaty was rejected by the American Senate by a tie vote.

The growing interest of the multitude in international affairs; Wilson's new plea for a diplomacy open to the bright sunshine, recommended for some time past by many American writers; the frank incorporation of the feminine conscience in affairs of state; the greater influence of the workingman in governmental decisions, even to the point where Presidents and Ministers of State have to persuade and convince instead of driving them; all this indicates that imperialism will be an extinct social species in the second half of the twentieth century, just as the Megatherium is an extinct animal in our age; and, madam, the death blow will be dealt by the United States. Your husband is right in saying that the world has no conscience, but the truth is

that my country is making powerful contributions toward supplying the omission.

A new world is coming into existence: the epoch of recognition of the individual. The twentieth century recognizes the strength, the worth of the individual, and believes in the greatest expansion of every heart, of every brain and of every conscience. This century will be called the century of Democracy.

No matter, madam, that the Latin Americans will never mix with the Anglo Americans, as your husband says; no matter that we have different temperaments and a different idiosyncrasy. So are the peoples of Asia and those of Europe different. But this does not mean that in the world we cannot entertain a mutual respect nor all coöperate in the work of progress, of truth, of justice and in beautifying the planet that is our common home. A jasmine flower cannot be grafted onto a rose bush. Each plant has its own peculiar life, and takes in varied proportions its food from the common soil, and their respective flowers have different colors and a different fragrance to perfume the air. The different peoples and races of this great garden of mankind, madam, are distinct plants of different colors and perfume, destined in a none too distant future to enfold the earth in an atmosphere of tranquil and radiant beauty. I say a garden, and not a natural virgin forest, because the garden is man's work and the forest where laws of brute nature alone have their sway presents to us the case of a giant tree spreading imperialistic foliage to deprive its weaker rivals of the sunlight.

Please do not believe, dear lady, by what I have said that these notes are intended to uphold the pacifist who lays down his arms, trusting that the world is, or

will be, actuated only by principles of justice in its international relations, but looking at the history of mankind in general, we have to recognize that the trend is in that direction. See how every nation now seeks to justify its warfare as defensive, whereas in ancient times no pretext for conquest was considered necessary. But the truth is, the principles of individual morality accepted by every nation as binding within its boundaries are replaced by blind egotism when treating of international relations. H. H. Powers is right, in a way; but in prophesying the future he does not see the new forces which will be in the way of future wars and will make unjust wars impossible on the part of my country.

By the great affection I feel for Latin America, and because I understand it better than most of my countrymen, I recommend you to arm yourselves to the full extent of your ability. After this war is over sad times are surely coming for the world. But while she arms, Latin America needs to develop itself educationally and economically. I do not forget that Brazil alone is bigger, territorially, than my country, excluding Alaska, and that it has as many or more natural resources than the United States. Chile, although so small, is a country whose mountains are in great part made of iron, and whose subsoil, in enormous extensions, is of coal. As these are the magnets of civilization, it will come to pass that great industrial centers will make of Chile a dense manufacturing country. Your country will make itself respected not for its natural undeveloped riches and its untrained population, but by the natural resources that are put to good use, which implies education of the people who develop these riches. China, with immense natural resources, and with an enormous population, has

not been able to make itself respected. Traditional fanaticism has impeded their penetrating to the depths of the earth and therefore its great deposits of iron only now are about to be exploited.

I firmly believe that your husband is mistaken when he advocates the idea that the South American countries should forbid the development of the natural resources of their territories by foreign nations, and by my country in particular.

It is precisely capital that Latin America needs for its development. Capital has to come from the financial centers of the world. In importing such capital the younger nations give material and moral impetus to the dormant national forces. Seclusion in this epoch of internationalism is like the Chinese fanaticism that prevents the opening up of the entrails of the earth. To prevent foreign capital from carrying away too much of the national wealth, the Latin American governments ought, in my opinion, always to be partners or stock-holders in these great foreign enterprises that are exploiting your natural resources, and to invest the respective incomes in the education of all your citizens.

I do not believe that the American who has brought and will in future bring his industrial enterprise to Latin America should necessarily be hated there. I know of many cases in which they are admired and beloved. Your husband loses no opportunity to illustrate his points with jest and anecdote, taking for granted that these have a basis of truth, however great the exaggeration that makes us laugh. This method is somewhat risky. I could also illustrate my statements with jokes and stories which, by analysis, would show no foundation of truth. That you may see the method is not

seductive, I am going to top the story of the Ecuadorian who preferred filth to Americans, with an anecdote I heard in South America.

A South American lady—I shall not say of what country—went to see a doctor because her leg pained her sorely. The doctor asked to see the leg uncovered so that he could examine it. The lady blushed and refused to permit it. Thinking that it was a case of bashfulness, the doctor insisted, whereupon the young lady admitted at last, red with shame: “To-morrow, doctor, I am not prepared.” The doctor understood, and told her that she might return the following day. The next day the doctor on examining the leg, and seeing nothing much the matter with it, wished to compare it with the other. Blushing again, the girl replied once more: “To-morrow, doctor, I am not prepared.”

Would it not be cruel to make a deduction from this story, madam? Let us pair off and forget the two anecdotes, the one about filth preferred to Americans, and that of the South American girl who was not prepared.

Having studied well the two continents, we must come to the conclusion that the principal difference between the two Americas is in the more retarded evolution by Latin America. With the material and economic educational advancement of Latin America, the differences between our two civilizations are disappearing. I believe that the future activities of my country in the republics of the South are destined to bring about a greater evolutionary progress than that realized by European action. The American carries his spirit of progress wherever he goes. Note the case of the great plants for the extraction of copper in your country: Chuqui-

camata, El Teniente and Potrerillos. The only place in Chile where the consumption of alcohol is not permitted is El Teniente of the Braden Copper Co. At Chuquicamata, of the Chile Exploration Company, in regions formerly desolate, at ten thousand feet above the level of the sea, in the midst of a desert, Chileans have the best school of democracy. Not only has the American taken to this place a hundred million dollars, creating an industry that could not be made by Chilean capital, and giving life to a dead region, but an example is here shown to all the rest of the country of how to regard the human element in large modern industrial works. In a word, we are exporting copper from Chile and importing democracy to Chile. This will apply to all Latin America, day by day, on a larger scale.

A Latin America evolutionized to the diapason of the century's advancement, a Latin America that cannot truthfully be taunted with a seventy per cent illiteracy, a thirty per mil mortality or a consumption of thirteen quarts of pure alcohol per head, will command respect because the banishment of illiteracy, the decrease in the death rate and higher culture bring in their train added wealth, greater strength, better defense and more security.

Pardon, madam, this very long postscript to your husband's letter, and believe me to be

Your Sincere Friend from Another Continent.

CHAPTER V

BLACK AND WHITE

SHORTLY after sending off the foregoing notes, another letter arrived at the Censor's Office, which Miss Jones read with eager interest:

Chicago, Ill., 1918.

My dearest:

I have spoken to you at length about Yankee imperialism and of its external ambitions but here within there is also another imperialism. Not only have the United States colonies in distant seas; they have colonies on their own continent. They have imported colonies. Afroyankeeland is the great interior colony of this country, and never in the world's history has a colony been treated with more rigor and cruelty.

The Yankees have enriched our language with several very significant words representing ideas purely their own, such as "bluff" and "lynch." Lynch! In other countries this word has not been coined, simply because it has not been needed. One cannot think of negroes without thinking of lynch law, just as one cannot think of fire without smoke.

The United States has about twelve million negroes, though some claim that the number reaches sixteen

million, if all those with some taint of African blood are included. These negroes are not intruders who have come to invade America of their own free will. The thirst for gold of the primitive planters brought them by main force from the Dark Continent, and here used them as beasts of burden. These negroes were hunted like wild animals on the coasts of Guinea. At first the captains of slave ships engaged in the hunt themselves, but centers were soon established along the African coast where negroes were purchased from the chiefs of the slave-hunting tribes. These centers were called slave markets. Once on board, the slaves were chained in couples and transported under much worse conditions than those now accorded to animals. Many succeeded in jumping overboard with their chains, preferring death to the fate awaiting them. A captain always counted upon losing by involuntary death or from suicide a fourth part of his cargo of negroes, but the trade was always remunerative, since back in the year 1700 an adult negro was salable at from one hundred and twenty-five to two hundred dollars; boys bringing from fifty to sixty.

Soon the business of raising negroes grew in this country, on the same basis as breeding pigs and sheep. Virginia and Maryland were famous for their breeds of negroes, and healthy negro women were sold and forced to produce offspring with any male whom the master of the plantation might select.

That is to say, these negroes of the United States came from Africa neither of their own free will, nor with pleasure, nor were those born here called to life by the yearnings of maternity, but by the sordid avarice of the American planter.

When universal conscience abolished slavery on the face of the earth (and Chile, our country, was the first to abolish it in America) the United States had to abolish it also. This act of emancipation came later in the United States than in almost all Central and South American countries. Furthermore, when this country snatched from Mexico part of her territories, a consequence of the war over Texas, they implanted slavery in the once Mexican territories, where it had already been abolished.

And I believe with many thinkers, that the abolition of slavery in the United States was not the dictate of a collective superior conscience, but an economic struggle between the States of the North and the States of the South. The slave States could use negroes to good advantage on their cotton plantations, whereas the non-slave States of the North could not employ them in their industries, in which an ability was required that they did not possess. Therefore, I believe that it has not been a spirit of justice and humanity that has inspired the abolition of slavery in this country.

At all events, I believe that the negroes would live happier to-day by returning to the slavery they "enjoyed" before. Every slave master would care for them, at least as much as he cares to-day for his cattle; for it is only too true that the present condition of the negro is unbearable, and a disgrace to the United States. The prerogative of manhood is denied them here.

In nearly all States a negro may not marry a white woman, nor vice versa, under penalty of fine, imprisonment and absolute nullity of the marriage. I have read of a divorce granted to a married couple, happy until then, because a child born had crisp, curly hair and

thick lips, indicating by this treacherous atavism that the mother—who appeared white, and who believed herself to be white, and who her husband thought was white—had had among her progenitors one with a few drops of African blood in his veins.

Negroes may not travel in southern States in railroad cars used by the whites, nor are they received in hotels except those reserved exclusively for the colored race, nor may they attend the same schools as the whites. In the cemeteries blacks and whites must not rest together. The case has been cited of a mother who was not permitted to rest in eternal sleep beside her children on account of recent restrictions regarding the burial of whites and blacks in the same cemeteries. Why! there are buildings that have separate elevators for whites and blacks; you may enter one with a dog, but not with a negro. The negro is considered as a leper. If a negro buys a house in a white district even of a northern city like New York or Chicago (which the whites try to prevent at all costs), the contaminated district may be considered as dead for the whites; the value of all property in the vicinity falls immediately. Sometimes, real-estate firms take advantage of this method to depress the value of the property in a determined section of the city. They bring negroes to reside there temporarily, and pocket huge profits by means of heavy purchases effected during the transitory slump in price which they have brought about themselves. Even the Trade Unions, with their famous proletarian solidarity, keep the negro at a distance. In Chicago no negro is permitted to become a member of the white workmen's associations.

It has been found impossible to send them all to

certain States intended exclusively for them, nor could they be transported *en masse* to the Philippines or to Liberia; therefore, they live in the same cities as the whites and are seen everywhere, but do not even pray together since it has been found necessary to build separate churches for the negroes. Here there is a black Christ for the African Americans and a white Christ for the European Americans. A negro may distinguish himself greatly as did the famous Booker T. Washington; he may even arrive at a position of extreme eminence, but the country will make an outcry if the President should ask him to dinner—England makes no outcry when the same negro is received by the King at Buckingham Palace.

And what is a negro? All the rivers in the world, the Amazon and the Mississippi, the Danube and the Nile, the Yangtse Kiang and the Orinoco, the thousands and thousands of rivers in the world that throw their fresh water into the sea do not sweeten the water of the ocean; but one drop of negro blood that falls into the veins of a white man is enough to blacken entirely the man, his children, his grandchildren and his great-grandchildren. In Alabama the law says that a negro is one who has received black blood in any of the last five generations.

Here the life of a negro is less respected than that of a dog. The newspapers tell day by day, as the most natural thing in the world, the news that a negro has been lynched. To lynch means to kill a defenseless man at the hands of a blood thirsty mob. This process takes many forms: beating to death, stoning, hanging the victim to a tree and even burning alive.

These lynchings are sometimes perpetrated on one

man, at other times on a great number. Not long ago there was a collective lynching in St. Louis. It was a St. Bartholomew of negroes. Spurred on by an unjustified agitation against them, the whites in a furious mob sought the negro quarters to wipe out the meek African population. In the pitiless massacre men, women and children fell. The white women, ladies, incited the assassins, and themselves used pins which they buried in the naked flesh of the despairing victims, who made heroic efforts to defend themselves. I did not witness this; it occurred just before I arrived here, but I read about it in their own papers and magazines which had no motive in exaggerating the facts of this incident, but rather to conceal them.

Do not suppose that these are exceptional cases; they are of a frequency that makes them chronic. In Pine Bluff, a small village of Arkansas, there was on one occasion a dispute between white and black workmen. One fine day the white workers placarded the streets with posters bearing inscriptions that could be seen in the full light of the noonday sun by their black fellow workers: "*Negroes, take care. We need your jobs. We give you two weeks to leave the village or else suffer the penalty of death.*" The unhappy creatures had either to obey or die.

In order that you may realize that the spirit of this lynch-law is in the souls of this people and that nobody can wrench it out, I will tell you that in the 1903 conferences at the famous summer University of Chautauqua, one, Mr. John Temple Graves, of Atlanta, Georgia, proposed to his audience the legalization of lynch-law in the United States. "Why not make lynching legitimate by law?" he said. "Lynching must con-

tinue at all events; why not give legal authority to the masses? Why not provide them with the means of doing instantly and legally what they will do anyhow in defiance of the law?" And in this way the orator continued to expound his thesis, himself an enthusiastic adherent of the right to lynch.

Of course! As lynchings cannot be abolished, the only way in which these assaults can be saved from constituting an act of anarchy, and so safeguard the honor of American democracy, is to give the multitude, the mob, legal authority to lynch. What? Judges appointed by the people? No, the people themselves accuser, judge, and executioner. Is not this government of the people, by the people and for the people?

The spectacle of lynchings is unknown in the other countries of the world. It is a manifestation of the internal imperialism of the United States. And the imperialism of a democracy is the worst kind of imperialism. The individual believes himself all powerful, even to break laws and mete out justice to himself.

Can anything more cowardly than lynching be imagined? It cannot even be compared with the Spanish fight of the torreador with the enraged beast. Together we attended a bull fight in Madrid. Do you remember? You almost fainted. And that horrible spectacle is the fight of a man against a furious animal, stronger than he. The aggressor runs all the risks of the struggle and often dies in the contest. Although the bull-fight is cruel (and I rejoice to think that we have not accepted it from old Spain, our mother country), the sacrifice of a lusty bull at the hands of a fighter whom he may kill cannot be compared with the

sacrifice of a defenseless man at the hands of a furious mob armed with stones and sticks.

Further back in history, in the days of ancient Rome, another savage spectacle flourished; the contest of gladiators; neither can this feature of national cruelty, which has placed an opprobrious stamp on Roman civilization, be compared with the American spectacle of lynchings. In the Roman arena it was a fight of man to man, a combat of muscles; in the American public square it is an armed mob against a defenseless person. At first the gladiators were recruited among criminals condemned to death or penal servitude by the laws of the Republic; later, when there were schools of gladiators to prepare professionals, the strongest and most valiant gladiators were admired as heroes, even to the extreme of Roman ladies soliciting their love. And yet, in spite of Roman cruelty, there were in those spectacles traits of pity and clemency unknown to American lynching. When the fallen gladiator raised his finger, asking mercy of the public, the latter often granted it by waving their handkerchiefs, whereupon the victorious gladiator had to cease his attacks. There is none of that old clemency in this modern martyrology of the United States, the emulator of Rome in the twentieth century. Two thousand years of Christianity have not softened, but hardened the souls of these modern republicans.

This is the discipline that inspires North American character, and which has taught it to trample under foot the weak nations of Latin America—the small republics of Central America, Mexico and Colombia—and which even threatened us by bombarding unjustly and treacherously our ports. It is the same spirit; it is lynching in distant seas.

Thank God, we have no negroes in Chile; but many South American countries have a large African population. There you will not find the furious antagonism of races existing here, and never have I heard of lynching in Brazil or Peru. This is an exclusive privilege of Anglo-Saxon America—of the country of democracy, of liberty and of equality. If they claim to set up this nation for us as a model, it means that we must learn from them this modern gladiatorism which surpasses as a spectacle of cruelty everything that history records.

I think and think, I meditate and meditate, I study and study, I compare and compare, and I cannot understand how there are people blind enough to advise Latin America to look to this country for inspiration in her progress.

.....
.....

Your husband who adores you

* * *

Miss Jones felt no surprise in reading this letter. When living in Spanish America, she had very often read in the local papers descriptions of the lynching of negroes, together with bitter censure of her country on this account.

Miss Jones had studied this problem with some interest, and had at her disposal authoritative sources of information to enable her to reply to the scathing indictment formulated by the Chicago correspondent.

She was busy all day long in writing her comments, which took definite shape in these words:

Madam:

The problem of the colored race in our country is one of the most serious we have to face; but I believe it to be a blessing for the negroes, a blessing for the United States and a blessing for humanity that it has fallen to us to face this problem. It is a commonplace to maintain that it would have been better never to have brought negroes as slaves to the United States. I do not think so. It has been better for them that they came, as I am going to show you, and better for America and for the world, because the most transcendental problem for the good understanding of the races on the earth is going to be solved in our country, and the most significant educational experiment in the world is here being made on a scale without precedent.

In the days when Africans were brought to our coasts like beasts of burden, the slave trade was considered lawful and moral all over the world. They were not brought here as an addition to our family or our nation. They were imported, literally, as if it were a matter of simple beasts of burden. It was even considered a crime to teach a negro to read. That was the sentiment of the times. Captain Hawkins, one of the initiators of the slave traffic, was knighted by Queen Elizabeth of England, and his coat of arms had for its insignia the bust of a negro with arms tied. In those times, madam, your ancestors were or were soon to be proprietors of negro slaves.

In spite of all, even in those remote times in which the first negroes were imported to the United States, some chosen spirits of my country were already opposed to slavery, considering it a violation of human liberty.

Only a deep ignorance of history, madam, and the

tendency to follow the philosophy of those who interpret history from an exclusively economical point of view can explain why it has been said that the abolition of slavery was a question of bread and butter in my country, an economic struggle between the North and the South.

When the southern States decided to make themselves independent, their objective was to perpetuate slavery in their territory. Any one who knows something of the history of my country, must admit that if in the War of Secession the South had triumphed and we had seen two republics established on our soil, the liberation of slaves in these same southern States, that is to say in the new slave republic, would only have been a little delayed.

When interpreting history, the importance of the economic factor cannot be denied; but they are blind, madam, who do not see in all triumphs of humanity, in spiritual triumphs, the ascending pathway of sublime endeavor, of higher ideals, which success has scaled. I believe humanity has become better and better through the centuries and the ages in consequence of work done by spirits highly gifted and inspired by the Christian principles of love, justice and truth, and by those who have sacrificed themselves in the belief that it was their duty to pay to the future the debt contracted with the past. I wish I were able to show you, in all its splendor, the monumental, grand, human staircase of effort, virtue, sacrifice, unselfishness, and generosity which brought freedom to the slaves in my country. This is a stairway with steps as clear and well defined as those which lead from the cellar to the topmost story of the gigantic Woolworth Building in New York; only it is not of iron or

cement; it is of strong hearts, of tempered souls and of superior spirits. And as the visitor to Woolworth's temple of commerce does not see the marble steps, because he takes the elevator, so also are the steps of this moral staircase invisible to the people who have not followed this marvelous history of effort step by step, but have been carried to the topmost story in the elevator of their fathers' achievements.

In 1619 the first negroes landed in Virginia, and shortly afterwards slavery began to be organized in my country. Almost simultaneously, agitation against this slavery began. The first traces of the contest are lost in the past and the anonymous; they are vague, undetermined, without a clear consciousness of their further evolution. The names of these fighters are not recorded by history, just as it does not tell the name of him who cast the bronze out of which was to be fashioned the Liberty Bell in Philadelphia. But let us consider some of these steps:

The first public protest of a religious body against slavery was made in 1688, in Pennsylvania, which was but one of the English colonies. In 1729 Ralph Sandiford publishes "The Mystery of Iniquity," a condemnation of slavery. In 1737 Benjamin Lee publishes a book in which slavery is denounced. From 1746 to 1767 John Woolman travels in the central and southern colonies preaching against slavery. In 1750 Anthony Benezet establishes a free school for negroes. In 1770 Samuel Hopkins attacks slavery with pen and tongue and succeeds, in 1774, in having a law passed prohibiting the importation of negroes into Rhode Island, which was followed by the law of 1784 declaring free all children born of slaves in that State. In 1773 the doctor

and philanthropist, Benjamin Rush, gives a lecture in Philadelphia against slavery, and in 1774 founds with James Pemberton the first anti-slavery society in my country, the secretary of which he was for many years. In 1786 an analogous society is formed in New Jersey. The same year another is founded in Rhode Island. In 1789 the society of Maryland is organized "to promote the abolition of slavery and to better the conditions of the negroes." In 1790 the pro-abolition society of Connecticut is founded; in the following year an analogous society in Virginia; and thus successively until all the States could boast of a society of this character. In 1794 the first convention of pro-abolition societies takes place. In the convention of these societies at Baltimore in 1826 there were already one hundred and fifty societies that gave an account of their efforts against slavery, six of them from the southern States. In 1831 the publication of "*The Liberator*" begins in Boston. In 1851 "*Uncle Tom's Cabin*," by Harriet Beecher Stowe, appears, a book that shook the conscience of the country, so human that even to this day it is read with profound interest and is produced on the stage and on the screen. In 1863 the President of the United States proclaims the emancipation of the negroes.

I have noted, madam, only some of the most salient points in this struggle for the liberation of the negroes, but I think they will suffice to prove to you that it is absurd to suppose that the emancipation of the negroes was a question of bread and butter in my country. It would be equally absurd to suppose that the present fight for prohibition and female suffrage is also a matter purely economical; and these campaigns of to-day are following the same road over which the pro-abolition

campaign traveled. *Abolition* is to-day a historical word, as *prohibition* and *suffrage* will be to-morrow, white flags which have been left behind at places already passed in the Avenue of Progress. It is evident that in these struggles the detainers of privileges defend themselves, their money and their economic position, but the forces struggling for the common progress and happiness do not and never have pursued the selfish purpose of a personal monetary interest.

In my moments of dejection, madam, (who does not have them?), when I am disheartened to see the delay in attaining a social triumph for my country, I usually give new life to my troubled spirit by reading of those struggles of the past which call to memory the ups and downs of furious battles, resulting in the ultimate victories of yesterday. And this struggle for the emancipation of the slaves in my country is for me one of the most worthy of emulation. I read the very books of that period and my soul travels towards the past. I attend, for example, the martyrdom of Captain John Brown and listen to the speeches of Thoreau before and after the decapitation of the martyr in Concord, Mass., in 1859 and 1869; I associate myself with the life of Gerrit Smith, Astor's cousin, a millionaire who distributes gratuitously lots of land among the negroes, for whom he is founding schools; I hear the speeches and I follow the life of Wendell Phillips, whose name a high school in Chicago bears, which to-day among its seventeen hundred pupils counts three hundred and fifty negroes. This whole struggle of the past with its epic characters gives me strength for the struggles of to-day and prepares me for the struggles of to-morrow.

Therefore, madam, I take the liberty of saying that

only a profound ignorance of history can make your husband believe that in the struggle for the emancipation of the slaves of my country only economical interests have been involved. He also maintains that the negro would be much better off as a slave than under present conditions. Let us see. Your husband says, madam, that it has been a curse for the negro to have come here. First, he was a despised slave; his subsequent liberty has profited him nothing, and he would be better off in his former state of slavery or perhaps in his primitive home in dark Africa. A more unfounded affirmation could not be made. I am sure that if all the negroes of my country were offered the opportunity of returning permanently, with passage paid by our government, to the negro Republic of Liberia or the negro Empire of Abyssinia, there would not be among their millions enough to fill the first-class staterooms of a transatlantic steamer.

My country is called the *melting pot* of the world, the crucible in which all nationalities on the face of the globe are fused into a new race. The ruling ethnical element in this new nation, that has in store so many surprises for humanity, is European. Not with the intention of increasing our population, but simply of bringing human machines, we imported from Africa cargoes of negroes under conditions which your husband has described to you. We brought over slaves whom we hunted in a savage continent. You have already seen how these slaves were emancipated and became citizens of our republic. That is to say, the melting pot was not only composed of all nationalities of the Old World, but even Africa came to America; and you

may compare the African whom we received with the Anacalufs and Onas of Tierra del Fuego, a savage.

Since the arrival of the negro on our shores we have commenced, first on a small scale, later, with his emancipation, on a larger scale, the monumental task of educating the African on our soil. It is a gigantic missionary task, the most gigantic missionary enterprise ever undertaken in the world. Not that we could not have sent the negroes away, but that we did not want to do so. Many have wished it on different occasions, but the moral forces of the country have prevented it. You can see with what rapidity and ease we are sending millions of Americans to Europe and at the same time ammunitions and food in spite of all obstacles and submarines. The negro has come to our country to remain here, and he is protected in our country by the shield of American citizenship.

Centuries of difference in evolution separated us willing European colonizers from the unwilling African colonizers. We understood that it was necessary to fill these centuries by means of education. It is not a simple task, madam, to educate millions of ex-slaves, ex-savages. You know how in your own country education is still confined to a small privileged group. But it is edifying to see what has been done in fifty years. Let us compare conditions of the negroes since 1866, immediately after the triumph of the Civil War which gave them their liberty, up to 1916. Of course, the previous period, since the arrival of the first slaves till the time of the emancipation, marks a lengthy period of preparation of the race.

In 1866 only ten per cent of the negroes could read; in 1916 more than sixty-five per cent could read. In

1866 there were one hundred thousand negro children attending public schools; in 1916 there were one million six hundred and thirty-six thousand. In 1866 seven hundred thousand dollars were spent for the education of the negroes; in 1916 fourteen million six hundred thousand dollars were spent. Institutions of public high school education for negroes represent a value of twenty-one million five hundred thousand dollars. The Industrial and Normal Institute of Tuskegee alone, founded in 1881 by Booker T. Washington, with the constant and very valuable help of the whites, which he has gratefully acknowledged in his books, contains one hundred and three edifices.

The negro population of the United States has only twenty-five per cent of illiterates, less than any South American republic. Your country has more than twice that proportion of illiterates and other countries have an even greater proportion. I have told you that there are one million six hundred and thirty-six thousand negro students in our educational institutes. Your country, with a population equal to half that of the negro community in the United States, has only a little more than four hundred thousand students in its different educational institutes; and your country is one of the most advanced of Latin America. To arrive at a figure of one million six hundred thousand negro pupils, we have to take the aggregate for several Latin American countries, according to the most recent statistics. Brazil, Chile, Uruguay, Peru, Venezuela, Bolivia and Paraguay united send the same number of children to their schools as does the negro population of my country, who number twelve millions while the population of these seven republics reaches forty-one millions. Speaking of higher

education, I can tell you that there are more professional men and authors among the negroes of the United States than in any Latin American country.

So much for the educational success of the negroes in my country. As regards their economic triumph, it will suffice to consider that our negroes possess to-day property valued at one billion dollars. It would be interesting for your husband to read books like one of Booker T. Washington's, "The Negro in Business," which would show him whether the negro's present condition is better than his former slave condition. There are black millionaires, madam. The negro woman, Sarah Rector, earns six hundred dollars a day, far more, certainly, than does our President and more than all the Presidents of all the South American countries put together.

Neither are the doors to the highest honors in my country closed to the negro. To convince you of this I will cite the case of the negro Bruce, born a slave, who became a senator, an honor that the negro race enjoyed for the first time when Hiram R. Revels, a negro, was elected a senator in 1870. On the other hand, very many negroes have been and are members of the legislatures of several States. More than twenty have been elected representatives to the Federal Congress.

No doubt, madam, the lynching of negroes, unfortunately so frequent in my country, has no possible justification. Nevertheless, your husband exaggerates when he says that every day the newspapers tell of the lynching of a negro as the most natural thing in the world. At all events, these are quite frequent and constitute a disgrace for us which I cannot fail to recognize.

But in this as in every other case, when a custom is under observation it is necessary to imagine a curve drawn through time in order to see whether the trend is for the custom to be intensified or to fall into disuse.

Since 1885 statistics of lynchings have been made in my country, and they show that this shameful practice is diminishing with time. Let us take the statistics for the thirty years from 1885 until 1915 and we discover:

From 1885 to 1894 there were 1726 lynchings.

From 1895 to 1904 there were 1239 lynchings.

From 1905 to 1914 there were 701 lynchings.

These figures include the lynching of both negroes and white men.

Lynching is always the result of a movement of indignation to punish a misdeed, the multitude fearing that ordinary justice will be trifling or tardy. It is a collective act governed by the principles of the psychology of the multitude, in which the individual loses completely his individuality and in a large degree his responsibility. The motive power for an act of this nature, as I have said, is a feeling of indignation and a desire to punish a delinquent who has offended society. Then, the multitude follows its first impulses, blinded by contagion. Many acts of collective heroism are acts of contagion, inspired by the gestures of a leader. In the same way, many acts of collective cruelty have the same cause. An act of justice imposed by the multitude was to throw into Boston harbor the cargoes of tea as a protest against the unjust taxes that the mother country wished to impose on the colonies.

In the early days of the republic, when we made the conquest of the South and the West, it happened that

men established themselves there and began to control nature's forces without first establishing the majesty of the law with all its necessary formalities. Almost without judges, each one had to mete out justice by himself. Lynching originated as a punishment for the crime of assault on a white woman's honor committed with violence by a negro. The public, indignant at the horror of this crime, had not sufficient control over itself to await the slow action of justice. The fact that this has been the principal cause of lynchings is responsible for the absence of a reaction strong enough to put an end once and for all to these irritating spectacles. But I must stop this discussion of lynching lest you may come to think that I favor the practice. I condemn it, madam, most emphatically, just as my whole country condemns it, with a few exceptions.

Here is another point regarding which your husband does not do us justice: He says that we do not protest against these lynchings. A powerful movement is working throughout the country against the practice of lynch-law. I take at random from a daily paper this notice: "The directorate of *The San Antonio Express* has established a fund of one hundred thousand dollars to combat and punish those guilty of lynching. Out of this fund will be paid five hundred dollars for the arrest and conviction of any person who has taken part in the lynching of a white man and one thousand dollars in the case of the victim being a negro."

There is an essential difference between the way in which we regard these acts and how we proceed to discountenance them, as compared with the acceptation of the spectacle of bull-fights in Spain and the ancient gladiatorial combats of Rome. In Madrid the King

attends the bull-fights. Charles V himself dispatched a bull on the occasion of a *corrida* held to celebrate the birth of his son, Philip II. It is certain that nothing short of a revolution would break out in Spain if it were proposed to abolish bull-fighting by law. Even though Spain is such a Catholic country, the very Popes who attempted to stop the sport failed to do so. In Rome the nobles maintained numerous gladiators, always ready to engage in mortal combat. The custom was applauded in Rome even by thinkers of the greatest renown. Both Cicero and Pliny the younger defended this practice, extolling it as a means of combating the fear of death.

To do ourselves full justice we must also remember all we are doing for the good of the African race. I cite for instance the hundreds of thousands of whites who have aided the negro race in its career of betterment, and also the whites who died in our Civil War fighting to free the negroes, not forgetting those others who have exposed their life in peace-time to save a negro in danger. You know that there is a Carnegie Institution which rewards acts of heroism. Between 1905 and 1912 this Institute has distinguished twenty-eight white men and women, awarding them or their heirs prizes of medals or money for acts of heroism while trying to save negroes in danger, often at the cost of their own life.

Even the dark clouds have their silver lining, madam. The negro has been paying a contribution in blood for the right to pass from a state of slavery to that of civilized man. But in my country, more white blood has been shed for the negroes than black for the whites.

It is true, madam, that in my country there is no racial mingling between negroes and whites, since we

do not desire this approximation. There is a race antagonism between us, which we do not feel towards any European race, but which prevails only against Asia and Africa. These are races so different from ours that many suppose, for reasons apparently well founded, that there is no advantage to be gained by amalgamation with them. Nevertheless, of all the states in the Union, only twenty-nine have laws that consider marriage between whites and blacks illegal. Even less in number are the states in which the law prohibits negroes and whites to attend the same schools, to travel in the same cars, to occupy without distinction the same seats in theaters and public libraries, or to be buried in the same cemeteries.

In order to understand the spirit guiding the southern states in which existnig laws separate whites from blacks, it is necessary to bear in mind that the African was a slave there until only a little more than fifty years ago. Withal the negro is gaining socially in proportion as his education advances. Not even in the southern states can the condition of the negroes be compared with that of peoples subjected to the yoke of European nations, such as Poles, Jews and Armenians.

My country believes in educating the negroes, as it believes in educating the Esquimaux, the whites, or the Philippine Islanders; and this negro problem is one only of education, in which I believe we have passed the period of laboratory experiments. It has already been proven that the African is just as susceptible of being educated as any other race.

Unquestionably, it would be absurd to raise the negro immediately to the highest activities of abstract thought. Nor can it be expected that the negroes will be able

within a generation or two to place themselves on the same level as the whites, who have enjoyed thousands of years of civilization. In my opinion the Normal and Industrial Institute of Tuskegee has solved, in the most intelligent way, the problem of educating the negro, and at the same time it has taught the world how the white, yellow, red and all other races should be educated. An integral education—industrial, intellectual and human at the same time—it teaches how to do, to understand and to feel; it prepares the hand, the brain and the heart. Before long the country will see widespread the results attained by this school.

That the negro has developed wonderfully through contact with the white is shown in a manner which carries good augury for the future, by the fact that large numbers of negroes have distinguished themselves in all human activities, in science, literature, painting, finance, war and agriculture. Let it suffice to mention the names of Booker T. Washington and Robert William Stanley, famous negro educators; Paul Lawrence Dunbar and William Stanley Braithwaite, poets of great renown; W. E. Gurghardt du Bois, writer; Henry O. Tanner, painter; Harry T. Burleigh, musician and composer, and May Howard Jackson, sculptress.

To prove to you the sympathy of the whites and their desire to aid negroes who distinguish themselves, let us recall that back in the days of the beginning of slavery in 1761, a little negro girl born in Africa, in Senegal, was bought in America by Mrs. Susannah Wheatley and was treated in her home so kindly that Mrs. Wheatley's daughter taught her to read and helped her with her books and studies, placing in her hands not only the Bible, but even the Latin classics. The slave showed

such disposition for learning that her masters encouraged her aptitudes, gave her her liberty and came to look upon her as a member of the family. She was even taken to England on a special voyage for the benefit of her health. She became the first negro poetess of renown, Phyllis Wheatley, hailed as the laureate of Boston. This has constantly been the attitude of the whites towards a negro who has distinguished himself.

Weighing all this in the scales of justice, I firmly believe that my country will be shown to have done more for this negro race formerly brought here to slavery, than any other country would have done under the same circumstances. It positively is doing more for them than any republic of Central or South America or any of their own countries, governed by their own race, like Abyssinia or Liberia are doing for their own negroes.

The newspapers of Latin America, madam, never miss an opportunity to publish details of lynchings, but very seldom can they find space for impartial records of our labors to uplift the African element in our midst. Similarly, our newspapers are too prone to print in full the news or revolutions, changes of government, and earthquakes in Latin America, while neglecting to chronicle items referring to the struggle of those countries for progress. This divides and separates us. Pardon me, therefore, for having added these notes to your husband's letter; otherwise you would have formed a mistaken and unjust opinion.

A Friend from the Other Continent.

CHAPTER VI

WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE

AFTER duly mailing the letter on the negro problem in the United States, Miss Jones was left anxiously waiting for the next communication from the Chicago correspondent. She wondered what subject he would choose now to write about to his wife. Her curiosity was satisfied before two weeks had gone by. The correspondent had selected a theme for each of his long letters with the orderly method of one who is writing a book. This time he spoke of Woman's Suffrage, as follows:

Chicago, 1918.

My dearest:

Just fancy yourself putting on your hat some fine day and going out "to perform your civic duties" as a voter for such and such a candidate in an election of Senators or Representatives. Can you imagine anything more ridiculous than a woman going to the polls to vote? But this is nothing; just imagine yourself seated in the Senate or House of Representatives proposing a Bill for the taxation of saltpetre or copper exports, or else—because woman suffrage in the United States is coming to this—elected as a judge and sentencing to death a

criminal for having murdered a man on the high-road.

The intervention of woman in politics would mean her moral degeneration; politics are dirty, and we should keep our women undefiled.

Here are some paragraphs cut at random from the newspapers I read. If I am always able to give correct references, with names and figures, to things and cases here, it is because I have made it a habit to cut out from the newspapers and keep in my portfolio any items which attract my attention. One reads: "Miss Katheryn Sellers has been appointed judge of the Juvenile Court in Washington. This is the first time that a woman has been appointed a judge in the District of Columbia." "Miss Jeannette Rankin, member of the House of Representatives, has been nominated by the State of Montana as a candidate for Senator in the Federal Congress." "Miss Hay, president of a committee in the Convention of the Republican Party, read before the members the new program of the party." And so on in this wise.

The modern American feminism means the evasion of woman from the home and her invasion of the realm which has been exclusively for man since the beginning of the world; and this kind of feminism is gaining ground here at the rate of geometrical progression. It is winning over the most representative men as fast as an epidemic gains ground in a Chinese quarter. Until a short time ago President Wilson was passive, if not opposed to woman suffrage. In his latest book, "The New Liberty," he does not even refer to women's claim to intervene in the electoral contests; but now we see him sending personal letters to the Senators, asking them to vote in favor of a Federal law giving to women the

right of voting. His letter to Senator Shields of Tennessee, which has been widely published, is the most significant propaganda in favor of woman suffrage. Of course, Roosevelt is also another ardent adherent.* Woman's suffrage has already conquered the most representative men of the country.

At present there are eleven States besides the Territory of Alaska in which women have exactly the same electoral rights as men. The first of those States to win the political liberty of women was Wyoming. This was in 1869, the year in which I was born; one of the last was Nevada, which made this conquest in 1914, and recently New York has had this *triumph*.

To-day more than three million six hundred thousand women may vote in the United States to elect the President of the Republic. A glance at the feminist map of the country shows that this is principally a conquest of the West, of that part of the Republic where virgin land has been colonized in freedom from any of the restrictions that Old Europe has imposed on the East. It seems to me unquestionable that before long, possibly while I am here, a law will be passed, giving, in all States, the same electoral rights to women as to men. When this bill was presented to Congress in 1914 it obtained in the Senate a majority of votes, but in the House of Representatives it was defeated by a vote of two hundred and four against one hundred and seventy-four. To-day this same bill that amends the Constitution has been approved by a large majority in the House of Representatives. Investigations made *a priori* by the suffragettes show that in the Senate it has a large majority, but not

* Roosevelt was still alive when this letter is supposed to have been written.

the two-thirds needful. Of the candidates to the Senate for the next election, thirty-two have declared themselves in favor of woman suffrage. At present there is being carried on in the newspapers, on platforms, in the magazines and at meetings a most forceful campaign in favor of the law. Women are constantly going to jail for breaking the law in their fights for suffrage. Today all political parties have added to their platforms the proposal to extend to women all the political rights of men.

The foregoing will surprise you, although we read together in Chile much about Yankee woman suffrage, and though once we were highly amused when a cable brought the news that a woman fainted in Congress on voting for the declaration of war against Germany. However, you need not be astonished at this. Reserve your amazement for the day when we shall see a woman President of the Supreme Court or President of the Republic.

I have no fears of this Yankee extravagance extending its contagion to us, although we have lately been assimilating everything which comes from this country. To pass a law for woman suffrage among us would simply mean doubling the value of the men's vote. Where is the wife in our countries who would vote in opposition to her husband? Or if she is a spinster, in opposition to the vote of her father? Here, in the United States where the home does not exist, where every member of a family professes a different religion and has a different conception of life, it is easily understood how the husband may be a republican and his several wives—the present one and those he has divorced—may be democrats or socialists.

In our country woman is such an integral part of the home that she is logically always of the same opinion as her father or her husband. The same is true in Germany and Japan and France and Italy. Woman suffrage signifies the dissolution, the breaking up of the home. The case has been cited here of a woman whose husband was a candidate for the House of Representatives and who not only did not vote for him, but even delivered speeches in public in favor of the candidate opposing her own husband. They were not divorced and even maintained that they loved each other, but in questions of ideas and politics they were of different opinions. This is a typical feature of Yankee psychology.

Unquestionably our women are more sensible than Yankee women. I am sure that they would not accept the right to vote even if it were offered them by Congress on a silver tray. Because they are *women*. Here there are three sexes. The American suffragist constitutes very definitely a completely new sex that is making its appearance for the first time in history. It is neither woman nor man.

It has always been one of the typical characteristics of woman to belong to the home as the oyster to the shell. The oyster dies when taken out of its shell; in the same way *woman* out of the home surely dies. What continues to live is not a woman, it is a neuter being. It is an attribute of woman to busy herself in beautifying and making the home of the family attractive, in cooking and in the bringing up of the children, while she leaves to man, whom God made strong, the duty of earning what is necessary for the maintenance of the home. *Woman* always leans on man.

This new sexual American type, this new genus, which is neither feminine nor masculine, takes as much care of its home as the hen does of the shell out of which its mother hatched it. Generally speaking, the American woman only sleeps in her house. For meals there are restaurants of every imaginable type, from the most sumptuous, in which nearly every one seated at a table has his own waiter (I am told, but I cannot believe it, that in New York there is a restaurant where they employ as waiters only ruined European counts and marquises) to the restaurant in which every one goes to the kitchen, which is in full view (cafeteria), to serve himself, and to the automatic restaurant where on inserting a coin in a slot a couple of fried eggs appear or a stream of coffee. When cooked dishes can be obtained automatically, why make them at home? Are we not forsooth in the twentieth century?

Moreover, when the cooking is done at home, as a rare exception, do you think there is any house in the United States where it takes three or four hours to cook a meal as in our country? No. Everything comes ready made in cans, even soup, and besides, all kinds of cooked dishes may be bought at the Delicatessen Stores. Not long ago I saw in a newspaper of Chicago, *The Post*, a funny story in four cartoons. In the first the husband asks his wife for his dinner. In the second the husband starts to read the newspaper while waiting for the meal which his wife has not yet begun. The gentleman has not read the first title of the first news article when his wife tells him that dinner is ready.

The husband goes into the dining-room but sees no food on the table. "What do you mean by saying that

dinner is ready?" her husband asks her. "There is only one thing lacking," his wife replied. "What?" "The can-opener."

The menu was: Canned soup, stuffed bottled olives, beans cooked in cans and so on. This story has for us a humorous meaning very different to that which Americans see in it. For us the joke is that the meal is entirely composed of canned food; for the American it is to be found in the fact that since the can-opener was lacking, in reality everything was lacking; just as if we should speak of a woman about to be married, who has everything needful except a husband. At least this is how I understand it. The soldier is characterized by his rifle, the painter by his brush, and the housekeeper of an American house by her can-opener.

In an article published in a magazine under the title "Why Women Do Not Marry," the author, a woman, says that this is due in part to the fact that women have learned to take care of themselves, but also adds, with much emphasis, that it is because men are not modern, but "*out of date*," antiquated and have been asleep for two or three generations, and because many things have happened in the world of which they are entirely ignorant.

At a meeting of the National American Association of Woman Suffrage, which took place in Philadelphia, one of the leaders of the movement said: "Ought we women to leave the laws of the country exclusively in the hands of men, who after the day's work return home tired and incapable of considering the serious aspects of life?"

Oh! The speeches of these suffragettes are enough to make one roar with laughing. All this would be a

simple question of *vaudeville* if it were not that it is taken quite seriously here and that men say amen to everything they propose. At first, when all the suffragettes were homely old maids they objected, but now that every woman has joined the movement they have been forced to give way.

Thus, we see that this woman who has nothing to do in the home beyond asking her husband to use the can-opener, invades all the activities of man in his work; she enters triumphantly into politics; she competes openly with man in his activities, even to the point of bringing bitter competition into the struggle of life. And man is surrendering to this new master. To-day nothing is more common than to see a man washing dishes at home. In advice given by newspapers and magazines to women in the women's section I have many times read this: "Find out if your sweetheart helps his mother to wash the dishes; if he has not the spirit of helping in the kitchen, do not marry him."

I think some day there will be a new revolution in the United States. This time, not on account of the negroes, but on account of the women. Men will arm to defend themselves against this woman, who will no longer be a woman, since she is voluntarily renouncing her sex.

Men do not realize here what this invasion of woman means, this domination of woman, this denaturalization of woman. Woman is the "boss," the master of the United States. She will soon dictate the legislation of the whole country.

She herself is above the law. It is interesting to note the great trials in this country in which women have appeared as criminals. Almost always they are acquitted:

"Not guilty." Not long ago a sensational case was discussed, that of Miss Grace Lusk. In her first trial she was condemned to several years' imprisonment; but this was because instead of killing her lover, she killed the sweetheart of her lover. Between a murdered woman and a woman assassin the sympathy of the jury is with the murdered woman; but between a murdered man and a woman assassin, the sympathy of the jury is with the assassin.

This favoritism of the law towards woman can be seen from day to day in this country. One example will be enough. In Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, a woman appeared before the judge with a complaint that her husband would not allow her dog to sleep in the same bed with them, as if it were their child. The man protested that the dog was dirty, had fleas, snored and disturbed him at night, making it impossible for him to work the next day. The woman maintained that it was the best behaved dog in the world, much more so than her husband, and the most lovable creature. (I do not know if you are acquainted with the fact that there is in almost every large city in this country a cemetery for dogs, with mausoleums and even epitaphs.) The charge of the woman in this case, against her husband, will probably seem to you on the face of it preposterous; but even more preposterous was the decision of the judge. He fined the husband twenty dollars, and, as he had not the money, he was sent to jail for twenty days.

Women ought to oppose this method in the interpretation of the law. If they consider themselves entitled to the same rights as men, they ought to face the consequences of law on an equality of conditions. They ought to conduct themselves like a young lady whose acquaint-

ance I made in the hotel and who entered a trolley car in which all the seats were taken. I immediately offered her my seat, but she refused to accept it. Asking her why she did so, she answered me: "I do not see why you offer your seat to a woman and not to one of the men standing. I am neither weaker nor inferior."

Talking the other day with another American lady, she told me that she was of the opinion that wedding rings should be abolished, since this was a survival of the times when woman was the slave of man. That woman did not even stop to think that some men also wear a wedding ring. She also said that the custom of throwing rice and old shoes at the newlyweds should be suppressed, as that was a survival of the time when men abducted women, whereas to-day they went of their own free will. She asked me if in Chile we also throw shoes at newly married couples, and I answered that there the bridegroom throws coins to the people in the street following the pair from the church.

"Oh," she said to me, "that is a survival of the times when men bought their wives. The world is still bound to the past, but a new era is now being born; man will no longer be the master of the earth; the turn of woman has arrived, she who has been the slave of man for centuries."

She was very much astonished to hear of the conditions of our women, which I described as best I could, wishing to impress her with the happiness of our homes; but all her comment was this: "We are still very busy with our campaigns within this country; but we shall soon begin to send women missionaries to foreign countries, just as our churches are doing."

So that we must prepare ourselves to receive American suffragette missionaries, who will not mind if the people throw stones at them, because they are even accustomed to go to jail, the victims of their *civilizing* campaigns.

From everything that I have been able to observe, it seems to me that here in love affairs the rôles have been reversed, and that the women make love to the men. They are creating a new philosophy of life. Women here write many more novels and dramas than men. There are more girls studying in the high schools than boys, and the same tendency is seen in colleges and universities.

It seems to me, however, that men are beginning to feel this new servitude. During all the months that I have been here, I see from day to day without a single exception, in one of the newspapers of this city, *The Chicago Herald and Examiner*, a cartoon section with this general heading, "*Let the wedding bells ring out,*" wherein the theme, exploited in every imaginable form, is man, the victim of woman by marriage. I do not know if this is a sign that men are beginning to open their eyes.

The wildest inconsistencies seem to be the rule in this country. Here is one of them: I believe that in no country in the world is the Bible more venerated than in the United States. In every important hotel, in every room, there is a copy for each traveler. Well then, the Bible says in a hundred and one different places that the wife must abide by the will of her husband, that the wife must obey her husband. This is a biblical precept that has been respected during twenty centuries of Chris-

tianity. How is it that this country, which reveres the Bible, acts in such open contradiction of it?

.....

Your affectionate husband

* * *

Miss Jones finished reading this letter without any bitter feeling; on the contrary, it made her laugh heartily. At first she thought the best way would be to answer the letter in a vein of burlesque; but, fearing to wound the susceptibilities of her unknown friend, she wrote thus:

Madam:

I do not object to the *facts*, the *information* that your husband gives you in all his letters. Much of this data is taken directly by him from our most authorized sources, from our own statistics, but when he gets his notions from newspaper paragraphs, as in the case of the woman who succeeded in having her husband put in jail because he would not allow her dog to sleep with them, it would be better not to take them too literally. The journalist, in order to impress his reader and publish something *different*, very often exaggerates one detail of a piece of news, giving the most prominence to the least important part. Probably in the case to which your husband refers, the woman complained of cruelty. Perhaps the dispute arose from the incident of the dog sleeping with them, and in the course of the quarrel he maltreated his wife. Hence the fine.

There is nothing more dangerous, madam, than *a little*

of the truth, because that little leads to the belief that an assertion is true in its entirety; just as, in the world of physics, a ton of coal has power to move for one mile thousands of tons of material, so also in the moral world, an ounce of truth is strong enough to drag a ton of lies for thousands and thousands of miles. Never trust, madam, to *a little of the truth*. Truth cannot be taken like whiskey, with soda; but only pure, like milk. This is the besetting sin, in my opinion, of your husband's letters, in which he formulates his doctrines from an unusual paragraph in a newspaper, from a conversation with a crazy woman, from a quotation of a speech in this country where every one believes himself authorized to voice his ideas and sentiments. But in general, madam, I do not object to the "data" and the "facts" that your husband gives you. I do object to his interpretation of them.

Above all, in order to judge these problems of woman's suffrage in the different countries, it is necessary to bear in mind a very special circumstance. In Latin countries, in Germany and in Japan, the family is the social unit; on the other hand, in our country, the individual is the social unit. I think that I have read that formerly in Japan the family was so much the social unit of the Empire that when one of its members was condemned to death, the sentence very often included the whole of the family. Among us, if the husband is sentenced to prison, his wife has the right to ask for a divorce, and also the right to marry another man, if she wishes. Among us, each individual, man or woman, is a "social unit"; in the Latin-American countries, to a certain extent, the family is the "social unit." And this explains why your husband cannot imagine how a

woman in Chile could think differently to her husband in matters of politics. This also explains in part why in those countries children enjoy the social prerogatives of their parents on a much larger scale than in my country, even when they have inherited neither their merits nor their fortunes.

The most elemental of her rights, that of *patria potestas*, is denied to the woman of your country. A widow is not permitted to administer the estate of her children in their minority, whereas a widower is entitled to do so. If, after the unwinding of much red tape, she obtains permission from the court to act as her children's trustee, the law compels her to render periodically written account of her administration, just as if she were a minor herself.

Over there woman is, economically and politically speaking, a thing; she has neither independence nor individuality of her own. As in Japan, this conception of responsibility of the whole family for a delinquency committed by one of its members has changed, so also the individual all over the world is gaining his personality and his independence. We already see that even in France and in Italy, countries where the family is the social unit, the campaign for woman suffrage is progressing. In France the principle of feminine municipal vote has been accepted; and after the war, you will see how the French woman will win all her electoral rights. The scarcity of men has obliged the women there to work in the factories, and they are beginning to understand that they have new responsibilities and new rights. Even in Germany the women are holding meetings, asking for woman suffrage. In Latin America education of the women is a very recent thing and is still very limited, but

in proportion as the education of the women advances, the way of judging of woman will change, and she will come to be a social unit.

For a long time the problem of the mental inferiority of woman has been debated, and a large number of "wise men" have come to the conclusion that we are inferiorly gifted, because among other reasons, our contributions to the world of science, art, and literature have been almost nothing compared with those of man. These "wise men" have not taken into consideration, however, that for centuries knowledge and instruction have been monopolized by man, leaving to us only the simple domestic tasks. This has been responsible for the conviction, universally held by Germany, that woman is reserved only for these three cults: "*Küche, Kirche, Kinder*" (cooking, church, children).

Now, however, people are looking at things through different prisms. The education of the woman has been extended throughout the world and very particularly in my country; and even when one cannot gain in a generation the fruit that man gathers as the consequence of a legendary culture, woman is proving, in all activities, the immense capacity that she had neither developed or utilized in past centuries.

Your husband has courteously refrained from telling you in any part of his letter that woman is intellectually inferior to man. I think I have no reason to debate this point with you. It seems to me we shall agree on this matter. Both of us are women and it would be hateful to recognize our inferiority. The mere fact that your husband confides his social impressions of my country to you is proof that he puts you intellectually on the same level as himself.

Discarding all this, there remain only two aspects of the woman suffrage problem. The first is the problem of right and of justice; the second is the problem of social convenience, whether or no it is advantageous to have woman's contribution in matters of collective interest. These two aspects, madam, I wish to discuss with you in these notes. I take pleasure in advance in thinking that you are going to agree with me.

If we admit the intellectual and moral equality of woman with respect to man, I do not see by what pretext the legislator can deprive her of the right of electing authorities who, with their laws, have so much influence in her destiny.

If we were to admit for a moment what your husband says, that woman thinks—or ought to think—politically exactly like her father or her husband, the result would be that the vote of the married man would have twice the value of that of the bachelor, and the father of three daughters would have a fourfold vote. I see no harm in either of these contingencies, but, on the other hand, the widow, the woman without parents and the independent woman would each have her individual vote, and here I can see only advantages. However, I do not understand why, in the most intimate and loving homes, woman should not have an independent vote and opinion. Woman studies problems that are related directly with herself from a point of view very often different from that of man. The problems of education, of drink, of commercialized vice, of gambling, of child labor and of factory conditions affect very deeply the feminine conscience. Is it just that the assistance of the brains and heart of woman be disregarded in these

problems, circumscribing all her activities to the three German Ks?

In my country we have given the right of voting to the negroes and to the most uncultured elements of our population. Why not to the cultured woman? Is it not unjust to maintain one-half of the population, which has to obey the laws, without the right of electing those who are going to make the laws?

Can a country call itself a democracy, that is to say, a government of the people, by the people and for the people, when it withholds citizenship from half its population? The letter of President Wilson to Senator Shields, to which your husband alludes, says that in a large measure the morals of this country and of the world will rest in our sincere adherence to democratic principles; it will depend on the action that the Senate takes in this matter now so critically important. The President refers here to the simple aspect of justice, and he understands that this country cannot be fighting for democracy in the world while democracy is limited to the males.

I do not believe, madam, that our world, the feminine world, ends at the door of our home, that we have nothing to do but with that which is within our home. Our home extends beyond the portals. Woman has like man, perhaps more so, a very deep interest in the well-being, in the progress of the community. We are an integral part of it; why then should we be relegated to act as mere spectators?

Your husband says, madam, that if woman wants the right of vote, she should also be recruited to go to war, to be a soldier. In the first place, woman—it has so happened in my country—has offered herself in battal-

ions to go to war to serve in the Department of the Red Cross, where, as in this war, she has met death with little less frequency than soldiers. By the very act of going to sea, where death-dealing submarines navigate like fish, she runs the same risk as our regular soldiers. But I think, madam, that the triumphal entrance of woman in universal legislation, in the legislation of the allied countries, in that of the central empires and of the entire world, will tend to do away with wars in the future. In the world of the future, will not the conscience of mothers of all the countries that have seen the sacrifice of their husbands and sons in this sea of blood which is now stifling humanity, force them to intervene to prevent the committal of another such crime on the earth? The incorporation of woman into citizen life is a triumph of humanity that is going to be more profitably revolutionary than the invention of steam or electricity.

Your husband says that the home is the place for woman; but what about the hundreds of thousands of women that modern industrial life has driven out of the home and sent to the factory? He thinks only of the women of the wealthy classes, those who are preoccupied exclusively by the three German Ks, and forgets altogether the vast majority of women in the world. In his eyes it is a very serious matter for a woman to become the manager of a bank, or a doctor, or a lawyer, but it is unimportant that she should work in a factory, making matches, preserves or ammunition.

You must agree with me, madam, that it is right for woman to vote and to take part in decisions of a social nature which will concern her and her children. Government of the people, by the people and for the people

does not mean government of man, by man and for man. Woman is a part of the people, and the time has arrived for her to claim her rights for the good of humanity.

Regarding the advisability from a social standpoint for woman to take part in matters of State, it suffices to observe what has happened in the world since woman has partially succeeded in obtaining her electoral rights. In Norway, Australia, New Zealand and Denmark women have the same electoral rights as men, and you will agree with me that these countries are among the most advanced in the world. In Sweden, England, Wales, Ireland and Scotland woman has the right of municipal suffrage. In those of our states where woman has all the civil rights of man social legislation is, without a doubt, more equitable. It was by the vote of the women that a chief of police in California, who was protecting vice, was recalled. Soon after women secured the right of vote in Washington, the mayor and the chief of police of Seattle awakened public attention by their corrupt action in a certain matter, and in three days twenty-three thousand women asked for and obtained the recall of the mayor and had the chief of police put in jail. An eight-hour work day for women, equal pay for women and men workers, female teachers who visit homes to complete the education of children, and maternity pensions, are all the fruit, madam, of woman suffrage; but woman suffrage is not only beneficial to woman, but is also directly so for man, although it would be fully justified if only for the service it has rendered in the cause of the redemption of our sex, which has very slowly shaped its own destiny in history. Let us not forget, madam, those days of ancient Indo-European civilization in which the father was the despot and the high-

priest of the domestic cult, and could punish, kill or sell his wife. In this slow evolution, the world is only now awakening to the benefits of *human* society (in the most ample acceptation of the word) and is relinquishing the sway of a society composed of one sex.

If the idea of woman suffrage seems strange and even extravagant to Latin America, it is because woman there has been kept in systematic ignorance. Strictly speaking, man has also been kept in systematic ignorance there. With the exception of a small group, certainly, in both cases. Many of our social problems of to-day will inevitably be problems for solution half a century later, or even more, for those countries. What is happening with woman suffrage is happening with prohibition. We have progressed more rapidly than those countries for historic reasons very easy to understand.

Of course, your problem is very different from ours. To give the women of Latin America the right to vote would mean duplicating an uneducated electoral force. They have not arrived at the necessary stage of giving the vote to woman in general. I fear they have not yet reached the standard which should justify the extension of the vote to all men; but just as it would be advisable to curtail the right of voting among the uneducated masculine elements—trying at the same time to educate them with a view to the restoration of this right—I think it would be a matter of justice and expediency to grant immediately the vote to every woman who possesses certain requisites of culture, for instance, a knowledge of the subjects taught in the high schools.

Tell me, madam, you who know how the cultured woman in your country is beginning to work so successfully in philanthropic lines, and has founded homes for

children, leagues to combat tuberculosis and benevolent societies of every kind, how much more could they do if the leaders were themselves legislators, promulgators of beneficial social laws and vetoers of pernicious social laws? Are the politics of your country clean in the highest degree? Are not anti-social laws passed there? Are not frauds committed? Is the milk that is sold in the streets pure? Is food never adulterated? Is white-slavery being combated as it should be? Is the drink habit being curbed? Are the factories where women work sanitary? Are the wages of women equitable? Is education being spread profusely in every city, village and farm? All these are political problems, madam, problems that need the direct intervention of woman the world over.

Politics are dirt, your husband says, and we should keep our women clean. The fact is, woman should intervene in politics just for the purpose of cleansing them. It is the woman of one continent, my dear madam, who is speaking to the woman of another continent, and in spite of the fact that we are separated by oceans and mountain ranges, in spite of the fact that we do not know each other, we can at least agree that woman, all over the world, is endowed with a big heart, capable of doing as much or more good, of disseminating as much or more true lovingkindness than men.

I have very frequently read the criticisms of Latin American journalists with regard to the woman's suffrage movement in my country. They try to discredit the new democratic tendencies of the world which would make of woman a citizen, saying—as does your husband—that this movement owes its being to unattractive spinsters or old women who for those reasons are dis-

contented with their lot. Their idea of getting even socially is to obtain some authority in the community as a compensation for the neglect of which they have been innocent victims.

It is perhaps the woman without special physical charm that has taken the most active part in these movements; and, generally speaking, it is she who has felt most deeply the neglect to which women, considered as a social element, have been subjected throughout history. If this is so, the fact can easily be explained without injury to our cause. But you may be sure that to-day the illustrated papers of the whole world might be filled with portraits representing the flower and cream of feminine beauty, all of them soldiers in the army of women who are fighting to obtain the rights of citizenship.

It will be a new world, madam, a world in which woman will coöperate wholeheartedly in the noble work of conducting the destinies of each nation. Until now mankind has not taken advantage of women's help in the fight for progress, except in a minimum degree. The new world which is dawning will be one of all mankind instead of, as now, a world of half mankind.

Your Friend of the Other Continent.

CHAPTER VII

MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE

NO great efforts of imagination were necessary on the part of Miss Jones to guess what would be the theme of the next letter. To speak of marriage and divorce in the United States after debating the matter of woman's suffrage was only what one might expect; she felt therefore no surprise when beginning to read the letter which follows below:

Chicago, Ill., , 1918.

My dearest:

.....
.....

I sometimes wonder why married couples in this country get divorced, since it appears to me that they are practically divorced from the day of their wedding. In fact, the husband lives his life and the wife hers. The wife very often has her personal friends, very amiable men, who take her out riding, to dine at restaurants, and to the theater, while the husband does not even know these intimate friends of his own wife. He breakfasts at home and never returns until dinner time. I do not think the Yankee exists who ever took lunch at home. A possible exception might be made for the honeymoon period.

Nevertheless, living so separated, so divorced, they

often find life together unbearable, and ask with terrific frequency for a more effective divorce, which the law promptly grants them with a generosity worthy of a better cause.

I told you in my previous letter that I have discovered here a new sex ; the American woman who is neither man nor woman. Well, there also exists in this country a new kind of child : the orphan whose parents are alive, the orphan whose parents have had recourse to the ultra liberal laws of this country to ask for their definite separation and their liberty to marry again for the most trifling reasons.

The newspapers of the United States publish comic items with extraordinary frequency, on every page. I do not know why. I understand why butter is spread on bread, but I see no necessity for spreading margarine on the butter. I mean that the actual news items they publish are much funnier than the jokes they make up. I think that the list of divorces and their causes, published every day by the newspapers, furnish the most entertaining reading imaginable. It is not uncommon for a woman to ask for a divorce because her husband snores at night, which does not permit her to dream at her ease.

In our country everybody is familiar with the cards announcing marriages, births, christenings, or deaths ; but here a card is also sent out when a lady announces to her relatives and friends that she is divorced. Not long ago I read one of these announcing a case much talked about on account of the social standing of the divorced woman. Printed on severe-looking parchment, with all the luxury proper to a lady of high degree the card read thus :

"By authority of the decree of the Supreme Court of the State of New York, granted to me, dated June the tenth, one thousand nine hundred and sixteen, I have elected to resume my maiden name and will hereafter be known as Madame Evelyn Florence Partridge.

"EVELYN ENGALITCHEFF,
Hotel Netherland, City of New York."

To the prince, her ex-husband, the divorced woman sent one of these cards, and he, reading it at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, was seen to smile with an air of deepest satisfaction. Isn't this delightful?

But the following is not so delightful: During the last fifty years there have been four million five hundred and eighty-six thousand seven hundred and thirty-two men and women separated by law in the United States, and these have left one million six hundred and eighty-nine thousand six hundred and sixty-two orphans with their parents living. Although the tendency of North American laws is to restrain divorce, it is increasing every day, not only on account of the increase in the population, because it increases three times as fast as the population. Just look at these figures, which are sadly eloquent:

In 1867	there were in this country	9,937	divorcees
In 1877	" " " "	14,800	"
In 1886	" " " "	25,535	"
In 1896	" " " "	42,937	"
In 1906	" " " "	72,062	"
In 1916	" " " "	124,000	"

The one hundred and twenty-four thousand divorces in 1916 left about one hundred and twenty-four thousand orphans with living parents. In Cook County, in which is the city of Chicago, and which has more or less

the same population as that of our country, there are more than five hundred divorces each month, more than one for every hour of the day, in the long days of summer. Just imagine the consternation there would be in Chile at the news of such a horror having occurred among us.

The divorce laws of the different States are not the same. People often discuss the necessity for federal legislation to make the law uniform in this respect, but there are many States that wish to retain their full independence to enact such laws regarding matrimonial relations as they see fit. While in South Carolina divorce does not exist—the only decent State in this respect—in others the laws are ultra liberal, and divorce, with the right to marry again, is granted to couples for the most absurd reasons. In West Virginia a wife can ask for a divorce if she learns that her husband, before marriage, was a “notoriously licentious” person. If this law were to be put into effect in South America, practically every wife could get divorced. In many parts of this country the husband or wife can ask for and obtain a divorce without his or her life companion knowing anything about it. The husband may come home and find among the cans just opened for his dinner, together with the grocer’s bill, a divorce decree in which the judge has declared his wife single that very afternoon.

One of our countrymen who has written very enthusiastic books about this country had a certain experience in New York which he relates himself, perhaps without realizing the seriousness of what he is writing, since he is apt to take things lightly. In the boarding house where he was staying there was also a young lady, very

beautiful, an invalid, forced to remain forever seated in an invalid's chair. The lady was married, and her husband, an engineer, took only his breakfast and dinner with her. During the day she was wheeled about in the park by another gentleman. One day the lady disappeared early in the morning. The gentleman who so assiduously took care of her went to see our compatriot, to whom he said:

"Do you know what has happened?"

"What?"

"Mrs. —— has been sent to Buffalo."

"What do you mean?"

"Her husband sent her there against her will. You know we love each other, but her husband—that imbecile—wants to put himself between us, and has sent her back to her father's house. The poor girl, an invalid, had not the strength to resist, and has sent me this letter."

"But she is married," our countryman answered him.

"And what has that got to do with it? So am I married. Both of us can obtain a divorce at the same time."

Very American!

I spoke to you in my last letter of the case of a Miss Lusk. This young lady, a teacher of psychology, fell in love with a veterinary surgeon and manufacturer of patent medicines. This veterinarian was married, and consequently the teacher of psychology asked her lover to tell his wife that she—the wife—was unduly interposed between the love of both. The following is a copy of a letter that the lady sent to her lover's wife, a document which was recently published in all the newspapers of this city, and, I imagine, of the country:

"My dear Mrs. Roberts: I have just come home from spending the evening with your husband. He has told me the full details of your Eastern trip, etc. We plan to be together to-morrow in the city. I am going to ask him then to decide finally between us. He has told me that it was I who had all his affections. I have begged him to go to you and tell you the situation frankly, for I felt you were a big enough woman to desire his happiness."

The end of this tragedy was that Miss Lusk murdered Mrs. Roberts, one consequence of which was that all her private correspondence was brought before the greedy eyes of the public. One thing at least may be said for the United States: Here a case may always be judged by the public without fear of error. They publish everything in their newspapers, even the most intimate secrets of a married couple.

When a married woman finds that she loves another man—and this seems to happen frequently here—it is only necessary for her to speak. Woman must have her way. The following case of a professor of Chicago University, which occurred recently, will serve to illustrate what I mean: Mr. —— occupies the chair of professor of preventive medicine in the university that bears the name of this city. His wife expresses to him her desire of getting a divorce, but the professor, who really loves her, does not wish to give his consent. She tells him frankly that she loves a Mr. ——, whom she purposed to marry when she is free. The professor is firm, and trusts that his wife will forget this illicit passion. He does everything possible to win the heart of his own wife. As she could get no satisfaction from her husband and as her lover was sent to France as a soldier, she asks for and obtains an appointment as nurse in a hospital in France.

The husband succeeds in having this appointment annulled by giving the true reasons which induced his wife to abandon their home. As a result of this the wife could not go to France, but she left her husband, and nobody knows where she is. This incident was published with all the names in the papers.

I could fill sheets and sheets with stories of divorcees here. There is no respect for the sanctity of marriage. I saw lately in *The Daily News* an illustrated humorous dialogue which serves to corroborate my statements from a good-natured point of view:

John—“Why have you chosen the month of June to get married? You know that June is the high summer here.”

Thomas—“The courts close in June and remain closed all the summer. We shall have to stay married for some time at all events.”

One of the most popular American poems is “*Evangeline*,” by Longfellow. I think you must have read it in Spanish. The story is simple and profoundly moving. In 1775 the English government roughly ejected a French colony in Arcadia, Nova Scotia, and *Evangeline*, the very day of her wedding, was separated from her husband in such a way that she lost all trace of him. The poem describes the wandering of the newly married girl in search of her husband, always faithful to her love, rejecting all new passion, all joy, until after many years, and already an old woman, she finds her husband on his death bed in a hospital where she is a nurse, and succumbs with him, a victim of her grief. This is the ecstasy of love, as we understand it. But Longfellow when writing this poem did not seek inspiration in his

own country, since his poem is, to some extent, an imitation of "Hermann and Dorothea," by Goethe. And yet, the poet, thinking no doubt that it was unlikely that an American girl would act in such a way, had to make his heroine, Evangeline, a French girl by blood and temperament, the daughter of Bellefontaine, whose garb is that "brought in the olden times from France," whose lover is Gabriel Lajeunesse, and the village in which he lived is "such as the peasants of Normandy built in the reign of the Henries."

Not even poets, in the dreams of their free fantasy, can disregard truth.

As I am writing to you about marriages and divorces here, this morning I went to the Court of Domestic Relations, and for three hours I listened to complaint cases of married people before a judge who hears exclusively cases of matrimonial disagreements, in which husbands complain of their wives and wives complain of their husbands. These cases are not brought forward with a view to divorce, but treat of transitory domestic difficulties in which one of the parties asks the authority of a judge to intervene and give a ruling.

The judge I saw hears and judges from a high desk, in his shirt sleeves, without any vest or jacket, and with as little ceremony in his language as in his dress. During all the time I was there no case was heard of a man complaining of his wife. All were cases of wives complaining of their husbands. And you ought to see with what meekness the men came before the judge and how tyrannically the women spoke of their husbands: like a master to his slave. I cannot tell you all the incidents I witnessed, but one can serve as a sample of the reasons which bring these women before a judge, complaining

of the conduct of their husbands. One woman complains that her husband has given her only forty dollars out of seventy-five that he earns every two weeks. She speaks with the insolence of a creditor who not only is owed money, but who has been cheated. After the judge has heard her he questions the husband as he would question a criminal. He asks what he has done with the other thirty-five dollars that he has not given to his wife. The poor man presents a doctor's bill for twenty dollars which he had paid.

"Did your husband owe this money?" the judge asks the wife.

"Yes, your honor, and he paid it," the wife had to admit.

"But what have you done with the other fifteen dollars?" asks the judge of the husband. It later developed that he had given his wife two dollars on a certain occasion and more later on.

"Is that so?" the judge asks the wife.

"Yes, but that money was not out of his salary," she replies.

Eventually it appeared that the wife had received practically all the money except about four dollars. And after everything was proved, the husband, still being afraid that the judge would sentence him, takes a little piece of paper out of his pocket and passes it to him, saying:

"My wife very often leaves me papers like this at home." The judge reads in a loud voice:

"I will not be here for dinner. The potatoes are in a bag in the pantry. Buy ten cents' worth of butter and fry them." And the piece of paper continues giv-

ing directions for preparing the meal that she had intended for him that day.

I will say for your comfort that the judge did not sentence the husband, and you ought to have seen the poor man's expression of gratitude.

Oh! it does not astonish me that the men get divorced here. What astonishes me is that they marry. On my part, I can say that if I had never known you, if the same fate had befallen me as befell Robinson Crusoe, and if, on his famous desert island—our island of Juan Fernández—I had met, instead of the native whom he called Friday, a modern American young lady, beautiful, ultra cultured, one of the very best, in a word, a true type of the feminine *jeunesse dorée* of this country, if I did not have another companion on the island, another living being, and if I were condemned to live there for the rest of my life, I would play tennis with this girl, I would go out hunting with her—everything but make her my wife. I cannot conceive matrimonial happiness with a Yankee woman. They are as of another planet for me. The following from a newspaper of this city is more a philosophical reflection than a joke:

Mrs. Gabb, reading a newspaper, says to her husband: "I see here that a rich gentleman from the West has left five hundred thousand dollars to a woman who refused to marry him twenty years ago." Mr. Gabb answers: "That's what I call gratitude!"

If it were a duty of our government to look out for the private happiness of all its citizens, they ought to set aside a sum in the yearly budget to recompense Yankee girls for not marrying Chilean young men, who unfortunately come to this country to study and are crazy enough to fall in love with American women.

But, on mature reflection, one need not be astonished at the large number of divorces that are granted here every day. To meet a woman for the first time and propose marriage to her is pretty frequent. Marriages by telegraph are not unusual. A newspaper of Chicago makes a feature of getting men and women acquainted. The proprietor of this daily was once candidate for the presidency. I have already spoken to you about this paper, *The Herald and Examiner*, whose owner possesses as many newspapers in this country as one would possess neckties in our country.

The newspaper runs a free matrimonial agency. One of its sections that is published every day in two columns is called "Lonely Hearts." A woman manages this love department of the newspaper. Any man or woman can write to the editor, asking for a companion. The letters vary but are more or less of the following tenor: "I am twenty years old, tall, fair, and have blue eyes. I would like to get acquainted with a young man over thirty. I prefer one with dark eyes. He must be sober, like dancing and the theater." One man writes: "I am thirty years old, weigh one hundred and sixty-three pounds; my height is five feet six inches. I work in the city from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. I would like to become acquainted with a girl from 18 to 22 years old, pleasing, intelligent, with the idea of possibly marrying."

And there are thousands of letters of the same kind. Black, blue and dreamy eyes, blonde and black hair are offered. Of course, these letters are published, and the persons who fit the case in physique, age and temperament, answer the editor, who makes the two "lonely hearts" become acquainted. In combination with this section, the newspaper has a dance and picnic club

where men and women can make each other's acquaintance. Anybody who can present two references can belong to this club. A man writes asking to be made a member (I also wrote, from mere curiosity) and receives a letter from the chaperon saying: "You must know that thousands in Chicago are interested in our club. . . . In your own vicinity, perhaps in your own street, alongside your house, there are persons who are very desirous of becoming acquainted with a person just like you. . . ."

Just imagine this free matrimonial agency. Hearts at public auction, in the market of Chicago, just like bacon, carpets and pajamas. It's no wonder that divorce is the immediate result. And this same daily publishes cartoons—about which I have written to you before—describing the tortures of married life—for the husband, you understand.

In New York a paper is published called *The Matrimonial News*, whose sub-title is "Cupid's Advertiser." The following is one of its editorials: "This society is organized and incorporated by philanthropic people, having broad and humanitarian ideals, for the purpose of obviating the bad social and economic conditions that are an obstacle to matrimony in New York and the United States in general. . . . No matter how fastidious you may be, we feel confident that sooner or later amongst the many thousands of members you will be able to find the ideal companion you are seeking." This paper publishes more than a hundred advertisements all sent by Cupid. Here is a sample:

"Here is just the sweet little miss you have been looking for. Her age is 20 summers; weight 140 lbs.;

height, 5 ft. 4 ins.; dark hair, blue eyes, rosy complexion; mild disposition; American; income of nine thousand dollars a year; college education; enjoys good health; neat and tidy appearance; plays the piano and sings; has property worth \$130,000; never married and no one dependent upon her. No objection to a poor man if honorable and a good worker. Would like to marry an honorable farmer and live in the country. Will marry at an early date. Write and get acquainted before it is too late."

Many of the men and women who advertise even publish their photographs. If what some of the young ladies say in their "ads" is true, I ought to divorce myself from you and ask their hand in marriage.

In this country the sanctity of marriage and of the family is not understood. People here would not understand our conception of home. We ought to thank God that we were not born here.

I have read a novel by Ernest Poole which studies family life in this country. This novel seems to me sufficiently authorized and representative, since the School of Journalism of Columbia University has given it the first prize, in accordance with the donation made by Joseph Pulitzer, by declaring it the novel that pictures best "American life."

It is the story of a New York widower of a well-to-do family, with three daughters, each living a different life. One of these daughters is Laura, who, like every American woman, goes out alone and comes home late at night after having gone to balls and theaters with persons whom her father does not even know.

The following is a scene between father and daughter:

She—"Do you remember Harold Sloane?"

He—"No."

She—"I want you to know him. I am going to marry him."

This is the way in which the father found out that his daughter was going to be married. A few months pass. One day Laura visits her father's house and has the following conversation with her sister, Deborah:

Laura—"This time it's divorce. I've stood it long enough."

Deborah—"You mean you don't care for your husband? You want a divorce—but how do you think you are going to get it? The laws are rather strict in this state. One ground only is acceptable, and even if your husband has been unfaithful, have you any proofs?"

Laura—"No, I haven't—but I don't need any proofs. He wants it as badly as I do."

Deborah—"Your husband is to bring suit against you? For God's sake, Laura, what do you mean?"

Laura—"Mean? I mean that he has proofs! He has used a detective—the mean little cur—and he's treating me like the dirt under his feet! Just as though it were one thing for a man and quite another for a woman! He even had the nerve to be mad, to get on a high horse, to call me names! Turn me—turn me out on the street!"

Deborah—"Stop, this minute! You say that you've been doing—what he has?"

Laura—"Why shoudn't I? What do you know about it? Are you going to turn against me, too?"

Deborah—"Perhaps I am. Speak clearly. Explain yourself."

Laura—"Explain—to you? How can I? You don't understand—you know nothing about it—all you know about is books. You're simply a nun when it comes to this. I see it now—I didn't before—I thought you a modern woman—with your mind open to new ideas. . . . You're afraid."

Deborah—"Yes, I'm afraid."

Laura—“And, being afraid, you can’t be fair. You’re like nearly all American women—married or single, young or old—you’re all of you scared to death about sex—just as your Puritan mothers were! . . . But I’m not afraid and I’m living my life! And let me tell you I’m not alone! There are hundreds and thousands doing the same—right here in New York City to-night. It’s been so abroad for years and years—in Rome and Berlin, in Paris and London—and now, thank God, it has come over here! If our husbands can do it, why can’t we?”
.....

Deborah—“Who’s the man? That Italian?”

Laura—“Yes.”

Deborah—“Where is he?”

Laura—“Right here in New York.”

Deborah—“Does he mean to stand by you?”

Laura—“Of course he does.”

Deborah—“Will he marry you, Laura?”

Laura—“Yes, he will—the minute I’m free from my beast of a husband!”
.....

And that’s just what happened. *Laura* got a divorce from her first husband and married the Italian.

This is the philosophy of marriage in the United States. This is a trait of the American family’s inferiority. In the whole scale of life the offspring depend longer and longer on the parents, in proportion as the importance, complexity and refinement of the species increases. In simple vegetal life plants have nothing to do with the plants that gave them life. The wind draws out billions of seeds from the pine-trees and the new pine-grove that is born in the rugged forest knows nothing of its parents in a far-away forest. The salmon comes out of the sea, swims up the river, lays

its eggs, and thereafter knows and cares nothing about the new myriad to which it has given life. The sparrow takes better care of its eggs and its little ones in the nest, but it leaves them alone as soon as they know how to fly. It is a privilege of man to keep his children for as long a time as possible, and it is his prerogative to be at their side so as to insure their future happiness till death. The fact of a daughter making herself independent of her family at fifteen years of age and acting on her own account, without the advice and permission of her parents, is a step backwards, not a mark of progress in the record of human life.

It is this contagion that I am afraid of if we insist in admiring and imitating this country. Fortunately, our women seem to be immune against such a plague. Heaven grant that neither years nor centuries will be able to weaken the power of their resistance.

.....
.....
.....

Your husband who adores you

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.....
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* * *

No sooner had she read this letter than Miss Jones took up her pen to answer it. It might well be supposed that she felt hurt in her womanly dignity; but she was now so accustomed to the contemptuous observations made in these letters that she was able to write the reply quite calmly in these words:

Madam:

Do not think for a moment that I intend to comment upon this letter from your husband moved by the indig-

nation which you probably think its perusal has caused me as an American woman. No. I am understanding better and better your husband's temperament and his one-sided criterion in judging of our life.

In your country there are no laws to make divorce easy, except in a very few cases, in which the divorced couples must not marry again. This is a general rule in Latin America with a few exceptions, as in Uruguay. Your husband, madam, has taken Cook County, where the city of Chicago is, to compare it with your country, since they both have approximately the same population, and invites you to imagine the consternation that would be caused in Chile by the publication of the news that there had been in one year one hundred and twenty-four thousand divorces. I also believe that this would cause great consternation in Chile, since of the three million and a half persons who comprise the population of your country, according to the last census, only eight hundred and seventy-one thousand are married. If there were as many divorces there as in Cook County, in four years everybody would be divorced, those who got married during those four years included.

If you begin to ask yourself why there are so few married people in Chile, you will arrive at the conclusion, not that the people live in a state of sexual abstinence, but that relations between the sexes are frequent among the unmarried in your country, as in all Latin America.

I know very well that in your country, as in almost all Latin America, the uncultured classes live generally in a sort of concubinage, at times permanent, but very often transitory. If an account were to be made of the different "wives" that the men of Latin America have had—that is, of voluntary divorces, without the inter-

vention of the law, without punishment or compensation on the part of the husband for the abandoned woman—we should find relatively more divorces in your country than in ours.

The fundamental error, madam, of your husband is that he compares the high, cultured classes of your country with the figures of our statistics, which naturally include our whole population. A Latin American when speaking of his country only thinks of those of his own social class, without regarding the lower classes. The following are figures taken from statistics, showing the percentage of the population that is illegitimate in some Latin American countries: In Uruguay, twenty-seven per cent. of the population is of illegitimate birth; in Chile, thirty-seven per cent.; in Venezuela and Colombia, fifty-eight per cent.; in Ecuador, seventy-five per cent.; and in Paraguay, ninety per cent. In Bolivia or Peru conditions are similar, if not worse.

In order that you may realize the gravity of this problem in your country, where it is analogous to that of the other Latin American countries, I will add that in spite of the fact that the mortality of legitimate children is thirty-one per cent. in Chile, the mortality of illegitimate children between birth and the age of seven years is sixty-three per cent.

I am not quoting these figures in order to taunt Latin America, since I know very well that this condition is a consequence of several causes which will gradually be rooted out; but I write in reply to that exclamation of surprise of the Latin American who so often sneers at us because of our divorce record, and who declares that neither home nor family exists here, and that we do not respect the sanctity of marriage. Abandonment, sub-

mission, and ignorance of women is the normal condition of the humble classes in those countries; and, there being practically no marriages, a large part of the population lives in a condition of free love, and has not felt the necessity of divorce. Wait till the women of Latin America wake up, become educated, individualized, and are born as social units; and I assure you they will claim the right to separate lawfully from the men who for one reason or another humiliate them or treat them like a servant instead of as an equal.

Do you imagine for a moment, madam, that there are not among us millions and millions of happy homes? Tell me, is not the mere fact that we have so many facilities to get a divorce, that the maltreated and deceived wife has an open door for legal separation with alimony from the man who was her husband, a guarantee that the immense majority of married people do live happily? If in your country they were to print the news of all the poor people who separate each day, with the same lack of ceremony with which they became united, and if they were to publish the causes of disagreements, would not your husband also find there a fountain of humor typical of daily life? Real life is sometimes bitterly grotesque. Our lists of divorces, made in accordance with the law and considered—unduly, in my opinion—news of public interest, are only the counterpart of those separations of people not married by law and not published in the Spanish American countries.

I must repeat, madam, by way of this problem of divorce, something that I told you in my notes to the previous letter of your husband. In our country the social unit is the individual man or woman, and in your country the social unit is the family. Considering the

personality of the individual among us, she not only expects, but in a certain manner demands happiness in marriage. Woman does not sacrifice herself so voluntarily for the benefit of marriage although she may do it, and frequently does, for the benefit of her children. If a woman is ill treated here she will not put up with it, while in Latin countries she bears more easily the contempt of her husband, and, yielding, humbles herself. Nearly all our divorcees are asked for by the wife, who claims her right to happiness as her part of life.

Marriage, madam, is a contract, a sacred contract, without doubt, in which a man and a woman have promised to unite their lives to form a common home before God and man. This contract being the most serious one in life, one should think well before making it, so as to run the least danger possible of making a mistake. But we are human; we can make a mistake in spite of all. This contract is often made at an early age, impelled by an almost overwhelming passion. If we make a mistake, if we are unfortunate in our marriage, why should we be condemned to live a miserable life, a life of tortures? You probably have seen around you thousands of married couples very unhappy. Why should those men and women suffer everlasting torture through life?

From the very beginning men understood that they had to guard against misfortune in marriage; but as they thought only of their own happiness, they made laws that to-day we consider fit only for savages. In the early days of Rome, as in the beginning of almost all society, the wife was considered as the property of the husband, who bought or acquired her in some other manner. He then had the right of life or death over her; and later a law was established which enacted that the

husband could, instead of killing her, divorce himself when he became tired of her company. In ancient Rome laws were passed which permitted the husband to divorce his wife if the latter went out without a veil or spoke to a woman of inferior rank in the street.

In the evolution, through the centuries, of laws regarding divorce we always feel the weight of tradition and of ecclesiastical and dogmatic influence. In this respect to-day complete anarchy reigns in the entire world among the most civilized nations, and in this chaos are degrees of confused legislation going from absolute prohibition of divorce to divorce granted by the simple mutual desire of both parties, without the law entering and studying the reasons, as in Norway. You admit separation in South America, but in such expressive and determined conditions that almost make it impossible, since you absolutely debar the divorced pair from marrying again. You, as I gather from your husband's letters, are very happy in your home; but if a woman has been unfortunate enough to marry a libertine or a drunkard, believing him to be an honorable man, why should she not get a divorce? And why should she refuse to be happy later on with a good man whom she loves and who understands her? This seems strange in your country; it is even more so in other parts, where they think that a widow or widower cannot marry again without making themselves guilty of posthumous bigamy. For those who think in that way, our President Wilson and our ex-President Roosevelt would be posthumous bigamists.

The world is traveling, madam, along a road of endeavor to contrive more and more ways of making more and more individuals happy. France is a very Latin

country, even more so than Latin America, and it permits divorce with the right on the part of the divorced pair to marry again. Spanish America will, sooner or later, have to follow the same course as these countries that do not believe that marriage has to be a rigorous lottery, without appeal, in which a number drawn must either win a prize or lose once and for all.

The last word has not been yet spoken in the world as regards definite laws for divorce. My country particularly in this respect is a laboratory for social experimentation. I know that we are far, very far, from having solved the problem. But efforts of every character are being made to solve it. Our Courts of Domestic Relations are an attempt of the State to intervene in the home, by the request of one of the parties, with the purpose of insuring as far as possible happiness in marriage. Some States, like Minnesota, have undertaken to teach the men how to proceed in order to guarantee the maximum of happiness in the home. The State Board of Health publishes pamphlets and issues propaganda with the purpose of avoiding hasty marriages, entered into blindly; it cautions the married couple against the errors they may commit when marrying if they do not know thoroughly well the character of their future life companion; and then it teaches how to live the life of married people. New experiments and ideas are being proposed and being brought into use constantly. I myself do not know what to anticipate as regards the future of this problem; but I do know that our ideal is to have the most complete happiness reign within the home, both for the wife and the husband. Our aspiration is to be happy, in the enjoyment of free-

dom, with purity and honor, not as the canary in the cage, but as the dove under the eaves.

In the novel by Ernest Poole, to which your husband refers, the author describes three different women as types of American womanhood. Laura is one, Deborah is another, and Judith is the third. Why does your husband choose Laura as the type of our womanhood? Why not Judith, who condemns Laura blindly, or Deborah, of such a different temperament? The case presented by Laura is generally one of the big cities, often, as here, of a woman who has traveled through Europe and has been contaminated by certain currents of opinion in the great cities of Rome, Paris, Vienna and Berlin. And what of Judith, the self-denying mother? And Deborah, the woman of a collective spirit, the mother of thousands of children, the social reformer?

Judith, when she knew the whole truth, was filled with indignation, and said to her father that she could not understand how he could tolerate the return of Laura dishonored to his roof, where she, Judith, now a widow, lived with her children, whom Laura would contaminate by her bad example. Judith is the opposite type to Laura, unchangeable in her puritanism. And Deborah, the broad-minded woman, full of lovingkindness, sublime in her aspirations, indulgent to the weakness of others, always more disposed to relieve the pain than to reprove the transgression, a devoted wife and mother, and with a soul so big that her goodness fills the home and flows over beyond its limits; this is the woman prototype of my country; this is the new woman who is the symbol of feminism in my motherland.

But even taking this one case—that of Laura—it is a fact that a new philosophy is making its way in my

country. Purity for both sexes. Fidelity in both sexes. I believe that the present complexity of our sexual life aims at this.

And, of course, it is true that the women do not depend so much in my country, as in Latin America, on the opinion of their parents to choose their life companions. Woman is, without doubt, more independent here. She thinks more for herself of the problems that are going to affect her directly. Cases do not occur here of a woman who loves a man and who is forced by her parents (who have no fault to find with the man she loves) to marry another whom she does not love, or simply prevent her from marrying the man she loves. Woman, among us, is more master of herself.

Woman and man are adults before the law in my country earlier than in yours. And this is not a proof of inferiority, as your husband believes, in the comparison that he makes with vegetal and animal life; it is a proof simply that the schools and life in my country prepare the child more rapidly for his own individual action. In every line of action you will always see young men here at the head of grave responsibilities. The people live faster here. The mind awakens earlier; individualities are respected even in infancy. The son does not necessarily believe in the same religion nor must he have the same political creed as the father. Take, for example, a High School in the United States and a College or High School in your country; here the student can select the studies that he likes to complete his course; he has a service *à la carte* for his tastes and inclinations; in your country he is submitted to a determined discipline, to a fixed program,

to certain exact branches, with general rules for all, whether they meet or not the tendencies, the temperament, of each child.

Although it is true that the interference of parents can contribute very often to the happiness of their children, it is no less true that it may often be the cause of misfortune. The son does not necessarily have to be a faithful reproduction of the father; nature endows him with his own idiosyncrasy. There is variety in the species, and the more so when the species is more perfect. There never can be such marked differences between two moles or two sparrows as between two men.

The only way the world can advance, madam, is to respect the individualities of children. To mold each child to the temperament, tendency, and philosophy of the father is to perpetuate the immobility of the human race. The son will be the same as the father, the grandfather, and the great-grandfather, and his children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren will be the same as he.

For the sake of this respect for the individuality of the child, madam, we, with not less affection for our children, submit to their criterion their own problems as soon as they are capable of making their own resolutions.

Before concluding I wish, madam, to insist emphatically that I believe that the woman of your country, taking her as a whole, high class and low class, is exceptionally chaste, and I know very well that the figures of illegitimate births that the statistics give reflect upon only a special philosophy of the lower classes,

that do not give to the marriage act itself, civil or religious, the importance that it has in your mind and my mind.

With kind regards,

A Friend of the Other Continent.

CHAPTER VIII

RELIGION

THIS time three weeks passed without the Chicago correspondent writing to his wife. Miss Jones supposed that the Chilean was now ready to return home, and that this correspondence was therefore finished, when, one morning, the following letter took her by surprise:

Chicago, Ill., 1918.

My dearest:

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.....
Some one has said that there are one hundred religions in this country, and only one sauce, but, judging from what I have seen, there are one hundred kinds of sauce and two hundred religions, amongst which, the sauces and the religions, it is difficult to choose the most despicable.

Just as mushrooms in our country shoot up overnight from the ground, so religions sprout up here. It is a common thing for each member of a family of five to profess a different religion. The churches are organized like business houses to recruit their clients. These Yankees are systematizing heaven, and as in the department stores, there are bargain sales from time to time, like one recently offered by Billy Sunday in Chicago, sales in which the customer may acquire Jesus Christ at a bargain price, below cost.

When I arrived in Chicago the coming of Billy Sunday to this city was being advertised. I must tell you, since you could not possibly know it, that Billy Sunday is a religious orator. He formerly was a baseball player, but as he saw that there was more money in religion he devoted himself to it. He made no mistake, since he has already earned half a million dollars in his new profession, to which he has adapted the gestures of his first athletic profession.

Of course, as soon as Billy Sunday arrived in Chicago, I hastened to hear this prodigy of whom the newspapers had been for months publishing columns and columns of advance notices.

There is not a theater in Chicago, or in the world, which can hold the crowd that Billy Sunday attracts; consequently, he has to have a special colosseum built, which he calls a tabernacle. On the banks of the calm waters of Lake Michigan, like John the Baptist on the banks of the Jordan, this apostle of the twentieth century sets up his amphitheater.

When I arrived, the immense colosseum was full of women and men, young and old, but the greater part women. How does an orator succeed in bringing together fifteen thousand persons twice a day, and three times on Sundays, for ten weeks? Because this is what Billy Sunday has done. I think that it is mainly curiosity, the same that brought me there: the curiosity to see the stupendous pantomimes of this man. If it is advertised here that a man will eat a live rattlesnake, the masses are always ready to go and see it done. And so behold me on my way to see the king of grotesque pantomime.

When I took my seat, Billy Sunday had not yet com-

menced to speak; his secretary was speaking. This gentleman was showing the crowd how to cough without making a noise; he was telling the public that nobody should leave immediately at the end of the ceremony, during the conversion, and finally he said that everybody ought to contribute towards the expenses of this great religious campaign. Then came the collection, because this ceremony is payable in advance: hundreds of plates are suddenly passed around the whole tabernacle; in each row a plate is passed from person to person as each one puts in his obolus. The plates emerge in the aisles of the tabernacle, and thence, in a mighty stream, the contributions flow into the financial department, where the total is figured.

While the secretary speaks, Billy Sunday is seated on the platform rubbing his neck. I have read that this great orator has a professional massagist for his throat, but, evidently, he has to supplement the work of the doctor who takes care of his oratory muscles.

Small, agile, of a penetrating look, he has not, however, a physiognomy revealing any very remarkable ability. Seen in the street, without knowing who he is, he could be taken for a hair-dresser, an umbrella seller, or an insurance agent. Besides, his manners, while seated before the public, are coarse. Between hiccoughs, he scratches his feet, chews paper, and restlessly scrutinizes the audience. In his movements he resembles a monkey in a zoölogical garden. I regarded him with amazement and understood that only a public like the Yankee would tolerate such a bounder as a teacher of ethics. In our country lynching would break out spontaneously to punish the audacious impertinence; but I ceased to wonder when I remembered that I was

in the United States, the country of grotesque vaudevilles.

In his language he is irreverent. He speaks of Jesus Christ with such familiarity, that it seems as if they had been college chums. He treats biblical characters as if he had loaned them all money and they had not yet paid him back. He calls Joseph Joe, he calls Job Jake. As for him, he compares himself with the greatest personages of history with an arrogance truly Yankee. He says, for example: "Napoleon used to sleep four hours, I sleep less than he." He puts himself on a level with Lincoln and Washington.

But his language is nothing, his eloquence and his arrogance are nothing when compared with his pantomimes. For this he has not and never will have an equal in the world. He jumps, shouts, shrieks, twists and spits. A great stunt of a tenor is to bring out a beautiful high C; a great stunt of Billy Sunday is to take off his jacket in the middle of his excitement and throw it at the audience, or to take a chair and break it in pieces on the platform. This seems unbelievable, gross exaggeration, but by this time you probably have accustomed yourself to believe that nothing is impossible when treating of this country.

And then comes the imposing final. The call for people to be converted. Then Billy Sunday speaks in the voice of an afflicted woman, he cries like a Magdalen, and the chorus of thousands of women invites the multitude to approach and shake the hand of the Savior, to approach and commune with Jesus Christ. A procession begins. That moment is truly imposing, because men and women, really possessed of holy faith, approach with frightened eyes, some almost lifeless,

others in hysteria. It is a moment of collective hypnotism. Billy Sunday is a past master in understanding the psychology of the masses. You know that at the circus, when a man of the troupe stands at the entrance to announce the wonders inside, he selects the moment of the climax of his eloquence to say: "Now enter, but do not rush, there's room for all, do not rush," and a crowd composed of the very employees of the company is behind the public pushing the people to make way. The public does not know that they are employees of the company, but believes them to be part of the crowd that is rushing to get in, and it is dragged along. The people buy their tickets and go in. The public is hypnotized. Everybody goes in. In the same way Billy Sunday, with hundreds of drilled agents, speeds up conversion.

Well, this extraordinary man has converted fifty thousand persons in Chicago in his campaign. He has saved fifty thousand souls. One of his admirers says that the salvation of these fifty thousand souls has cost Chicago two hundred thousand dollars. As everything here is reduced to numbers, it has been figured that the salvation of each soul has cost four dollars, and as this means eternal happiness for the other life, it is impossible to compute what infinitesimal fraction of a cent each century of happiness for each saved person costs.

I have spoken to you so much in detail of Billy Sunday because he is the most popular religious personage in the United States, he is more popular than the kaiser in Germany or the devil in hell. He is the supreme clown of the world. But don't think he is the only one.

There is another religious sect here which is enjoying an extraordinary vogue and which is advancing with unbelievable rapidity. It is called Christian Science. It owns in Boston one of the most imposing churches in the country and publishes there a daily newspaper which has gained great renown in the whole republic. The headstone of this church is the belief that man can and should cure his own ailments without the aid of doctors or medicines, that is to say, by the exercise of his own will.

The Mormons, whose religion permits men to have several wives, still exist. Although not long ago polygamy was prohibited by law, Mormonism still flourishes and it has thousands of missionaries and priests spreading their faith. I have spoken here with men and women who are Mormons and who defend their doctrines most vigorously. The death was announced not long ago of Joseph Fielding Smith, President of the Mormon Church, or, as they call it: the Church of Jesus Christ of the Latter Day Saints. They have four hundred thousand adepts. In the Reverend Mr. Smith, as head of the church, was invested the authority of his uncle, Joseph Smith, the original Mormon prophet. This prophet had five wives and forty-three children. Only since 1890 is polygamy illegal all over the United States; but the prophet Smith insisted to the last that he could not abandon his numerous sons and wives.

It would be a hopeless task to try to make here even the most superficial mention of the one hundred and eighty-six denominations that flourish in this country, according to statistics. There are religions for all tastes, and if a person does not agree with any of them, he just founds a new one. These people believe that re-

ligions are like eggs, to be served in any way, soft boiled, fried, scrambled, as an omelet or in cocktails, and to be mixed with anything, say, with tomatoes, asparagus or red pepper, according to the taste and fancy of the consumer.

Of course, our religion, Catholicism is ever gaining more and more new adepts here and counts to-day more than seventeen million souls. As a matter of fact it is the denomination that has the largest number of adepts in the United States. Catholics here own fifteen thousand four hundred and twenty-seven churches. The second most numerous denomination is that of the Methodists, with seven million three hundred and twenty-eight thousand members. I believe that the day is still far off when Catholicism will be the only religion professed in this country. Moreover, I think it really is a serious matter that these dissenting religions are carrying on an immense work of propaganda in our countries, and that in our own Chile they have founded schools and churches that threaten our national faith. They are collecting here more and more money to extend their creeds to our countries. What have they got to do with our beliefs? This propaganda makes for disorder and the annihilation of our national soul, it is an offense against the conscience of our countries.

A nation with one hundred and forty Christian religions (without counting the non-Christian religions which also abound) cannot have any unity of sentiment, and threatens us with this Babel of souls. Who is going to free us from the danger of such an invasion by these exiles of God? The Yankee peril for our Latin countries is not only military, not only political and not only commercial; it is also religious. Pray to God, my

wife, with all the saintly faith of a Christian woman, that our country be saved from the modern barbarians of the North.

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.....

Your husband who adores you.

* * *

Miss Jones was a Christian woman who revered the liberty of conscience. The Chicago correspondent's narrow-mindedness surprised her not at all; she knew that there were fanatical Roman Catholics in Latin America, who looked upon all Protestants as heretics, and she had found there great numbers of skeptics who scouted the belief in any religion; but she also recognized that a spirit of tolerance was very hard to find. Certain of her ground, she replied to this letter thus:

Madam :

In the problem of religion, the capital difference between your country, between Latin America in general, and the United States, is that over there there is a state religion and in my country there is no state religion; over there there is a religion that can be called the only one, and in my country there are many religions. Roman Catholicism is the religion of Latin America; Roman Catholicism is also one of the religions of my country, but many Americans profess other denominations of the Church of Christ, and even other religions not of the Church of Christ.

Our country having been founded by men who fled from the religious persecutions of old Europe, it was only logical that one of the headstones of our national

organization should be absolute liberty of conscience. On the other hand, Latin America was conquered by an intolerant Spain, not by persecuted men, but by persecutors who brought the Inquisition to the New World. This is the historical cause of this capital divergence.

The state could not, among us, take over the right of prescribing a determined religion to its citizens; it could not, with the funds of the nation, support the apostles of a single religion. This will never happen in my country. There is a modern tendency to have the state take over many services of public utility, such as railroads, steamships, telephones and telegraphs; but it will never come to pass that the state will take over religion, as happens in your countries where the priests are paid out of the national budget.

Madam, religion is a matter of the individual conscience of every person. To impose a religion on a person is like forcing a mask on his face; that person does not profess that religion if he does not feel it, if he does not believe in it, if he does not understand it or if he does not accept it with all sincerity. In fact, in our country there is absolute liberty of conscience; in Latin America, sometimes openly, but often secretly, there exists the imposition of a determined belief. With the taxes and contributions that a Protestant pays, a church that he does not believe in is supported. I mention this point, madam, because it marks a capital difference in the sincerity and intensity of religious sentiment. I believe that as a consequence of this, in part, in my country religious sentiment is more profound, more sincere than in Latin America. Religion among us has a more decisive influence on our actions. Even treating of Roman Catholics, I submit that they are

more truly sincere and more deeply convinced in the United States than in Latin America.

The fact that in my country different ways of interpreting the Bible have originated different denominations of the Church of Christ, I believe has been beneficial to religion itself, even though ultra-radical, unilateral and in some cases, if you like, dishonest sects have been formed under the protecting shade of this liberty of interpretations. I am not going to speak to you of individuals in these notes, madam; so I am not going to answer your husband's long dissertation about the Rev. William Sunday. But I must say that it would be wise to weigh very carefully what is said against a man who has had exceptional success in his career or who attacks evils and the interests allied with evils, such as alcoholism and vice, in such an aggressive way as that of Mr. Sunday. Such a man must have enemies. In your mind look back at history and you will see how the fighters of all periods have been persecuted and reviled. If Christ came back once more into the world, you may be sure that He would be crucified once again. The man whom I do not envy is he who never made any enemies, he whose death is mourned by all, even by the undertaker who sells his coffin. Allow me at least to recall one fact with regard to Mr. Sunday: when he entered the church, he left a good, remunerative position to accept one as secretary to a religious organization which paid him only seventy-five dollars a month.

But as I have told you, I do not want to discuss persons nor even religions. You profess the Roman Catholic religion and I revere with the most profound respect your beliefs. But do not believe, madam, that this diversity of religious creeds, destroys national unity

among us, as your husband fears it does, because it is in the mind of everybody here to respect and tolerate the creeds of others. On the other hand, the fact that we are not confined to the creed of one church alone has promoted and is still promoting a healthy rivalry between the different sects, each doing its best to carry on a more intense social work, and to discuss man's problems, both spiritual and earthly.

On the other hand, madam, a religious monopoly does not provoke healthy competition, and what is worse, as we have seen in Latin America, it stimulates a certain noxious indolence towards the most serious social problems. How do you explain, madam, that the church in your country has not undertaken a formidable campaign against the alcoholism which is destroying your people? The church there has not arrayed itself against alcoholism, but has itself been and is a manufacturer of wines for sale; that is to say, the church has its economic interests allied with the alcoholism of the people. Without a religious monopoly, this could not happen. In a small Latin American village, where the Catholic priest leased for years to a saloon-keeper a plot of ground adjoining the church, he was at once dispossessed when a Protestant pastor began his religious work in the same village. That same priest led a licentious life, which was subjected to very considerable restraint when he saw that in order to keep his congregation he had to preach not only with words but by example, since another rival priest of the Church of Christ preached both with words and example. For the benefit of Roman Catholicism itself, madam, there ought to be in Latin America the most absolute freedom of conscience separating the state from the church.

A live religion, madam, is a religion that battles, a religion that does its best to gain more and more adepts, to add more and more souls to its bosom. Never is a religion purer, never is it healthier, never is it stronger than when it is fighting with the utmost ardor. The first days of persecuted Christianity were the days of its most austere principles, of its most self-denying martyrs. When the struggle ceases, moss commences to grow.

This effort of dissenting religions to conquer Latin America is only a proof of the moral strength of these creeds that are looking for expansion. Your husband, madam, should not fear this entrance of new Christian sects into your country. It can already be seen that they have done and are doing a moral work of the most profound significance. What Latin America needs most is education and character, and our religious missions are giving it just that. A welcome should be given in Spanish America to this new social force which, at the same time, will be called upon to intensify and purify the social strength of ruling Roman Catholicism. These evangelists are sincere believers who do things in accordance with their beliefs. Almost all of them are abstainers and lead a pure private life that is an example for their neighbors, whether they profess another faith or no faith at all.

One of the causes of stagnancy, madam, for a religious denomination is the fact that its apostles and priests are supported by the state. A religion supported by the state is a parasitic religion, it has no life of its own, it does not need to fight, it need not be so jealous of maintaining its high moral standards. The worst feature about it is not the injustice of taking

money from every one, from the members of different creeds to support a determined church; the worst of it is not that a citizen is obliged to help support a church to which he does not belong; the worst of it is that those who do not contribute directly feel themselves more widely separated from it. The church should be supported by the voluntary contributions of its followers, by part of their work, efforts and money. In this way there is a greater bond of union between the church and its parishioners.

In my country there is absolute separation between church and state, and our moral advancement and a large part of our intellectual progress are due to religion as it is preached and practiced here. This school of national morality in this country is the Church of Christ. It is the philosophy of Christ that has made our democracy. It is the philosophy of Christ put into practice by our churches that has saved us and will save us in all great national crises. Abolish suddenly the active Christian church in our country and you may be sure that we should not conduct ourselves morally, or with justice and equity, towards the world at the end of our present war. Of course you will agree with me, madam, that the morals, even of those who profess no religion, the morals of skeptics and of unbelievers, receive benefit from the influence of believers. They do not know that they are the product of a reflex education. They do not know that the healthy, pure and Christian life of believers is the moral code that they observe in their very actions.

Doubtless, madam, there are men who, without being religious, do nevertheless proceed in all their human acts in accordance with the purest moral code; they

are honorable, truthful, merciful and pure. Of these men Latin America has a large number, and this is the basis of argument advanced by religious skeptics to explain their skepticism. But where have these men obtained their moral standard? From the Christian religion ruling in their surroundings. Religion is capable of making those within its bosom good and by extension, by reflex education, those not within its bosom.

I recall to mind, madam, that at a scientific conference held some years ago in the University of Chile an eminent Roman Catholic priest said, in the course of his address before a full assembly of the members, that there could be no moral men without religion. The president of the University, the venerable historian Don Diego Barros Arana, an old man of unblemished rectitude and morality, rose to his feet and interrupted the Roman Catholic speaker with glowing words, asking him if he meant by this that Francisco Bilbao, Guillermo Matta and many other great Chileans, all well known atheists, were immoral. He cited his own case as that of a man without religious faith, and demanded to know if he also was immoral.

I do not remember what answer was made by the priest, but it seems to me that he should have replied that these luminaries of Chilean intellectuality which professed no religion had acquired their austere rules of conduct from the code of moral ambient suffused by the Christian Church. It behooves us to follow very closely the way in which the threads are woven in the warp of the moral Christian standard. A woman attends the services of her church every Sunday. Her son, her brother, her husband, her neighbor, all are indirectly influenced by her own moral force. It is not

that she goes round repeating the sermons she has heard, but that these have become dynamic, and others are influenced by her example. Was not the mother of Don Diego Barros Arana a sincerely religious woman, and was she not, by her example, the first moral teacher of the future president of the University?

A foreigner may come to my country on a visit, may stop at a hotel and enjoy all the privileges of our republican life, without incurring the obligation of going to Europe to fight in the defense of the country which has given him hospitality; he takes advantage of our prosperity at the cost of sacrifices made by others. So also a skeptic in a Christian community is like a foreigner who lives sheltered by the moral ambient at the cost of the faith and devotion of others.

One of those skeptics told me once: "I accept the moral principles of the missionaries that you send us, but not the religion they preach. I have no religion."

That is to say, he is ready to take, and does take the rose from the rose-bush, but he does not bother about the plant, nor does he fertilize or water the earth in which it grows. I would tell that atheist, all those atheists and apostles of Latin American skepticism that even though they do not believe in Jesus Christ, even though they consider Him a myth, they ought to respect that myth as the most beautiful and useful mystery of the Christian faith, as the inspiration for the moral code that puts man above his egoistic interests. Irreligious doctrines, which have become a serious disease in Latin America, are destructive, iconoclast and discouraging, not offering anything in their place for the elevation of the soul.

And you have probably noticed, as I have, to what this

skepticism is due. Latin America, in spite of its official Roman Catholic religion, is the one skeptical continent of the world. How do you explain that the Catholic religion being official there, the people so often rise up against its apostles? Why this religious contempt among the students of the university and among the workingmen? Just because religion is official, because there is no tolerance for different denominations, because there is a religious *trust*. It has been the intolerant spirit of Latin America that has made it and is making it every day more and more skeptical.

The fact that a religion struggles to extend its faith, without impositions, but by means of persuasion, is not only natural, but plausible. Every man should try to set for himself the highest moral standard and exert himself to extend that moral standard to others. Man is not instinctively good. It is the ascending advance of civilization that makes him better. And the most powerful force that is working for the moral betterment of man is religion. Religion is to the moral progress of peoples what steam is to the speed of the locomotive. But in order that this religion be an impulsive element of moral betterment it must be submitted to the purifying forces of free competition, of wide discussion, which is impossible under a régime of monopoly. Religions are the courses of human ethics, and like courses in physics, biology and sociology, they must change continually, keeping step with the progress of the world. In olden times medicine did not advance because the study of anatomy, autopsy and the analysis of the human body with the scalpel of science was considered sacrilegious. Neither can progress be made in religion if it is divorced from analysis, from a critical spirit or from free dis-

cussion or if it is left locked up in bell-glasses. There can be no moral advance in a country where the national course in ethics, religion, is stagnant and governed by laws that are imposed on the people, that cannot be discussed. That is happening in Latin America and is not happening in my country.

Religious tolerance, madam, is, in my conception, one of the most pressing necessities of Latin America. It is necessary that men of all political parties should understand this and that the Roman Catholics, who have a religious monopoly in those countries, should understand it, too. With the adoption of religious tolerance the very Roman Catholic religion will become stronger.

Pardon me, madam, if I have offended you by what I have said here; but if you will think over the matter well, you may perhaps find I am right.

Your Friend from the Other Continent.

CHAPTER IX

PROHIBITION

ONE week later, Miss Jones received the next letter from the Chilean correspondent.

Chicago, Ill., 1918.

My dearest:

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I was on my way from New Orleans, and conversing in the dining-car with a fellow-passenger. We were drinking beer. The landscape was splendid; the sky of a limpid blue; birds were darting about freely, without any obstacle in their way to soar on high, to fly through the clouds in any direction.

The waiter approached and took up our half-drained glasses.

“Dry State,” he said.

The locomotive was emitting its tuft of smoke in a dry State. Neither champagne, wine, beer nor anything containing alcohol could be drunk.

Without doubt the birds flying through the air in perfect freedom were laughing at us through the windows. Man, the king of animals, this privileged being, the master of earth, sea and sky, may not drink what he wishes; he is not the master of his own will. An unreasonable law, imposed by a group of unbalanced

minds upon a meek and obedient multitude, orders that all must abstain from drinking what the State forbids them to drink.

In France, the student of a state college has a glass of wine with his meals, and a patient in the state hospital has also his glass of wine at his bedside. In Germany beer is as air to the individual, but in this country of liberty man has to submit to the dictatorial caprices of a preposterous law which ventures to dictate what a man should put into his mouth. Even though two-thirds of the population of this country were against the consumption of alcoholic drinks, I do not see why they should want to oblige the remaining third to submit to their determined tastes, instead of being themselves content to go without. Why is not the consumption of meat, cheese and butter prohibited?

There are already many States, counties and cities of this country in which the consumption of all alcoholic drinks is prohibited. More than sixty per cent of the population is already obliged to abstain from drinking wine and beer. Everything seems to point that within a year the whole country will be dry, since to pass a federal law only two-thirds of the votes of both houses are required.

And the prohibitionists, already delighted with the triumphs which they foresee, announce that they will soon start a campaign against nicotine, cigars and cigarettes. There are many people already who seriously announce future campaigns against tea and coffee. They will form the League Against Caffeine and Theine. A campaign against the use of salt is also to be initiated.

This is an absurdity that has no name. It is an attack on the liberty of the individual and an unjust

dispossession of all those who have fortunes invested in vineyards, breweries and distilleries. Billions of dollars will be thrown into the street; vineyard plantations will become useless, large beer factories will have to close up; hundreds of thousands of men will be thrown out of work. More than nine hundred million dollars—I have read—invested in business connected with alcohol will be affected by the prohibition madness. And if the whole country goes dry, which without doubt is coming to pass, the government will lose each year some five hundred millions from taxes which it will no longer receive. This is of very little importance to these fanatics dominated by the fixed idea that alcohol is harmful to the health.

But this is a lie. Alcohol is only harmful when used in excess. Everything is harmful when used in excess, even bread, milk and rice. A proof of the fallacy of prohibition argument is apparent from the fact that they do not oppose the sale of alcohol as a medicine. A doctor can prescribe champagne or malt as a constituent. You know very well that two bottles of stout a day were indispensable for you while you were nourishing each one of our children. Beer is the best milk-forming beverage known. Made of cereals, a producer of heat and energy, it has been fittingly called liquid bread. How many many times we have revived with a little cognac persons who had fainted! How many colds you and I have got rid of by taking a glass of strong whisky and hot water! Do you remember the time when your cousin Christina was between life and death? Don't you remember that her strength was kept up with spoonfuls of champagne? Can it be denied, besides, that

alcohol is an appetizer? Why are cocktails taken before meals all over the world?

Do not imagine, on the other hand, that this dry law will be strictly obeyed. Sufficient to prove my assertion is the one fact that in Washington, after the city became dry, twenty-six empty whisky bottles were discovered (and photographed for publication in the newspapers) in the very Capitol building, consumed in one week by the self-same legislators who had passed the law.

Up to the present, in the dry States, the law has not been obeyed, and alcohol has been introduced on the sly from neighboring States; but with the whole country dry the consuming public of drinks slightly alcoholic, such as wine and beer, will have to manufacture alcohol for its consumption in their own homes. And as it is easier to manufacture whisky than wine or beer, real harm will be done to consumers of slightly alcoholic drinks. Moderate drinkers will become whisky drinkers. That is to say, prohibition will encourage intoxication. Analogous phenomena have already been noticed. In factories where smoking is prohibited the habit of chewing tobacco has developed among the smokers.

In the dry States the consumption of narcotics such as cocaine, morphine and heroin is such that the situation has become alarming. I have recently read that in the State of New York there are more than 200,000 individuals who are slaves to different kinds of narcotics. Well-known authorities on the subject say that there are in the United States more than a million addicts of heroin. Heroin is the worst form of opium. It is three and a half times as strong as morphine. It is

a chemical product which originated in Germany, the use of which is strictly prohibited there.

Besides, this is a phenomenon that can be seen in all parts. In the dry districts of Norway the consumption of ether and perfumes as clandestine drinks has become very common. In Germany, since the anti-alcoholic agitation began, the consumption of opium has increased. In 1907, 29,200 kilograms were consumed; in 1908, 54,200 kilograms; in 1909, 73,400 kilograms. Everywhere it has been found that an attempt to even partially suppress the consumption of alcohol brings as a result an increase in the use of narcotic drugs.

Oh! life is a vale of tears, even the Bible tells us, but can we not wipe these tears away at will? I do not advocate ebriety, far be it from me to advocate such an absurdity, but I do advocate the right of every person to slightly benumb his senses in order to rest from the penury and fatigue of the day, in order to solace his mind. What! That man going to his dentist with a sharp pain in his upper left molar can get cocaine, ether or creosote from a doctor to ease his physical pain, whereas that other returning home, weary with the day's work, disillusioned, dejected, may he not ask his wife for a draught of wine to deaden his moral pain?

Why? Why? In virtue of what right may a group of men—or rather of women—who have never known the joy of living, who have never known anything of bitterness, or of lost illusions, who have never reached the heights of genius, nor descended to the depths of misery; neuter beings of an irritating normality; in virtue of what right may they impose their will on

millions of persons who think differently from them?

It is unquestionable that the abuse of alcohol does harm, as do all abuses. I am an open enemy of the abuse of alcohol. Nothing is more repugnant to me than a drunkard; but the moderate use of alcohol—the glass of wine that you and I have always taken at home—is a human necessity, wanted by the best of men, those who feel and think deeply, those who live an intense life and therefore require the stimulants that have become an inherent part of their daily life: alcohol, tobacco, tea and coffee.

Is alcohol weakening? After drinking wine or champagne can we work as efficiently as we can without one or the other? The prohibitionists insist a great deal on these points and present statistics in which different test cases are tabulated. Mathematical problems have been given for solution to persons not under the influence of alcohol, and then to the same persons when under the influence of a little alcohol, say a glass of wine or beer, similar problems have been put, and it has been shown that efficiency diminishes in the second case. Quite so, but what does this prove? Make the same experiment with persons who have partaken of a hearty meal, comparing their efficiency with others who have not eaten, and it will be seen that food is also momentarily enervating. The body should rest after eating and drinking the same as after having taken strenuous exercise. The harm done by a drink cannot be measured by the lesser or greater efficiency of the consumer while the effects of the drink are still present. Likewise, sleep reduces the efficiency of a person to zero. Give a mathematical problem to a person asleep. He is incapable of solving it, which is worse than solving

it slowly, as in the case of one under the influence of a glass of wine. Are we going to abolish sleep as injurious because it reduces efficiency? Alcohol does not permanently reduce efficiency; it reduces tension, promotes rest and, consequently, like sleep, really increases efficiency.

However, I do not suggest that wine or beer be taken in order to do more efficient work, even though many poets have written their best poems when under the stimulating influence of a lightly alcoholic drink or in the midst of clouds of tobacco smoke. I do not pretend that more efficient work is done when digesting a banquet nor that more active work can be done during sleep. But weak alcoholic drink satisfies a want strongly felt by humanity; its use is due to the stimulating capacity that alcohol has of intensifying rest and inducing forgetfulness. Edgar Allan Poe, the most inspired of American poets, was a hard drinker. By an ancient enactment the Poet Laureate of England received from the government, in addition to his allowance of one hundred pounds a year, twenty "fair casques of good Canary wine."

Life should be lived, not as a continued sacrifice, but in the enjoyment of as many healthful pleasures as we can give ourselves. True, these pleasures cost money, but take away from mankind its pleasures and it will fall sick of neurasthenia in two weeks.

The perennial state of mankind is one of suffering, of sorrow, of anxiety, of weariness and of anxiety for the future. Happiness is a transitory state. The pleasure of eating consists only in relief from the pangs of hunger; the pleasure of sleeping is only a mitigation of the discomfort caused by sleepiness, and satisfied love

is but gratified desire. Why should the glass of wine taken at meals, which is a necessity of all normal people, be denied for the alleviation of this constant load of care?

The fact that some abuse alcohol, few, very few in proportion to the immense majority who drink moderately, is not a reason to sacrifice all. Water is responsible for so many misfortunes, for so many deaths. How many people have been drowned at sea in shipwrecks or in rivers when bathing? Is this a reason why we should be against water?

Has not every person the right to live as he pleases, provided that he does no harm to anybody else? Why should he be deprived of the right to drink a glass of beer? I cannot get this into my head; nor will you be able to do so; our mode of thinking is fundamentally at variance with that of this country. If the prohibitionist has the right to impose his abstinence on those who do drink, why should not those who do drink have the right to compel the teetotaler to take wine? In our country everybody drinks, with a few exceptions. Would it be logical to permit this majority that likes to have a glass of wine with their meals to force teetotalers to do so? Clearly, no more logical than in the opposite case. Let those drink who wish to do so, and let those refrain who do not wish it; let each side carry on their propaganda as they see fit, but let us make no law dictating to each person his *menu*.

There is a very big difference, which the prohibitionists do not appear to see, between beer containing three and four and a half per cent of alcohol, wine or champagne with ten per cent, and whisky, rum and brandy containing from thirty to sixty-five per cent of alcohol.

These last named drinks are harmful, unless taken in small quantities, because they are habit-forming. You know very well that I have always taken the same amount of wine, just as you have. Wine does not form the habit of drinking, nor beer either. The person who begins by taking a little whisky requires more later on, and even more still later, as with the drug habit. This is why I am in favor of prohibiting the sale of strong alcoholic drinks, but I do not mean that this prohibition should be extended to wine and beer.

I think that if the United States goes dry the use of morphine, opium, heroin and other drugs will be increased to such an extent that there will be a strong reaction, and the country will have to abolish its prohibition amendment. In the dry States of the Union the manufacture, sale and use of patent medicines, the principal ingredient of which is alcohol, have increased a great deal. Is there a remedy for rheumatism with ten, twenty or thirty per cent of alcohol? Is there another cure-all for the kidneys, liver, cancer, and bubonic plague, with alcohol as its base? Well, neither Tom, Dick nor Harry suffer from rheumatism, cancer or bubonic plague, but like every normal man, they have their blue days, hours of weariness and disillusionments and they want to forget; so they have recourse to these drugs and poison their bodies with fake medicines for diseases from which they do not suffer. Everybody will become a consumer of patent medicines. This is only to be expected unless the country continues to drink alcohol secretly, and in this case it would not consume beer or wine, but almost pure alcohol, since those who disobey the law will not do so by producing drinks containing three per cent alcohol but those with seventy or

eighty per cent. Counterfeitors do not make pennies or nickels, but one, five or twenty dollar bills.

It has not been the men or nations that abstain from drink that have most distinguished themselves. China is a dry country and Belgium is one of the countries that consumes the most beer per inhabitant. Belgium consumes fourteen liters of pure alcohol a head every year. Which is more civilized, Belgium or China? Germany, a consumer of beer on a large scale, has in thirty years increased its population from forty to sixty millions.

However, you must not suppose that everybody here meekly accepts this prohibitionist movement. Cardinal Gibbons, a representative of our church in this country, published last year the most violent protest against the prohibitionist movement. He said:

"I should consider the passage of a Federal Prohibition Law a national catastrophe, little short of a crime against the spiritual and physical well-being of the American people. I am firmly and unalterably opposed (also) to the enactment of (even) state-wide prohibitory legislation, for such sweeping measures mean that the rural districts, for instance, can force their sumptuary judgment upon the urban districts. This is a denial of self-government, an infringement upon personal liberty . . .

"The history of the world down to the present time demonstrates the fact that people always have indulged, and, in all probability, always will indulge in the use of alcoholic drinks. It is true that the use of wines and liquors, when abused, leads to lamentable consequences; yet, the best of things are liable to abuse. Take the tongue, for instance. We all know the social and domestic joy and utility which is derived from conversation, and yet the misuse of the tongue leads daily

to lying and misrepresentation, to quarrels and slander, to bloodshed, and often to murder. Should we then be justified in putting a padlock on our mouths because of the occasional misuse of the tongue?"'

This American movement in favor of prohibition would not alarm me if it were not for the fact that these Yankees in all their reform movements immediately think of a world campaign. They will soon begin to extend their doctrines to Latin America, the nations of which they consider the orphans of this world. And they, of course, are to be the tutors.

Each day I see more clearly that the Yankee peril is for us multiform, political, commercial, religious and social.

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Your affectionate husband,

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Miss Jones was very familiar with the prohibition movement of her country. She had, therefore, no need to make great efforts of investigation in order to write the usual comments, but it took her full two days to write the following answer:

Madam:

The problem that your husband treats in this letter has—like the woman suffrage problem—three aspects. First: Is the consumption of alcohol in small or large quantities harmful or beneficial to health? Second: Is it advisable or not for society to stop its consumption? Third: Is it right or is it not right to stop the

manufacture and consumption of alcohol, if the majority of the people are in favor of doing so?

The fight for prohibition is not new in our country. It began with our colonial life. Never, of course, has there been any doubt that alcohol is harmful if taken in sufficient quantity to cause intoxication. It is the consumption of alcohol in small quantities that we are going to consider, that little taste of alcohol which your husband claims is a necessity for man to deaden the miseries of life.

But before going further, madam, allow me to protest against that pessimistic philosophy of your husband who believes life to be a vale of torture, of sorrows, of ungratefulness, a prolonged situation of suffering with, here and there, an oasis of pleasure as a mere accident of assuaged pain.

I had already noted this tendency of Latin American philosophy. There is a stamp of sadness on the Latin American soul, and I do not believe—as do some thinkers—that this stamp has been placed there by the Argentine pampas, the Chilean deserts, or the Brazilian forests. No, this stamp has been placed there by the dejected and taciturn Indian who has mingled his blood in the veins of Iberian America. It is true that there is a considerable proportion of the population without native blood, and I think I am right in supposing that neither you nor your husband have inherited the strain. It is, however, also true that the Spaniard is a pessimist, and pre-war French philosophy, which has inspired Latin America, was also pessimistic.

At this very moment, when I am writing to you, I have before me on my desk a letter from a friend of mine in Chile. This letter has wide borders in black.

The girl who wrote it has lost an aunt whom I did not even know. With this black-edged note-paper, which my friend always uses, and which she will continue to use for the next six months, she spreads her grief, intensified by much outward parade, among the whole circle of her acquaintances. I can see her now, all in black, even with a black handkerchief; the piano of the house closed and all theaters and parties under a ban. Why perpetuate and intensify melancholy? Sorrow is looked for and courted, and then comes a drink to deaden the pain! Among the poorer classes of Latin America, a funeral, a wake, is sufficient motive to start a carouse. Sorrow is first provoked and stimulated, and then drink is supplied to allay it. Years ago, in Latin America, rich people, when they lost a member of the family, used to hire women mourners, professionals in the art of crying, the tears of the family not sufficing to voice the lamentations over the loss.

We suffer no less from our misfortunes, nor do we less sincerely reverence our dead, but with a more optimistic philosophy we consider death as a natural thing, and we honor the memory of our dead in a very different way. A tomb in your cemetery, surrounded with lugubrious cypress trees, is a hymn to death. Our Leland Stanford, Jr., University is the counterpart to your mausoleum, an American memorial shrine, a hymn to life, to effort, a monument erected by the dead boy's parents to his memory. Another mother, Matilde Ziegler, has a blind son. Her prayers are addressed to heaven; while here below she works cheerfully, extending her love to all other blind people and founding a magazine for blind people which carries her name. There are endless cases like these. If these persons, in

order to drown their troubles, were to seek those benumbing effects of alcohol which your husband extols, they would be acting selfishly instead of looking for mitigation of their grief by working for the welfare and happiness of others.

If the workman comes home tired after a day's work of ten or twelve hours and finds relief in a glass of wine because it benumbs his senses, it means that that workman should not do hard work during ten or twelve hours a day; it means that he has been kept working at a very high pressure, and the remedy consists in lowering the pressure.

To assume that alcohol when taken moderately increases human happiness because it slightly benumbs man's senses, and in this way enables him better to put up with the pains of life, is the same as to say that the dog is happier than man because it has less preoccupations, and that plants are happier than the dog, and for the same reason the stone happier than the plant. Nirvana would be the *ne plus ultra* of happiness.

Moreover, if I wished to argue like your husband when he says that we, to be consistent, should be against water as much as against alcohol, on account of all the shipwrecks on the ocean, I would tell your husband that, to be consistent, he should also preach the doctrine of having our eyes taken out so as not to see so much human suffering.

But no; sensibility is one of the most valuable attributes of man, in my opinion—useful for enjoyment and for suffering. If our body had not the capacity to suffer from a blow, or from sickness, we should lack the note of alarm urging us to remedy the evil. If

a child felt no pain when placing his finger in a flame, he would not take it out, but would allow it to be burned to a cinder. The worries and the anxieties of man should not be quieted by benumbing the senses, but by shunning the causes of these anxieties. If a man has reasons for being discontented with life he gains nothing by benumbing his senses; he should find a remedy for his restlessness by avoiding the cause of it.

Thus the social organism is affected by the misfortune of the community. The remedy is never found in a glass of wine to benumb the senses. This is equivalent to renunciation or desertion.

Assuming, however, for a moment that alcohol is harmless when taken moderately, and assuming that some people with strong power of will do not acquire the drink habit, we must remember that there are hundreds of thousands—nay, millions—of other people with weak will power, who, moderate drinkers in the beginning, become bigger drinkers every day. Alcohol is a drug, and, like morphine, it is habit-forming.

Alcohol has, it is true, the faculty of making one forget momentarily, of quieting anxieties, and your husband, happy, with a beautiful home, with a loving wife, with abundant resources—does not drink to forget, but by social habit; but when he invites others to drink, how often may he not initiate into the habit persons with less will power than he himself and who have real anxieties or worries to forget.

The fact that there may be a small number of people who are able to drink moderately, who may not acquire the drink habit, and who—this is merely hypothetical—may not suffer, nor their children either, from the moderate use of alcohol, would not justify the manufacture

and sale of alcohol for them, since the law could not differentiate. By their example they would be doing harm to society.

That alcohol is an anæsthetic, not a stimulant, has already been fully proven, as well as the fact that its action on the organs and tissues of the body—whether taken moderately or in excess—is essentially that of a poison. It is in no case a food, and much less a medicine, as your husband says. In 1915 the Grand Committee of the American Pharmacopœia struck out liquors of all kinds from the list of legitimate medicines, and in June of 1918 at the National Convention of the American Medical Association the president of the association, in the midst of unanimous approval, called upon all doctors to unite their efforts in favor of prohibition as the best way of promoting public health.

The fact that alcohol is made of grapes, cereals, and other food substances has brought about the mistaken belief that it is a food. Hence the name "liquid bread" given to beer.

The fact that you may have believed that malt liquor was good for you while you nursed your children was only an illusion. The alcohol consumed brought about in you a transitory sensation of well-being on account of semi-insensibility. This has made you seek the rest that this state demands, and rest has done you good, because it is necessary to the woman who is going to be a mother; but you would have been able to obtain that rest without drinking alcohol and with more real benefit to yourself.

The minute investigations that have been made with regard to the offspring of fathers who drink in moderation and to excess have shown that alcohol consumed

by fathers—in large or small quantities—impairs the integrity of the child, especially harming his nervous system. These conclusions have been arrived at by Professor Taav Laitinen, of the University of Helsingfors, in Finland, who had under observation seventeen thousand children of fathers who were moderate drinkers. Professor Gustav von Bunge, of Basel, Switzerland, has made investigations in the cases of fathers who indulged in the drink habit with different degrees of intensity, and he proved that physical defects in the offspring are in proportion to the intensity of the drink habit on the part of the fathers. I could fill pages and pages by quoting thousands of scientific studies, carefully made by investigators of all countries, who agree that the consumption of alcohol by fathers is harmful to their children. The scientific investigations made by the Carnegie Nutrition Laboratory under the direction of Dr. Benedict are conclusive in this respect. Dr. Benedict and his fellow workers used to believe that alcohol consumed in small quantities could be utilized by the system and serve as a food. These investigations have proven conclusively that alcohol is always, and in every case, a poisonous narcotic.

From the moment that it was proven that alcohol is the toxin of a fungus, the old controversy about whether alcohol was a poison or not ended. Experiments made with toxins of all classes, from those of the highest orders of life, such as man, to those of inferior life, such as microörganisms, have permitted the establishment of a law governing the action of all poisons, to wit: the toxin of a form of life is a poison for the form of life that produces it, and a poison for all forms of life of a superior type. Consequently, alcohol, a toxin produced

by the fermentation of a fungus, one of the lower forms of life, is a poison for all other forms of life, such as plants of a higher grade and animals, and, of course, most especially for man, with his marvelously developed nervous system.

Some believe that alcohol by burning itself prevents the burning and destruction of the tissues. In fact, alcohol reduces the process of nutrition of the cells and fosters the accumulation of unnecessary fat. This is why beer makes one fat, but this artificial obesity is harmful to the organism.

The mere fact that organic, vegetable or animal, material can be preserved in alcohol is proof that no vital process can be developed in alcohol.

No superior animal can live if given six drops of alcohol for every thousand drops of blood. Five ounces of pure alcohol, a small glassful, is a sufficient dose to cause the death of a man in ten hours.

None of the digestive juices can digest alcohol, so that the latter passes unaltered to the blood. About twenty per cent. is absorbed by the stomach and eighty per cent. by the intestines. The larger part is found in the blood one hour after having been taken. When alcohol enters the blood, it attacks its constituent parts and begins to weaken them by depriving them of water and oxygen and coagulating the protein and albumen.

The myriads of red globules, live vehicles that transport their load of oxygen from the lungs to the cells, and their returning cargo of waste matter from the cells to the lungs, are attacked by alcohol. Their protective cover is penetrated as it is by chloroform and ether.

Your husband says that sleep is also benumbing and

should be condemned as alcohol. Sleep is a natural phenomenon. On awakening, man feels fresh and strong with increased vigor, whereas when he recovers from the effects of alcohol he actually feels only more downcast. With the natural rest of sleep man has gained; with the artificial rest of alcohol he has lost.

That alcohol vivifies the imagination and is a muse of inspiration for thinkers, novelists and poets is an illusion. In a party where alcohol is consumed every one becomes more loquacious; but at the same time each one places himself on an inferior intellectual level and is ready to concede and applaud that which he would not concede and applaud under normal conditions. He is less exacting. As regards our poet, Edgar Allan Poe, his biographers have clearly established the fact that he never wrote a line when his head was not absolutely clear and free from all alcoholic influence.

That the suppression of alcohol would stimulate the consumption of narcotics is a vain assertion. Morphine, heroin and opium are consumed on a large scale in States and countries where alcohol rules. Very often alcohol is the antechamber of morphine.

Consequently, madam, those fighters who are working for the abolition of the consumption of alcohol in society, those whom your husband calls fanatics, are the phagocytes of the social body; they are the fanatics who protect the life and health of society.

It is absurd, madam, to speak of the thousands of men who are going to be thrown out of work when the manufacture of alcoholic drinks is prohibited. Our country needs more and more men for useful pursuits; the more men thrown out of these industries, the better. This applies to capital also. Vineyards and distilleries

can be used for the production of other necessities, as has already been the case in some States. As for the revenue which the government will not receive, this means nothing either, because a nation which prohibits the use of alcohol is much more efficient, much richer and better able to pay taxes derived, not from pain, degradation and ruin, but from happiness, dignity and prosperity.

The Russian Secretary of Finance, at the beginning of the world war, estimated, soon after the manufacture of vodka was prohibited, that Russia, with a third of its workmen in the army, had nevertheless doubled its producing capacity. The British Minister of Munitions estimated that national efficiency increased 25 per cent. merely by the imposition of measures moderating the consumption of alcohol. All contributions which the State receives from alcohol are insufficient to cover the expense incurred by the vice, misery, crime, and disease which alcohol causes.

Gathering together the threads of argument, it can be said that there is a moral reason, a scientific reason, and an economic reason for combating alcohol. Moral because alcohol is always leagued with vice, gambling, and prostitution; scientific because it has been proved that alcohol fosters the ruin of the individual's health and that of his children; economic because alcohol reduces the efficiency of the drinker, whether he consumes it in large or small quantities.

Accepting all this, there still remains to be answered that part of the letter in which your husband says that the anti-alcoholic laws of our States and the Federal law that is to be passed are infringements on liberty.

Liberty in our democracy does not mean anarchy; it

means the authority of the majority to dictate laws, and the respect of all—the majority and the minority—for these laws. Among our one hundred million inhabitants there surely are not two persons of the same opinion about everything. Many that have been for prohibition may be against other laws that, nevertheless, they have to respect. We are all continually respecting some law or order that we do not like, and at the same time we have contributed to having some law passed that does not please another. But this respect for the will of the majority is the base of order in a democracy.

If the majority passes a law the only thing left for the minority to do is to fight for the amendment of that law. The same force that passes a law can abolish it. The forces that favor alcohol in my country understand this very well and have labored in prohibitionist States to reëstablish the saloon. Kansas has been dry for about forty years. Since 1880 in four-fifths of the State the most drastic anti-alcoholic law has been in effect. Seven years ago an attempt was made to ask Congress to suppress prohibition. A tenth of the necessary votes could not be secured. The State of Washington became dry in 1915. The most important beer factories in the country were there. Seattle, the largest city in the State, was the first to vote in favor of prohibition in the proportion of three to two. After two years' experience the law was submitted to the city by popular initiative in conformity with the constitution of the State, and Seattle voted this time five to one against the restoration of alcohol. The whole State then again voted, nine to one, in favor of the prohibition of alcohol.

This triumph of prohibition in my country is not tyranny on the part of the minority, as your husband

says, but the will of the majority, and democracy means the rule of the majority. If it was almost impossible to get a majority against alcohol half a century ago, little by little this has become easier because of the wider education of the people regarding this grave problem, and since this majority has been attained and the State has become dry, the object lesson of the diminution of immorality, increase in savings, fewer jails, and increase in business, has been so eloquent that the opposers of yesterday are the defenders of to-day.

A grave problem, madam, for your country is that the ruling classes have economic interests so widely connected with alcoholic industries. Your husband himself is a producer of wines. It happens that, unconsciously, the man who gets his income from the manufacture of wines, champagne, and whisky fails to see the grave evil that this industry is for his country. Your country's case is the same as that of England, where the rulers have interests in alcoholic industries. This may be the reason why the people are so given to drink, not by nature, nor by instinct, but by reflex education. I have often heard the Chilean people—the working classes—accused of being drinkers by instinct. The manager of the coal mines of Coronel, in Chile, an Englishman, told me when I visited those regions that it was impossible to suppress the inveterate drink habit of the Chilean people. There were five thousand workmen there, and the day I visited the mine all were intoxicated. It was Independence Day. In another plant of your country—El Teniente, a copper deposit worked by Americans—there are also five thousand workmen, and it is the only prohibitionist population in your country. There nobody, neither the manager nor the em-

ployees, may have even a drop of beer, but all are contented, and the workmen there save more than in any other part of the country. If prohibition could be extended to the whole of your country it would be an Eden by its climate, by its natural wealth, and by the intrinsic value of its men and women.

A Friend of the Other Continent.

CHAPTER X

EDUCATION, CHARACTER AND HABITS

TWO weeks later, on opening the heavy envelope from Chicago, Miss Jones asked herself what it would be now. She read, as usual, eagerly:

Chicago, Ill., 1918.

My dearest:

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When crossing the Gulf of Mexico on board the *Athens*, my table companion asked me:

“Where are you from?”

“From Santiago, Chile.”

“Where are you going?”

“To Chicago.”

“Oh! Are you coming to see the baseball games between Chicago and New York?”

It was perfectly natural, according to the American mentality of my interlocutor, for me to come from the other hemisphere, a voyage which takes almost a month, to see a baseball game in which is at stake what is here called the championship of the world, and even of all the planets, although it is really only of the United States.

When the steamer was three days distant from New

Orleans the wireless messages were already able to give us news of the world.

I hasten to read the news bulletin. I wonder what has happened in the wide world during the days of our isolation. Ah, we are at the gates of the United States. The most important news of the bulletins refer to the baseball championship.

At last I arrived in Chicago. It was eight o'clock in the morning. I called a taxi to take me to the Hotel Blackstone, which is so large that the whole population of a Chilean town could be accommodated therein at one time.

"There are no vacant rooms, sir," I am told. We pass on to another hotel.

"Not a room to be had."

"No rooms."

"Full up."

It has taken me—I observed this out of mere curiosity—exactly two hours and eight minutes in an automobile going from hotel to hotel looking for a room; and I was able to get one in a tenth-rate hotel only by the merest chance. I had to stay there for several days. Chicago was overflowing with people who had come to see the baseball game scheduled for that Sunday.

Naturally, I wanted to go and see this marvelous game. It was impossible. All the good seats were sold beforehand, and in order to secure the cheapest of them—a dollar and a half—of which fifteen thousand were sold a few hours before the game, there was a crowd of more than fifteen thousand people waiting, a large part of them stationed in front of the ticket boxes all night, standing in the midst of glacial cold.

This baseball championship is played between the

teams that have been victorious during the year in their respective leagues, the American League and the National League. The teams that had won the pennants and that were going to play for the world's championship were the Giants of New York and the White Sox of Chicago. The first two games are played in Chicago and then two in New York. If all four games are won by one team, this is the winner of the championship of the whole solar system.

The Sunday that I arrived in Chicago this city won the two games. The two following games were played in New York and won by the New Yorkers, making it necessary to continue playing until one team had won four games.

I was able to go to the fifth game, which was played in Chicago, by buying as a special favor the ticket of a gentleman who had to leave Chicago that day.

"Please keep the stub for me," he said when selling me the ticket; "I want to frame it."

Do not suppose that he said this in fun. He was in earnest. That stub was for him more than a souvenir—it was a relic.

The tickets when resold by speculators bring incredible sums, sometimes as much as one hundred dollars—so I am told.

The colosseum, where this stupendous game is played, is crammed to overflowing. It is an immense human ocean. Forty thousand people have secured seats. There is in the air that feeling of breathless expectation which precedes the most important events in life. Down on the field the players—like epic gladiators in the arena—by their very appearance electrify the people.

I had already seen in the shop windows little terra

cotta statues representing these players who are going to fight for the championship of the alert muscle; and it is easier to sell these figures of baseball players than statues of Stephenson, Fulton, Pasteur, Shakespeare or Marconi. I do not know if I should also include Washington and Lincoln; but this I do know: on the same day that more seats were needed in a stadium with capacity for forty thousand persons paying exorbitant prices to see the players in a game, there were about a thousand empty seats out of 12,000 in the hall where ex-President Taft spoke on the vital subject of the United States and the war, there being absolutely no charge levied to hear the famous orator. Many distinguished people shook hands with ex-President Taft, but the players of the winning team were hugged and carried in triumph. They are even kissed in public! When one of these players cried for mercy in the midst of these manifestations of enthusiasm, one of his admirers forced his way up to him and kissed him on the forehead. In addition to the glory, the hugs and the kisses, these champions also receive fabulous sums in cash.

A sport critic says that the costumes of these rival teams will exercise some influence in the style of women's clothes.

At one side, in the grandstand, I see a line of telegraph operators working busily at their respective posts. They are the telegraph operators who are sending out all the details of the game for the whole country to read. The news distributed regarding all the battles waged in Europe is not one-hundredth part so voluminous as that published here about the game I am witnessing, nor is it so detailed, nor sent out so quickly. One hundred million people follow, through newspapers and

the moving picture, the most minute details of the game. On leaving the colisseum I bought a newspaper which gave all the details of the first part of the game that I had witnessed some minutes before.

In the course of the game, particularly when the Chicago team scored a point, the arena looked like a colossal mad-house with forty thousand lunatics yelling in delirium. Suddenly the whole crowd rises to its feet as one man. Hats and coats are thrown into the air. An indescribable hubbub follows; and this mass is composed of all kinds of people: men, women, old, young, millionaires and workingmen.

The White Sox, the Chicago team, win the game. The applause seems to shake the globe. It is the frenzy, the madness of sport. Another mentality than ours is needed to understand this. A boxing champion is also converted here into a national hero. The Yankees, besides being worshipers of the golden fleece, adore brute force.

It is true that in all parts of this country may be seen public schools housed in magnificent buildings, universities endowed with millions and millions, splendid public libraries like those of Washington, New York and Chicago, but I cannot understand what part these institutions play in the life of these people, since they are cultured neither in knowledge nor in manners.

Every time I am asked my nationality and I answer that I am from Chile, people stare at me as if I had spoken in another language. Some ask me in what State—referring to the States of this country—that city is located. I answer:

“From Chile, South America.”

“Ah! South America!” they exclaim, and then there

dawns in their minds the conception of a vast country in the far South. They think that South America is a single country. They have a vague idea that it is not the same as Mexico; they have perhaps heard of Buenos Aires or Rio de Janeiro. Others say:

"Oh! South America, a good opportunity to make money"; and they think of our nations as desolate regions where any intrepid explorer may possess himself of immense tracts of country.

Really, the ignorance of the Yankee in matters of general culture is fathomless. Any one of our boys who has been through high school knows a hundred times more than the Yankee who is considered a cultured person here. I have spoken to managers of large business houses, to engineers and to doctors, in more or less intimate conversation here in the hotel. As a rule, they are well prepared in their respective lines and specialties; but they show absolute ignorance as regards culture in general. Out of the ordinary is he who can speak French or Spanish. They think English is the language of the universe and they do not bother to learn other languages. For them all the civilization of the world is here.

The Yankee is of astonishing superficiality. He learns only what is absolutely essential to make a living. Of the sciences, when he must, he learns the principles and the laws, but not the reasons for those principles and laws. In mathematics he learns how to use the tables. An engineer learns the strength of materials in a week, since he is taught only to consult the tables. This is why this country has not produced a Pascal, or a Descartes or a Newton. Neither has it produced geniuses in literature. Where is their Shakespeare, their Cer-

vantes, their Molière, their Dante? Rodin would never have been able to find in this country a model for his "Thinker."

But if the schools and colleges do not teach the Yankee child the humanities endowing man with the smallest modicum of culture possessed by him in all civilized countries, neither do they teach manners.

I have never seen people more badly behaved in any other part of the world. They are rude in their language with the rudeness of baseball; they do not know how to sit, they put their feet on the table; they do not know how to eat, they eat chicken with their hands; they do not know how to greet one, they do not take off their hat to greet even their superiors; they say: this "man," this "woman," whereas, in all the other countries of the world this "gentleman," this "lady," is the rule of speech. In a trolley or railroad car a man seldom gets up to give his seat to a lady.

This is the only country in the world that I know of where chewing-gum is used. On Broadway, New York, the most brilliant, most complicated and, doubtless, most expensive electric sky sign is one advertising chewing-gum. Enormous posters glorifying this chewing-gum may be seen everywhere. Of course, you do not know of it even by name. It is a gum that the people here chew incessantly. It is a sticky, disgusting ingredient that the jaws of almost all the Yankees are squeezing every hour of the day. I cannot understand how this disgusting habit has become so popular, to the extreme of making the chewing-gum industry as important in this country as the match industry. And even though the art of chewing gum is disgusting, you will see well-

dressed people of decent appearance, young girls, chewing gum in theaters and at receptions.

This lack of ceremony can be seen everywhere. On hot days the Yankee walks through the streets with his coat off; in automobiles he appears in his shirt sleeves; in the parks everybody sits on the ground without coat and vest, and even with their shirts open. On the lake shore young couples are seen in bathing suits seated together.

In one of my previous letters I mentioned the word *lynching* as of genuine Yankee manufacture. There is another word which this nation has contributed to the vocabulary of all languages: "bluff." Hence our word "*blufear*." Here everything is "the biggest in the world," "the most beautiful in the world," "the most expensive in the world." The Chicago newspaper that I generally read is called "The Chicago Tribune," and under the title it has this sub-title: "The Largest Newspaper In The World," which, of course, is not true, but so that none may surpass it, it publishes on one of its pages a small caricature section in the form of a newspaper and calls it "The Smallest Newspaper in the World."

Everybody here brags about what they are doing. For instance, a Liberty Loan campaign is launched. The government orders millions of buttons; one is given to everybody who buys a bond and they pin it on their coat lapel, like a medal. To have bought the bond is not sufficient for them, they must brag about it, they must boast, they must show that they have bought their bond. The Red Cross launches a campaign and, of course, distributes paper banners, so that every one who gives a dollar can put one in his window. If in a house

there is one person who has given a dollar to the Red Cross, one cross is gummed to the window-pane; if two persons have each given a dollar, two crosses are pasted in the window, and so on. In some of these windows I saw, alongside two or three crosses, the sign "100%," and when I asked what this stood for, I was told that it meant that every one in the house had given a dollar. For the families of those who have gone to war they have invented what is called "a service flag" on which a red star is depicted for each man in the family who has gone to war and a golden star for each man who has died in the service of the country. Windows display these flags to acquaint each passerby with the fact that a member of the family has gone to the war; they are also carried on automobiles. Not long ago I saw the window of a private house converted into a show-case like those in shops. In it were exhibited not only the service flag, but the letters that the young man of the house had sent, postal packages and a German helmet that he had captured from the Prussians.

I cannot think what they do in the schools of this country, since no culture or manners are taught. Their only object appears to be that of preparing the individual to make the dollar: aggressiveness in business. On no account would I consent to have my children educated here.

I do not know the schools, colleges and universities of this country, except by their outside appearance, by their buildings, which are generally magnificent. But if I may judge by their produce, I think we have nothing to envy in the American educational system.

There is, however, an aspect which revolted me from the first moment I saw the pupils coming from schools,

whether it be an elementary or high-school; I mean co-education. Boys and girls not only attend the same school, but they attend the same classes and sit on the same benches.

This promiscuity of the sexes in schools robs woman of her charm, it makes her masculine. Hence the reason why woman in this country has acquired so many features that are exclusively masculine elsewhere. In almost all homes the men get up from the table after dinner to wash the dishes and to occupy themselves with other domestic details exclusively feminine. To see men in the parks wheeling a perambulator, or carrying the baby in their arms while the wife walks at their side carrying the dog, is a common scene in the cities of this country. Of course you know that a servant here is almost a *rara avis*, and that the owner of an automobile can seldom afford to keep a chauffeur.

It being impossible to have a servant, man is one in this "womanocracy."

Man here occupies an inferior position. In other countries the question is discussed as to whether a woman is intellectually man's equal. Not here, where this controversy is old already. The question discussed here now is whether man is intellectually on a level with woman. The following joke, which illustrates this point of view in American life, I read the other day in a newspaper:

Professor Phirstboy prided himself upon his advanced and enlightened views concerning women and their place in the scheme of things:

He sat next to a very clever woman at a little dinner the other night, and in reply to a remark of hers exclaimed:

"My dear lady, I go further than believing in woman suffrage; I maintain that man and woman are equal in every way."

"Oh, professor!" said the lady very sweetly; "now you flatter yourself."

Of course. Just imagine the bold professor placing himself on a level with woman.

This difference in habits extends to all the aspects of life. The *menu* of the Yankee house is simply unbearable for us. They eat stuffed turkey with cranberry sauce; I have been served in hotels with artichokes cooked in cinnamon; they put sugar on lettuce and tomatoes; and all the rest in the same style.

This difference in the way of living is extended to the houses themselves. Very often there can be seen in the windows of the restaurants here a compact pile of unopened oysters with large pieces of ice on top and underneath. That, I think, is a symbol of a Yankee city. The men are piled up, one on the other, in their enormous houses, with a room for each family, like oysters in calcareous shells, without any of them having relations with their neighbors or knowing anything about them. Even the ice is a symbol: a Yankee city is a refrigerator, the souls are frozen.

Here they are determined to do away with prostitution, and the traffic is illegal in nearly all States of the Union. This constitutes a radical departure from the wise traditions of continental Europe, adopted in our country and in all Latin America.

Particularly in Chicago a pitiless campaign is being waged against women of easy virtue. A young countryman of ours told me how, when walking one day in Michigan Avenue, a fairly good looking girl eyed him

suggestively. He reciprocated the look and invited her to take something at a restaurant, as if he were on a Paris Boulevard. The girl accepted, and after supper he asked her to accompany him to a hotel. This invitation was also accepted by the young woman, but no sooner were they alone in the room when she showed him her detective's badge and marched him off to prison, from which he escaped only on payment of a fine for having encouraged prostitution. Did you ever see such a thing? Male detectives are also on the watch for girls guilty of the same misdemeanor.

They do not understand here that legalized prostitution is a necessary evil, tolerated for the purpose of abating a much greater evil: the furtive prostitution of the home, of the daughter of honorable parents, who runs the risk of seduction by the beast that is in man, and which they think here can be curbed in defiance of the law of nature.

This is another world and certainly not a superior one. It is a world eminently inferior. Here one does not live —one exists. I do not know what grounds Latin American admirers of this country have for praising this country at the expense of our own countries. The following is by an Argentine, Alfredo Colmo, taken from his book, "The Countries of Latin America," and cited by Professor William R. Shepherd, professor at Columbia University:

"What has the United States in common with the countries of Latin America? Very little: the incidental fact of its geographical location in the same hemisphere, and the external circumstance that it became independent at almost the same time. . . . What, then, does it offer by way of unlikeness? Nearly everything, and in

terms so disparate that they are but little less than diametrically the opposite of one another. Details and secondary matters apart, the contrasts, in which those countries never hold the place of vantage, are the following: populousness and uninhabitedness; wealth and misery; deeds and words; activity and atrophy; education and inculture; industry and politicalism; commerce and militarism; order and impulsiveness; legality and defiance of law; free will and arbitrariness; morality and egotism; truth and falsehood; principles and men; railways and mules; civilization and stagnation and even barbarism; liberty and slavery, etc."

These are the words of Señor Colmo, and they are surely the limit. Writers are needed who will defend Latin America instead of reviling it. Do people travel on mules from Santiago to Buenos Aires or on a railroad as modern as that from Chicago to New York? Have we not erected high upon the Andes a Christ at whose feet we tell the world that the Andes mountains will first crumble before the peace can be broken between the great countries that the mountain range separates? Is not Buenos Aires growing more rapidly than New York? Have we not writers, sculptors and musicians greater than those of the United States?

I know not why we have taken into our head lately to send our teachers to this country to look for inspiration from the Yankee methods of education. We have nothing to learn here and we could certainly teach them a great deal. Our natural bond of union is with Europe. Thence our politicians, our writers and our artists drew their inspiration. There is nothing more opposed to our idiosyncrasy than the idiosyncrasy of the Yankee

and it is absurd for us to pretend to learn their methods of educating the future generations.

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Your husband who adores you.

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* * *

The perusal of this letter angered Miss Jones for half an hour. Her first impulse was to reply with heat, but true to her conviction that a calm statement of her case would best serve her purpose, she held the insulting letter over until the following day, when her comments took form in these words:

Madam:

Your husband is shocked at finding in general very little culture among the persons with whom it has fallen to his lot to associate in our country.

It happens that your husband himself, who is eminent in your country, who has had a careful University education, who has traveled in Europe, who has devoted a great deal of time to reading in foreign languages, and who possesses a more than ordinary general culture, will naturally not often find people who have the same degree of culture as he. I even agree that it would be easier for him to find in Chile, your country, persons of high culture than in my country. The reason is very simple: there he has his circle of intellectual friends, of choice minds with which he is in daily contact; here he meets at random with all kinds of people. There he is in his own atmosphere; here he

is transplanted. Very often the manager of a bank with whom one talks at a dinner may have been during all his early youth a humble worker to whom the exceptional opportunities that our democracy offers suffice to enable him to overcome economic difficulties, specializing his studies in the line he needed most for his advancement.

In your country, madam, as in all Latin America, there is a small number of persons who are very cultured, but there is an immense mass of the population quite uneducated, and when speaking of the culture of a country we must do so in just the same way as when speaking of its wealth. In the latter case not only are the millions of the millionaires counted, but also the cents of the poor; the sum total of wealth is estimated. Considering things in this way—which is the only right way to discuss them when treating of democracies—it cannot be denied that the culture of the United States is enormously superior to that of Latin America.

On the other hand, your husband, being a Chilean, is astonished at the ignorance of the people with whom he speaks regarding the geography of his country; but, do you think that your countrymen are very familiar with the geography of the world? Do you think that I could not name for you, and other Latin Americans, cities with a population of half a million of which you have not even heard? Has not the news of the world war shown us all our supreme ignorance of the world's geography?

The truth is, that man all over the world is still profoundly ignorant of things that he does not see, that he does not smell and that he does not touch. The things he sees, smells and touches he knows more or less well,

and when he leaves his environment he is astonished that men who live in other surroundings are not familiar with the things that he knows from childhood. We nations live in a shell, like the oyster. The ignorance of Latin America about our country is as supine as our ignorance about Latin America.

However, there is a world of difference between this last statement and admitting that superficiality is the dominant note in our country. I do not want to make offensive comparisons with Latin America, but the indications are all that words mean there more than ideas, form more than things. Our universities are serving as a model of inspiration to Europe. The intellectual production of our present university professors is of inestimable importance. In no country of the world has the national task of study, in all its branches, been taken care of with more ardor than in my country.

In no country are there so many libraries as here. Between the years 1775 and 1800 there were thirty public libraries in my country; between 1800 and 1825 there were one hundred and seventy-nine; between 1825 and 1850 there were five hundred and fifty-one; between 1850 and 1875 there were twenty-two thousand and forty. To-day it can truly be said that there is no one in the United States who does not live near some library. And these libraries have each day more and more readers, and each day sees an increase in the number of serious books, not novels, circulated by them.

My country also has a real national institution in its open forums where public lectures are given, generally with the right of free discussion; and statistics tell us that each year one person out of eleven of our popula-

tion attends these lectures where all the vital problems of the day are discussed.

It is true that our country has not produced literary geniuses of the caliber of Shakespeare, Cervantes, Molière or Dante. Neither has Latin America. I think that this is because each of the two continents has a literature which is a branch of that of the mother country and which has not as yet become perfectly ripe. Neither have Canada and Australia produced literary geniuses who have dazzled the world; but it would have been enough for your husband to have brought to mind the figures of William James, Emerson, Whittier or Whitman, to have made it impossible for him to say that Rodin would not have been able to find here a model for his Thinker.

However, I must admit that in your institutions of secondary education wider general instruction is given than in ours. You impart more knowledge; you fill the pupils' heads with more data, you know more about world history; and when I say you, I refer to the small part of the population that attends school. We have put more emphasis in the formation of character. Our schools give an education; yours give instruction. There word has been deified; here action has been deified.

As for our exaggerated love of sport: the baseball game which your husband saw in Chicago was a contest quite naturally exciting the enthusiasm he described, because it was played in order to establish who were the champions of the country. We have a love for sport of all kinds and, in my opinion, this partiality is a virtue rather than a vice, whatever may be the extremes of enthusiasm and delight to which the meeting of the champions lead the people. There is something

finer in that baseball game than in a bull fight or in a horse race where fortunes are at stake. Sport, the education of the animal in man, is a part of our program of national education.

Have we not the social refinement to which your husband is accustomed? Are we uncouth in our manners? Of course, I believe that there are very many people in my country as refined as the most exclusive society of Latin America; but I must admit also that in the so-called upper classes persons of bad manners are found, which is rarely the case among the privileged classes in the countries of Latin America.

Why? For a very simple reason more to our credit than to our disrepute. I picture your husband, madam, as the prototype of the well bred man of *savoir faire* and distinguished and exquisite refinement. He learned that from the cradle, he inherited it from his father, from his grandfather and his great-grandfather, and he passes it on to his children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren. There is hardly any interchange in the social layers. The rich and distinguished man of to-day is the son, grandson and great-grandson of rich and distinguished men of the past.

You will agree with me, however, that leaving those privileged classes and descending in the social scale until we reach the laundress, the bricklayer and the day-laborer, the manners we find are very different. If there existed in your country the facilities enjoyed in mine for the poor to obtain the best economic and social positions, you would discover that refinement, distinction in manners and aristocracy of movements would not be a characteristic feature among all people of the upper classes.

It is this stability of caste in the countries of Latin America, and the unrestricted field for the advancement of competence in the ranks of our democracy, which accounts for the fact that there aristocracy has a stamp of distinction, while here the man of good education can be seen side by side with the unpolished man who has succeeded economically and socially.

That the man of my country is discourteous towards woman I do not believe. Your husband should not confound our habits of business life with our habits of social life. The American does not remove his hat in the elevator of an office building, even if there are ladies present, but he uncovers in the elevator of a hotel.

I have always heard, madam, this accusation made by Latin Americans and Europeans that our men are not very gentlemanly or courteous towards women. In these notes to the letters of your husband, madam, I have made an effort to appear as little *chauviniste* as possible, but now I cannot resist the impulse of saying that the man of my country is the most courteous in the world, the most gentlemanly towards women.

Your husband makes fun of the husband who wheels a perambulator through our streets or who carries his child. In the countries of Latin America I have noted that the suitor always carries the parcels of his betrothed when walking together, but I did not always see the husband carrying his wife's packages.

Is it not true courtesy for a husband to help his wife in housework when there is no servant in the house? Is it only courteous to say: "Pardon me, madam. I am delighted to make your acquaintance?" Should courtesy be expressed by words or by actions?

Does your husband also lay to the debit in the trial balance of our progress the fact that it is difficult to keep a servant among us? Why is it difficult? Doubtless in some cities of Latin America a person who earns one hundred dollars monthly can have two servants in his house, and one who earns two hundred dollars a month can have four. Why? Because the labor of servants is cheap. And why is it cheap? Because of the backwardness of those countries. In some cities of Latin America a servant can be employed for a dollar a month. But, thank God, this will not always be so; some day there will not be in Latin America a single woman whose work will be remunerated at the rate of only one dollar a month.

Madam, your husband describes to you in detail the whole scene of the baseball game between the White Sox and the Giants in Chicago which it fell to his lot to witness. Allow me to describe to you in detail another scene that I was privileged to witness, where those baseball players, virile, sound in body and soul, gave proof that the potency of the muscle is not at variance with the highest form of courtesy. I am going to describe to you a scene that I was fated to witness and which will never be effaced from my memory.

It was on the high seas, in the *Titanic*, a powerful transatlantic steamer, the sinking of which was doubtless brought to your notice at the time.

The largest ship in the world has hurled itself at midnight against a mountain of ice while the last notes of a waltz are still vibrating in the saloons, when the ladies have not yet discarded their silk dresses nor the men their dress-coats. The steamer has called for help from all the ships within its wireless zone; but

there is no time to wait on deck until they come, because the ship may at any moment dive to the uttermost depths of the abyss. There are hardly enough boats to save one out of every six of the crew. The water overwhelms the dynamos and all lights are extinguished. Communication with the outside world has ceased; the Hertzian waves carry no more messages. Feeble minds become deranged, but in the midst of this confusion and panic there is something clear, something which shines as a light; it is a cry heard on all sides, a voice in command, an Anglo-Saxon mandate that waves like a flag, the supreme touch of courtesy: "SAVE THE WOMEN FIRST!"

That order is obeyed; the scanty places in the few boats are to be filled with the women and children on board. The wife descends, followed by her maid, not by her husband.

Astor, the millionaire, leads his wife, who is soon to become a mother, to the lifeboat; he asks the officers for permission to accompany and protect her, but they answer no, not while a woman remains to be saved. The master of five hundred millions, clad in his dress-clothes, meekly obeys, steps back and makes way for a woman immigrant, a barefooted Syrian woman, who obtains precedence because she is a woman. Astor lights a cigarette and says good-by, waving his hand to the boat in which departs his wife, young, beautiful, adored, while he, smiling, remains behind awaiting death.

The wife of Straus, another millionaire, refuses to enter the lifeboat unless her old husband comes, too. The officers request the old man to go, both because of his advanced age and because it is the only way to save his wife. The octogenarian replies: "I am old, but you

cannot take away my prerogative of being a man." So both husband and wife perish, after taking care that their servant is saved.

Practically all the women and children are saved, with the exception of the wives who would not abandon their husbands, preferring to die with them, it being impossible for any human force to drag them away. The women and children of the steerage are also saved, while the magnates and millionaires die like heroes, standing, as the men of the ship's band, knowing they have only a few minutes to live, fill the air with stirring music.

One individual, overcome by panic, loses his presence of mind and tries to save himself; but Major Butt, of the United States army, with the roughness of the baseball player, catches him by the arm and throws him stunned to the deck.

"I am sorry," says the stern soldier, "but the last woman in the steerage must leave the ship before you."

Some Chinese coolies save themselves in the darkness by gliding, crawling like snakes. An Italian conceives the idea of saving his life and losing his honor; he dons some of his wife's clothes and descends at her side. The semidarkness protects the fraud, the men make way for him and aid him to the lifeboat. If he had put on a king's crown or the insignia of a multi-millionaire he would not have attained his object, because the voice of command was: women first; even the ragged immigrants; after them the men, even the magnates and millionaires.

Many of the latter enter the boats to take leave of their wives and return to the ship, which they know will be their tomb.

Guggenheim remains on deck, which attracts brave men as an electric light attracts butterflies. He writes home a few lines: "If anything happens to me, tell my wife that I have tried my best to do my duty."

In one boat seven women are saved who are returning from their honeymoon, while the orange blossoms with which they went to the altar have not yet withered. Their husbands, when leaving them in safety while they remain to die, are not perturbed; with a princely smile they seem to add a final courtesy to their sweet bonds of love.

The women of the steerage who have been saved say that the gentlemen in evening dress took off their life-belts and tendered them like courtiers who offer flowers to a queen.

Miss Edith Evans gives up the last seat in the last boat to one of her friends and remains behind to die, saying these words that would have shaken Sparta:

"You have children."

At times it still seems to me that I am in that boat in which thirty of us women were saved, and think I hear the voices of the shipwrecked in the distance. So long as the boat was able to hold more, we picked up everybody we could; but soon we had so many in it that any added weight would imperil the lives of us all. An old man swam towards us. He grabbed hold of our boat; but he was told that if he tried to climb in we should all sink. The man answered quietly:

"Very well; you are right. May God bless you," and he drifted away from the boat, going to die like an unknown hero under the waves cold as the pole.

The sun of the following morning lit up that sea in

which hundreds of gentlemen had perished so that the gallantry of the men of our race might not perish.

And this tragic scene that I have described to you, madam, is one page in a book of thousands of pages that could be written to define the courtesy of our men for us.

Our national education forms the character of the individual; it teaches habits that have already been partly converted into racial features, and these habits are sterling qualities of our race.

If we have produced the word "bluff," almost untranslatable into Spanish, as your husband says, we have also produced other words, such as "a square deal" and "fair play," which are a product of our education and which are even more difficult to translate into Spanish than the word "bluff." From this circumstance I should not infer, madam, that "fair play" and "square deal" do not exist in your countries.

"Bluff," as a national feature, is something inherent to all countries that have attained great success in their collective lives. It existed among the Romans. On its coins and stamps France has pictured the French Republic as sowing the seeds of civilization in the world. Germany coined the world-known phrase: "*Deutschland ueber Alles.*" "*Chauvinisme*" is a French word; "*jingoism*" is English.

I do not believe, however, that *bluff* is a characteristic feature of our country. Bluff, of a collective nature, is closely associated with clannishness and is common to every country, to every State, to every province, to every city, to every political party, to every organization and to every school; it is the spirit of exhibiting all those things which are an honor to the group to which

one belongs, and, of course, the noise that is made by the one who has the most things to boast of attracts most of the world's attention. It is not that I am here defending *bluff*; I am explaining it.

Your husband speaks of the buttons that the buyer of a Liberty Bond exhibits on his coat lapel, of the service flag and of the Red Cross insignia. These exhibitions are made principally as a means of propaganda, as a mode of emulation for one's neighbor, or just for convenience, so that solicitors may not lose time. We have not the craze for orders, so prevalent in Europe. I have read that in France, some time ago, a strike of postmen for an increase in salary was settled by the promise that the Government, unwilling to grant the increase asked for, would award a medal to every postman. That would be impossible in my country. Moreover, neither is Latin America free from this reverence for orders of chivalry. When President Manuel Estrada Cabrera of Guatemala received from the French Government the decoration of a Grand Officer of the Legion of Honor, he immediately decreed that the day on which he received this honor should be a legal holiday for the whole country.

We do not believe, madam, that legalized prostitution is a suitable defense for the honor of our home life. On the contrary, legalized prostitution is a school for vicious men, who spread their vice beyond the "red light" district.

Nor do we believe it to be right that the state should recognize the profession of a class of women as slaves of vice in order to defend other women in their innocence. To the state the purity of the woman

highly placed is as sacred, and not more so, than that of the woman born in a lower stratum of society.

We differ from Latin America and continental Europe in our way of facing this problem because the countries of which these continents consist are autocracies, whereas we are a democracy. Over there they do not scruple to sacrifice women of the poorer classes so that they shall serve as instruments of pleasure for the upper classes, under the fictitious pretext of defending the virtue of the privileged classes. Here we think that the virtue of the poor is also worthy of defense.

If I were asked what is the predominant feature of our national character, I should answer, without hesitation: the spirit of service.

I remember that when on my travels through Latin America I was walking along the streets of a city, I noticed how a woman peddling fruit overturned a basket containing peaches, plums and apples. I hastened to assist her in picking up the fruit; but she, never supposing that a lady would bend down to help her, was more easily inclined to suspect that I wished to deprive her of her fruit, and exclaimed angrily:

“Leave that alone, it belongs to me.”

In our country the spirit of service is the soul of the nation. I do not think that there is anybody here who is not directly united with some service association. Many make their spirit of serving the moving principle of their lives.

Now this good will to serve others is, in my opinion, the supreme manifestation of courtesy. It was the spirit of service that induced my country to go to war, raising an army of six million men and spending thirty billion dollars, to help their brothers in democracy.

I think that the famous Argentine writer quoted by your husband exaggerates when belittling South America. That is a great continent with a wonderful future; but it will attain its future triumphs by recognizing the virtues of others and by trying to take advantage of everything suitable without destroying its own temperament and idiosyncrasy.

With affectionate regards,

From your Friend of the Other Continent.

CHAPTER XI

PAN AMERICANISM

MISS JONES thought that the Chicago correspondent had at last exhausted the fury of his indictment against the country which sheltered him, when this new letter, a corollary of all the previous ones, arrived at her office:

Chicago, Ill., 1918.

My dearest:

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After all I have told you about this country, after having shown you that this people is entirely different to us in ideals, education, character and manners, to the extreme of being antagonistic, one cannot help feeling surprised that the peoples of Latin America should regard with pleasure this new doctrine so much in vogue nowadays in the new continent; I mean, Pan Americanism.

What is Pan Americanism? The union of the two Americas, the Latin and the Anglo-Saxon. What is this union for? We have nothing in common: neither interests nor ideals. Is it because we are near each other? Argentina, Uruguay, Paraguay and Brazil are nearer to Europe than to the United States. Europe sells us her goods cheaper, which is quite natural since the workmen here are asking double wages every month;

Europe buys more from us than does the United States; Europe gives us her ideals, her literature; Europe is the source of all culture, and we should drink from the original source, not where the river flows into the sea with all the refuse it has brought with it on its way.

The commercial contact of the two Americas is harmful for Latin America, for it is an established social law that when two civilizations, one more developed in a material way than the other, come into contact, the more developed people tyrannize over the less developed people, and the latter become satellites of the former's empire.

Some carry their Pan Americanism so far as to propose that all the countries of America should join in a *Zollverein*, which means that we should allow the manufactures of the United States to enter free of duty, and that this country should receive our produce under the same conditions.

With childlike candor they want us to agree to the offer made in the stable by the hen to the horse:

The hen pecked the oats which fell from the horse's manger, and was kept on the hop to avoid the feet of the noble charger which paid no attention to the convenience of the humble fowl.

One day the hen said philosophically to the horse: "Mr. Horse, I have something to propose to you. If you will promise not to tread on me, I promise not to tread on you."

This is what Pan Americanism means: You, Latin America, may send us your natural produce, which we shall allow to enter our ports free of duty; and we Americans shall send you our pianos, our automobiles, our typewriters also duty free. We may forgive the

hen for not taking into consideration that her foot-steps do not hurt the horse; but we cannot forgive the United States for making us this offer knowing that we are not manufacturing countries, while in sending them our raw material, such as coal, iron, copper, wood and cotton, they reap the benefit by returning them to us in the form of manufactured goods.

One of the most intelligent sociologists of the United States, Josiah Strong, in one of his books, follows the argument of Professor Drummond, who, in his work "The Ascent of Man," maintains that when men became sufficiently intelligent to invent a tool the evolutionary development of the hand ceased.

He tells us that the more we gave the hand to do the better it became adapted to its work. The hand continued in its development to adapt itself to all work required of it. But the fatal day came (fatal for the development of the hand) when man invented the first tools. Thereupon, what the hand did and learned to do better every time began to be done by auxiliary tools; so that the new things that had to be made brought about no further perfection of the hand, but rather a new tool or the improvement of those already in use. Tools are the prolongation of the hands; levels do the work which the forearm did before. Hammers are substitutes for the fist; knives do well what the nails did imperfectly; pliers are the fingers. The day when the cave-man made his first tool, the evolution of the hand stopped. In the course of the successive ages the hand might have arrived at a stage of development where many things which cannot now be made without tools could have been made by the hand alone.

Something analogous to the foregoing, continues Mr.

Strong, may be applied to backward races when placed in touch with advanced races. The manufacturing countries take the place of the tools with regard to the hand, which here represents the backward countries; and from the moment when the manufacturing countries begin to supply goods to the backward countries, they hold up their industrial development.

All this was said by Mr. Strong to establish the fact that the industrial future of the United States is immense and that it need not be feared that the backward markets of Latin America will be able to supply themselves from their own resources.

The maiden seeks fragrance and beauty in the flower, the bee and the humming bird their daily food. We ourselves see in Latin America the cradle of our life, the couch of our dreams, all that is most sacred and most dear; the sons of this other America see here a market. Just as smoke is associated with fire, gloves with the hand and shoes with the feet, so the Yankee thinks of Latin America as a market for his produce.

I have never seen a Yankee paper in which the "endless opportunities of the Latin American market" are not spoken of. Public lectures are held day after day to boost the trade opportunities of Latin America. Every month new magazines in Spanish appear, which are nothing else than a means of commercial penetration, with hundreds of pages of advertisements in which the excellence of their chewing gum and their patent medicines are proclaimed.

The religious campaigns of evangelical propaganda, which count upon the help of business men who give liberally to "evangelize" Latin America, are really only another means of trade penetration. Inter-Ameri-

can conferences and congresses are also nothing but means of commercial penetration in Latin America. We joyfully welcome these peals of the Pan American bells, without thinking that we are only giving away part of our sovereignty by so doing.

Pan Americanism is the bridal robe, decked with immaculate orange blossoms, with which the colossal campaign for the commercial conquest of Latin America by the United States is covered. But this is not a bride who wishes to marry for love, but for interest.

A great reception, with banquets and speeches, is given to all eminent Latin Americans who visit this country. There is in New York a "Pan American Society" to which belong the great merchants, manufacturers and bankers who do business with Latin America. The purpose of this society is to offer banquets to representative men of Latin America who visit New York. There are many business houses in this country which maintain an official staff intrusted with the social entertainment of their clients at the expense of the firm. They know well that these extra attentions bring orders for goods. This Pan American Society takes the place of such a diplomatic staff employed by the big exporters; it is a commercial bait.

The foregoing does not constitute anything dishonorable. It is legitimate that the United States should use all honest means within its reach in order to sell as much as possible to our countries; but I object to the campaigns disguised with the incense of Pan Americanism, for here the interested parties make believe that Pan Americanism means the union of both Americas, the better understanding between both Americas, mutual help between the two Americas, whereas it really stands

for nothing else than the commercial conquest of Latin America by the United States.

To show you that I am right in what I say, I will cite the case of the Pan American Congress which was held at our capital. The American delegates to the Congress were sociologists, statisticians and diplomatists, who came with the intention of exploring new markets for their country. One of them was Archibald Cary Coolidge, who is author of the book entitled: "The United States as a World Power." After showing in this book that the United States, looking round the world, have seen that Asia and Africa are monopolized by European countries, which, like France in Madagascar, have taken from them all the markets, Cary Coolidge says that "there remained, however, two regions where the Americans believed they saw splendid possibilities for the future. But to make the most of these possibilities they must take decided action. In the republics of Latin America there was no highly developed native industry to be feared as a rival. There was nothing but the competition of Europe, which had too long had the field to itself, and the Americans were convinced that they could meet this competition victoriously if only they made the best of their natural advantages. A first step was to draw closer to these fellow-republicans to the South, for the benefit of all concerned. This led to the policy known as Pan Americanism. . . ."

"The manufacturing industries of the United States," he says further on, "have developed, and are developing, at such a rate that the Americans are not afraid to meet their European rivals in almost any branch of trade. It was to be expected that they should turn their

gaze to the southern half of their own hemisphere, where, as yet, they are only beginning to get a good commercial footing, but where the future appears to offer them golden opportunities. Why should the American merchant leave this splendid field to be exploited by the Englishman or the Germans? Is it not the plain duty of his government to aid and encourage his enterprise in every possible way?"

"In South America," he adds elsewhere, "the Germans are convinced that they have found a field of splendid possibilities, and their progress in recent years has been startling in its rapidity; but to South America the Americans are turning much of their attention, and with the aid of Pan American sentiment, they hope to win the first place for themselves."

The United States sent men of this caliber, men who think in this way, to form part of the Pan American Scientific Congress in our country. And in spite of everything we have allowed ourselves to be duped.

Here they have made of the Bible an adequate text for the foundation of hundreds of religions, each of which interprets the Holy Scriptures in its own way. The same applies to Pan Americanism: to the vendor of shoes it means that Latin America buys his footwear; to the maker of locomotives it means that Latin America buys his engines. That is all.

Since the whole problem of Pan Americanism is a question of commercial relations, it presents itself to us in this form: Does it suit us better to make our commercial relations closer with the United States or with Europe?

I believe that closer relations with the United States are undesirable because this country is too absorbing

and has the tendency to get our natural resources entirely into its power. For instance, in doing a fruit business with Central America they have not been satisfied with the business of buying and selling, but have extended their operations to the purchase of the plantations. The same applies to the iron and copper of Chile, to the copper and petroleum of Mexico and to the frozen meat of Uruguay and Argentina.

We are responsible for this, as I also am myself, since I am in treaty to sell them my copper deposits, a fact which does not fail to lie heavy on my conscience.

The most serious matter, however, is that the Yankee is persuaded that his flag must follow his business, and having manifold interests in Latin America, he is inclined to meddle with its internal politics. Nowadays, a President for Mexico or for any country of Central America cannot be elected without the consent of the White House, which is for us the Black House. According to the measure by which their business extends towards the South their political influence will also be extended, and some day they will be dictating our economical policy from the Rio Grande to the Straits of Magellan.

Nothing of this kind occurs with regard to our interchange of business with Europe, and therefore we should prefer to encourage our commercial relations with England, France, Spain, Germany, Italy and Belgium. On the other hand, it is our duty to oppose the doctrine of Pan Americanism with that of Ibero-Americanism. There are more interests in common between Chile and Uruguay, between Argentine and Colombia and between Mexico and Peru than between any of our republics and the United States. The extraordinary growth

of this country during the nineteenth century will be excelled by the growth and development of Latin America in the twentieth century. Ours is the continent of the future. We have had the good fortune to inherit a continent with vaster natural resources than any other, and we shall occupy a conspicuous place in history when we are able to harvest the accumulated patrimony of material, intellectual and moral treasure derived from twenty centuries of Christian civilization. Old Europe yields us already solved all the most transcendental problems of mankind. For Latin America is the task of observing, choosing and applying them, according to her idiosyncrasy and her temperament.

The New World will have an Anglo-Saxon civilization in the North and a Spanish-American civilization in the South. Of a truth these civilizations will be antagonistic, and farseeing men of South America should commence to prepare their countries for the struggle to come by uniting them in spirit for a common purpose.

.....

Your affectionate husband,

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* * *

Soon after reading this letter, Miss Jones found on her desk a communication from the Chilean lady to her husband in Chicago. This was the first letter of the kind she had seen, which is not surprising, as it was no part of her duty to read the correspondence from Latin America; but the censor to whom the letters from Santiago, Chile, were generally intrusted for examination, finding Miss Jones' comments on the first letter of this series inclosed, sent her the lady's missive for examination.

The Chilean landowner's wife wrote almost exclusively of family affairs, occupying only one paragraph to tell her husband how interested she was in his description of American ideals, the more so because the censor had added comments to all topics he had discussed.

Once more Miss Jones was on the point of writing to the Chicago correspondent, but she did not do so. She contented herself with writing a reply to this letter, just as she had done with regard to all the others, and she foresaw that this would be the last one which would require an answer. She wrote:

Madam:

Your husband's present letter has not astonished me in the least. It is the natural corollary of all the previous ones.

If you have tacitly accepted all he has told you without having weighed in your mind my remarks, it is but natural for you to look with displeasure upon the growing spread of Pan American ideals. But if you have quietly meditated on my notes to your husband's letters and believe I am right, then you should enthusiastically applaud the Pan American movement, the intellectual, moral and material union of the two Americas.

It is true that there are also commercial interests bound up in this movement; this is one aspect of Pan Americanism, its material aspect. But it is not its only aspect, nor is it the most important.

The history of the world shows us man in a state of constant moral development. This moral development can be measured only by the human capacity to extend its interest and its love from merely individual limits, from the love of each individual for himself, to love for

his family, his people, his race and for mankind. The moral growth of the human soul is its expansion towards a greater and more comprehensive love. The primitive savage took care of himself and his children, in their early years. It was a great moral advance when he became interested in the well-being of his tribe.

As man advances, his interest, his affection and his love expand. The present epoch shows us that a hundred million men, women and children in America took so seriously the happiness of men, women and children deprived of their rights in Old Europe, that they resolved to give their peace, their money and their lives to defend these far-away victims.

Societies are living organisms, but much more complex than the individuals, cells, of which they are composed. Man is an egoist in his infancy. You probably have noticed that your children, in their early years, are very selfish. This is due to the instinct of conservation.

Societies are still organized beings in embryo and that explains the collective egoism of nations; but in proportion as a country progresses, in proportion as it has more confidence in itself and in its economic and moral force, it becomes more altruistic. The United States is to-day the most altruistic country in the world. Our participation in the present war, in which we are giving our blood and money for justice and the well-being of others, is the most conclusive proof that our society is no more in an embryo state.

The day seems to be dawning in which mankind is to have a collective conscience, is to have a soul, and in which the earth is going to be a single social organism, which cannot be injured at one extremity without the

commotion and instinct of defense being felt at the other.

The League of Nations that is being spoken of is the alphabet, that is beginning to be sketched of this new human condition, of this international and intercontinental soul.

And this new internationalism does not mean the death of nationalism, just as the constitution of nations did not mean the death of individualism. Furthermore, only those nations are strong in which the individual is strong, in which the family is united. The greater assertion of each individual, the cell of the nation, makes the nation itself stronger; and the greater liberty of a country, the greater assertion of a country, the cell of mankind, would make the society of nations stronger.

But we shall arrive very slowly at this union. There still are principles in dispute. There are several classes of mankind in the world. Before having a sole conglomerate on the planet, there will be several conglomerates. And in the final fusion of these conglomerates the strongest will prevail.

On the fingers of one hand we can count the centuries of European civilization in America. Here, between the Atlantic and the Pacific, two continents exist into which Europe could fit twice over. These continents, almost in their entirety, claimed their right to constitute independent nations little more than a century ago, and a score of countries were born to life who adopted—in its general lines—an analogous constitution for their peoples, similar ideas as standards of their progress.

For a century, however, these twenty nations have been isolated among themselves, isolated both materially and morally. Each one of them, closed up in a narrow

national individualism, has busied itself with developing its own moral and material entity without bothering much about the fate of its companions of the continent. And all have grown with a vertiginous rapidity. And they will grow with even more rapidity in the future.

The problem has been presented to the thinkers of the two Americas, to the dreamers of the future, whether it is suitable for these countries to continue being isolated in their struggle for progress, or whether there are advantages in a material and spiritual union that will make the two Americas a conglomerate of related nations, ready to aid one another mutually in their struggle for progress. The United States has one hundred million inhabitants; Latin America also has one hundred million. At the end of the present century the two Americas will possibly have four hundred million inhabitants. Is it not of interest for the whole continent, for all mankind, that these Americas should have an analogous purpose? In the struggles of the faraway future, is it advisable or not that all America present a single front, or are there advantages in leaving these countries to sow to-day the seed of the discords of tomorrow?

I firmly believe that it is for the best interests of each one of these countries to observe a policy of close union, of intimate community of ideas, a policy of Pan Americanism.

Your husband thinks that Pan Americanism in this country is a drug, a patent medicine to benumb Latin American initiative, so that the United States may be able to freely develop a policy of commercial and territorial expansion in the rest of America.

He arrives at this conclusion because Pan American-

ism generally goes hand in hand with the idea of inter-American commerce. But your husband does not take into account that commerce means mutual service. Our manufacturers and merchants do not try to sell to Latin America what Latin America does not want to buy, what Latin America does not need. Everything in life is commerce, that is: interchange, material interchange, intellectual interchange, moral interchange.

And it is these three interchanges that unite countries more closely. The university professor, the lecturer, the Latin American student who comes to our universities, the magazines in Spanish that are published here, carry our ideas to the countries of Latin America. The church and the school, and the hospital sent there by our missionaries are the base for our moral interchange. In these two instances we give and we receive; we teach and we learn. The Christ that you Chileans and Argentines have erected on the top of the Andes, is better known in our public schools than in yours, and its meaning is a lesson for us in international ethics. The Hispanic Society of America is a center of Pan American comprehension, without any commercial aspect.

Moreover, why not the material interchange also? We want to buy from you what you produce and we need; we want to sell you what we produce and you need. Coffee, cotton, saltpeter and sugar are needed by us, and you have them in excess. Our manufactured articles are needed by you and we produce them in excess; but this commerce of raw materials against manufactured articles—your husband says, quoting Josiah Strong—is going to hold back the industrial development of Latin America. No, madam, that is an obvious error. If that were true, my country would not have become an

industrial one from the moment when it was in contact with industrialized Europe.

Do not forget that the commerce of Latin America with my country is one of the most powerful agents for fostering the development of industries in those countries. Take, for example, the exportation of machinery to Latin America. Our machinery for making footwear, has it not developed the industry of footwear there? Our machinery for woodworking, has it not developed the furniture industry? These examples can be multiplied indefinitely.

It is an error made by many—among them Josiah Strong—to believe that the industrial development of Latin America would not be for the best interests of my country. The industrialized United States of the twentieth century imports much more from Europe than the agricultural United States of the first years of our national life. If Latin America industrializes itself, it will rapidly double its population and will raise the living conditions of its inhabitants. Its consumption would multiply in geometrical proportion. A new industry creates others and others and others. If Latin America were to-day as industrialized as my country, the commercial interchange between both continents would be at least a hundred times greater. The above does not mean that Latin America should not try to foster the development of its favorable industries, by means of customs' tariffs, as we have done ourselves.

I, madam, have no personal interest in the commercial interchange between my country and Latin America. But I believe in the advantages to be gained from this interchange because I know that commercial relations unite peoples. You in Chile have had, until lately, most

of your commerce with Germany and England, and a consequence of that commercial interchange has been that you have imported German teachers for your public schools and your army, and English officers for your navy. You have hardly had commercial relations with Spain and, in spite of its being the mother country, you have not looked to her for inspiration in your national development.

Without doubt, your husband is right when he says that all the Latin American republics should unite in a common ideal. When we speak of Pan Americanism we do not mean the union of each republic of the other America with the United States and their isolation among themselves. We mean the union of each Latin American republic with each one of the other republics of America; we mean the union of all the free countries of the whole American continent.

But it is rash and absurd to speak of Ibero-Americanism in opposition to Pan Americanism, to speak of the union of the Ibero-American republics to oppose the United States as a danger of the future. In the notes to your husband's previous letters I think I have shown that there is no reason to fear discords of any kind between the two continents, and that if some shadow is thrown on the horizon, it is our duty to make the sky clear by means of mutual understanding and intelligent comprehension. Europe has not solved for us all problems, as your husband believes. On the contrary, Europe will have to receive from this New World the solution of many of her own problems. She will have to ask our aid, as she has done already. And it is America, united, fresh, luxuriant, strong and intelligent, and not America at variance, weakened, steeped in blood

and hate, that will stretch its hands towards the Old World to pay the sacred debt that we contracted with her on receiving her inheritance and her civilization.

I am more than pleased that I have undertaken the task of answering your husband's letters. They have hurt me, I cannot deny that, but I have understood that they are the crystallization of an estimate very general in Latin America. What encourages me is the thought that perhaps you have meditated deeply on these problems and that you have duly appreciated all I have told you.

I must confess that I have many times been tempted to write to your husband. You cannot imagine how desirous I am to know him, how I wish to converse with him regarding all these grave problems.

I want to ask his pardon personally for having intruded in his correspondence and to explain to him that I have been animated by the best intentions. I am sure, madam, that you have understood my purpose and that you have read with sympathy everything I have had to say.

Your Friend of the Other Continent.

CHAPTER XII

THE LIGHT OF TRUTH

THE anonymous hero of our story, who was writing from Chicago to his wife in Santiago during part of the year 1918, finally received, very late, the news that his letters—in which he had commented unfavorably on men and things in the United States—had been supplemented by notes from the censor in New York.

He received in November, at about the time when the armistice was signed, the censor's criticisms of his two first letters, and by each following steamer he continued to receive, one after the other, the further comments on his letters to his wife.

Of course, in the subsequent letters he wrote to his wife, the Spanish-American ceased to disparage the country that was sheltering him. Now, it was he who was subjected to criticism for the observations he had made. These notes of the censor arrived after he had had the time and the opportunity to observe more closely and to understand better many things that he had judged at first sight too superficially.

The sudden ending of the war provided him with much food for reflection. He witnessed in Chicago the delirium of popular ebullition when the news of peace arrived. The people lost all notion of propriety, intoxicated to frenzy with the elixir of victory. And why?

Had he not believed, when he saw the enthusiasm with which this country gave itself over to preparation for war that they were going to fight because war meant good business for the nation? And now that the war had ended so suddenly, demolishing at one blow great business enterprises, why this delight? Would not everybody lose by it? Could it mean that this country really loved peace? And did it mean that the nation had made war, with much sacrifice of blood and money, only for love of justice?

When he saw clearly that this country had no intention of claiming any indemnity from the enemy; when he saw that many newspapers even recommended that the United States should make to Belgium, France and Italy a gift of the millions that it had loaned them, he began to understand that this country had not fought to earn other people's money, but to mitigate other people's suffering.

The wealthy Chilean landowner had come to the United States with the purpose of selling the valuable copper deposits that he had discovered on his extensive holdings in one of the central provinces of his country. He had brought along with him reports and plans made by the most famous experts of the United States.

While the war was going on, business men had listened to his proposition and had shown some interest; but all of them had said that it would be necessary to wait for peace. It was true that copper would then go down in value, but, for the duration of the war, it was absurd to think of installing this new plant in Chile, since it could not be made productive for some years, that is, not until after peace had been declared.

The most hopeful prospect arising out of the many

interviews with capitalists which he had had was one in negotiation with a gentleman of Chicago, John H. Chasewell; but even he could make no promises before the end of the war.

"Just now we can think of only one thing: winning the war," he had said at the acutest stage of hostilities. Even he, in spite of his advanced age, was thinking of enlisting, if circumstances should demand his quota of blood.

Once the war was over, everything changed. The capitalist paid close attention to his proposition, receiving him several days in succession at his office.

While they talked the visitor's attention was drawn to the portrait of a beautiful woman, which was standing on the desk. He had noticed in the offices of many business men framed photographs of their wives, and he, who adored his wife, had never thought of placing her likeness on the desk at his office. Nobody did this in his country; indeed it would invite ironical remarks on the part of his friends.

Then he looked penetringly at this Yankee, young at the age of fifty, healthy, virile, merry, a golf player, so human in the midst of his figures, his statistics and his plans—this big boy who often referred to his wife in conversation as a lover speaks of his sweetheart.

"No, Mrs. Chasewell believes that the Latin American workmen are as human as ours are, and much more sensitive," he said on one occasion; and when he mentioned his wife, he looked at the portrait as if he were formally introducing her.

On one occasion Mr. Chasewell invited the Chilean to luncheon, and this was the beginning of a certain intimacy that disposed the American to later invite the

Chilean landowner to dinner in his own home. There he became acquainted with Mrs. Chasewell; and there a door was suddenly thrown open to him that until then had been closed—the entry to a home in this country.

Later the Chilean gentleman became acquainted with many other homes and many other ladies, who soon convinced him how greatly he had erred in his generalizations about the American woman.

He remembered having read in an American book about the meeting between a citizen of the United States and a Japanese in Tokio. In the course of their conversation, which had for its theme the Land of the Rising Sun, the Japanese asked: "Have you seen her yet?" "If I have seen her? Whom?" asked the American. "Ah! If you had seen her, you would not have asked who. . . ."

They met again some weeks later. The American had seen the marvelous, the indescribable Fujiyama—with the summit capped with snow, reflecting the sun's rays in a thousand different tones of color—which rises thousands of feet above the plain, unique and incomparable in grandeur and beauty. It is not strange that the natives speak of her as something unique in the world.

Months passed by, and the Japanese, now on a visit to the United States, sought from the Pacific to the Atlantic something that might compare in beauty with the Holy Mountain of Nippon. He saw the Yosemite Valley, the Rocky Mountains, the National Parks and Niagara, but nowhere could he find the one distinctive thing like "her" of Fujiyama. As he gradually made friends, American houses were opened to him, and one day, at last, he exclaimed joyfully: "I have found the

marvel of America, it is the home, the domestic hearth, and it is more beautiful than ours."

He was right. When the traveler in the United States sees the façades of the houses, when from the train he perceives the villas in country towns, he sees only brick and stone; but he does not see, he does not imagine—unless he has had the privilege to know it—the home that is inside, where true happiness reigns, where the husband is not the lord and master of his wife as in a South American home, where the children have their own individuality.

The American home is not confined by the four walls of the house; it radiates beyond. The great number of institutions for social betterment which inundate Chicago are extensions, prolongations of the American home interior. The woman of this country is not satisfied with being the mother of her children; she seems to wish to be a mother to all the destitute of the community.

One afternoon, when passing through Thirty-ninth Street, near the Lake, he saw that a public block-party was being held in the middle of the road. A band was playing on a temporary platform. His companion, who was from the quarter, told him that this was one of the dances given there twice a week. It was free, perfectly free, without formalities of any kind, to any one who cared to take part.

"This district of Oakland," he was told, "is for us a village in the middle of Chicago. Ours is a vast metropolis, but it is our pleasure to preserve an air of village life in each district. We even publish a little newspaper, for free distribution, giving the family news of the section. In this way we get to know one another; not one among us need feel isolated. The local theater

gives an "amateurs' night" once a week, when neighbors meet to be entertained with music, song and other amusements. A prize is awarded by the public, according to their taste. The winner is he or she who receives the most applause. In this way we also stimulate individual talent."

All this was a revelation to him. He began to understand that a city cannot be known to one who lives in the best hotel, and makes his observations from his balcony. This spirit of association within each quarter of the city desiring to preserve the aspect of a country town was carried to even greater lengths in other cities like Cincinnati, where they were making of each block a social unit.

Mrs. Chasewell had received him with infinite cordiality.

"I am very much interested to hear about life in Latin American countries," she told him on one occasion. "My husband has valuable mining interests in Honduras, and I have accompanied him twice on his visits there. It is a country with inexhaustible mining resources, but what has most interested me are the people. I help him in the social aspects of his work. I do not believe that American capital has any right to exploit the natural resources of Latin America, if it is not willing to face the social responsibilities of all capital invested for profit. The foundation of commercial, industrial or mining enterprises exclusively for the sake of money itself is to-day a thing of the past in my country. To make money is evidently the aim of our business, of course; but if a concern does not care for the happiness of the men it employs; if it does not raise them to a higher plane of life; if it does not coöperate

with them to promote the welfare of the community, then that concern is held unworthy of public esteem."

The Chilean's attention had already been called to some items in the estimate of expenses that Mr. Chasewell had made for the installation of a copper smelting plant on his property. He had put aside five million dollars for workmen's dwellings, sanitation work and recreation, in spite of the detailed reports in his possession describing the humble standard of life and the very low wages to which the men were accustomed.

"No," Mr. Chasewell had told him; "if we are going to do big business there, we must consider the workman as a partner who is entitled to the wages, health, happiness and education constituting his rightful share in the profits yielded by the work." We are not going to sweat men, but machines, by means of intelligent organization. We shall raise men to a higher plane. This is what is going on through all Latin America. Wherever we have brought our industry, we are paying higher wages than before, providing better dwellings . . . we educate."

The man of fortune is less of an egoist in this country than in any other. The case of the millionaire Ford, the big automobile manufacturer, who, when taking contracts for the Government during the war, undertook to retain not a cent of profit—a promise which he lived up to—was but one shining example among thousands of other similar cases. Our hero brought to mind an incident of the Civil War that he had read not long before. President Lincoln, in his distress, calls Vanderbilt, the millionaire, and says to him:

"The *Merrimac* has anchored outside James River Bay. How much do you ask for capturing her?"

"I ask nothing, because I do not speculate in my country's misfortune. In two days the *Merrimac* will be in your hands," answers the millionaire; and in thirty-six hours this promise was fulfilled.

On a larger, equal or smaller scale, there were thousands and thousands of Vanderbilts in the war of liberty against slavery, just as on a larger, equal or smaller scale, there were thousands and thousands of Fords in this other war of democracy against autocracy. The few profiteers were isolated black stains in a blue sky, displaying to better effect the beautiful majesty of the firmament.

He had now had occasion to see how the whole nation sacrificed its personal interests before the nation's altar; all, the poor and the rich, women and men.

He had heard other Spanish-Americans say, before the United States went into the war, when they saw the invasion and the horrors of Belgium and when the Germans sunk the *Lusitania*, that the great American democracy would not go to war because its business required peace. In pursuit of the dollar they would tolerate disgrace unworthy of a great nation. Then it was peace for money's sake.

And later, when this country joined the belligerents, he had heard it said that this move was also for the sake of money, that they already had loaned so many millions of dollars to the Allies, had extended so much credit, that they also were obliged to lend a helping hand as a measure of prudence. And this Latin American began to understand that he had been blindly and passively following the current of opinion that systematically condemned this country, do what it might. Nothing easier, nothing more comfortable, no philosophy

more simple, than to form *a priori*, an opinion about an individual or a nation and later reconcile to this prejudice all the actions of the individual or nation. This is much easier than to analyze carefully and then to modify the former point of view.

Had he not done this very thing? When discussing this country, had he not always tried to adapt his judgment to the preconceived impressions which had been stereotyped in his mind?

Now, when he meditated upon the letter to his wife in which he had told her that this country was materialistic, egoistic, a mere dollar hunting ground, the figures of the big multi-millionaires who cheerfully paid a tax of more than sixty per cent. of their profits to win the war; the figures of the large and small contributors, of all those who relinquished their profits and of all those who gave their time to win the war; of those who went as soldiers to give their blood, and the women who went as nurses to the battlefields to win the war; the figure of a whole nation of one hundred million people assuming the heroic attitude of a sublime altruism, all this answered him:

“No, we are not egoists, we are not materialists.”

Not only were they not egoists, but they had carried their idealism to the point of being incorrigible dreamers, the Don Quixotes of the world.

When he thought of the letter that he had written in which he told his wife that this country was not really a democracy, that an oligarchy was in power which imposes on the people its judgment and will, he began to see that the muster of directors was not here a hereditary body, as in Germany, or as in the Latin American republics. A number of capable men ruled here, but

these were recruited from the ranks of every social stratum. Here was no governing caste; new men, whose families had not figured on the public stage in previous generations, were elevated to high rank in the administration, ascending by the white marble stairs of their own merits. And what happened in the official administration of the whole nation, from the presidency of the Republic—with its Lincolns and its Wilsons—was also the case with regard to the administration of private fortunes; laborers of yesterday—Carnegie, Ford, Edison—were the employers of to-day. Fortune is a social force, and its handling is given automatically by the nation to the most capable. He saw that the same democratic principle was applied in private life, in thousands and thousands of clubs, associations and civic, religious, athletic and recreative organizations.

As a democracy this country was not perfect; it had defects; but the ideal was there as the goal which all wished to reach. A remedy is being found for every evil. Nothing is perfect; but comparing this country with others, is not this the most nearly perfect of democracies?

And, had he not been mistaken in believing that an aristocratic government like that of Germany was more efficient than a democratic government like this? Was it well that the countries of Latin America be governed by hereditary castes? Was it not fully demonstrated that a democratic government is not only fairer, but also more efficient? What had not the United States accomplished in eleven months of war?

What a fine spirit of discipline there was in this democracy! When the people were asked—*asked*, not ordered—to save gasoline because it was needed by the

government, and to avoid riding in motor cars on Sundays, except in cases of extreme necessity, did he not see that in Chicago the request of the government had more effect than an imperial ukase? The few automobiles seen in Michigan Avenue carried a placard on which was written: "Doctor."

It is not admitted here that the government is the master of the people; it is considered to be the servant of the people. The government is the representative of the popular will. Before the Christian era kings consulted the Pythonesses of the Oracles in order to find out what they should do to govern with wisdom and justice. In this country the Delphian Oracle of the Sanctuary of Apollo is the American people; Mount Parnassus stretches from the Pacific to the Atlantic, from the frontiers of Canada to those of Mexico, and in it each citizen is the Sibyl who tells his lawgivers how to govern with wisdom and justice.

And these soothsayers of the twentieth century, who have commenced to mumble their advice with the same vagueness as that of the ancient oracles, are now speaking every day with more clarity, more knowledge and more intelligence, because more and more the means of self culture are being placed within the reach of all.

With the land of his birth before his mind's eye, he concentrated his thoughts upon what the education of the masses in his country would really mean: a new era in which the number of those able to give *in altissimo* the full measure of their support to the cause of national progress would be steadily *in crescendo*, until the country was indeed a *Commonwealth*. The Anglo-Saxon word had come naturally and unconsciously to this Spanish-American, because it had no equivalent in Spanish.

At other times he would call to mind the letter in which he had denounced to his wife the imperialism of the United States, and then he remembered the patient attitude of this country in face of the outrages inflicted on Americans by some of the rebel factions of Mexico, the independence they had given Cuba, the independence which, in good faith, was offered to the Philippines, and the emphatic declarations made during the war that there would be no annexations, although this country had been a decisive factor in the victory. All these facts seemed to shout in his ear:

"No, we are not imperialists, we have no desire to be. We wish only to be a great country, prosperous and happy, and to help all other countries, as well as we can, also to attain prosperity and happiness."

There were elements of imperialism in the country, and some of the newspapers were also imperialistic in their tendency. How could it be otherwise? In a country of a hundred million souls, every one of them with liberty to give an opinion, secure in the knowledge that it would obtain a hearing, and where there is an inexhaustible faith in one's fellow man, be he a college graduate or a yokel, was it not to be expected that imperialists might be found, not to say sorcerers, occultists and futurists?

When he thought of what he had written so bitterly reproaching the United States for its attitude toward the negroes, he could not help recalling the affrays between whites and blacks that had taken place in the country during the year of his residence in it. But at the same time he had to consider very closely what this grafting of the negro race in a country of whites really signified.

He recollects a conversation he had had with a negro who had attained national celebrity as a thinker. It was an intimate talk in which the negro spoke with the utmost sincerity.

"Yes, I have white blood in my veins," he said. "Every negro who has distinguished himself—like Booker T. Washington, for instance—has had white blood in his veins. The thoroughbred negro is of a race inferior, both intellectually and morally, to that of the white. The process of moral advancement, until he attains the level of the civilization under whose protection he has been received, must entail a long period of struggle and suffering. I have faith in the future of the negro race, but only because it enjoys here wonderful facilities for improvement."

One day, getting off a trolley-car, he saw a man surprised in the act of stealing a lady's purse. When the thief saw that he was caught, he threw the purse on the ground, but the crowd which had gathered round shouted at him: "Pick it up! Pick it up!" as they prepared to take him to the nearby police-station.

The pickpocket was by no means inclined to appear before the police with the stolen object in his hand, and it was a sight to see the threatening fists of the crowd raised to strike as they cried again: "Pick it up! Pick it up!"

These and other similar incidents had given him the clew which explained—though it did not excuse—lynching in this country. These nameless throngs which lynched were not thirsty for blood, they were athirst for justice, and had not—in the moment of passion—enough control over their actions to await the slow but sure march of official justice.

And was it not foolish of him to have written to his wife declaiming against the right to vote in the United States being given to women? During one year that he had lived in this country he had been able to see that women here were a much more intense social factor than in his own country. Certainly, in the countries of Latin America there was a smaller proportion of women equipped for civic life, and it would be inopportune to grant to all—the prepared and the unprepared—the right to take part in public affairs. The same thing, however, applied to man. But even in his own country, was not woman interesting herself more and more in the great national problems?

He had come to the conclusion that, undoubtedly, in a democracy, however nearly perfect it may be, it is needful to place certain restrictions on the right to vote. No insane person should vote, nor children; nor any uncultured illiterate; certain requisites should be insisted upon before allowing an individual to exercise his rights as a citizen. But these restrictions, as well as these rights, should be applied impartially to men and women.

Often some incident or a new acquaintance would make him think of matters about which he had written to his wife, and he found himself comparing them with other analogous incidents and other persons whose acquaintance he had made before. Familiarity with the interior of a happy home, acquaintance with a married couple, of which the woman enjoys complete liberty and is faithful and sincere, and whose husband loves her and respects—in every detail—her dignity as a woman, led him to understand the felicity of other homes of which he had had a glimpse. He then began to see that it is the exceptional cases, the big scandals, that make most

noise, that attract most attention, that are most frequently mentioned in the newspapers, and that most largely contribute to the pernicious habit of generalization common to the ill-informed.

And if marriage is a failure, as sometimes happens in all parts of the world, with all peoples, with all races, either because the man is unworthy of his wife or she unworthy of him, what is more natural than a desire for freedom on the part of the spouse who has been an innocent victim, instead of a perpetual widowhood?

With regard to this question of women's rights, not only had he been confuted by the censor of New York; not only had the facts shown the fallacy of his arguments when he had later begun to understand this country, but even his own wife disagreed with him. "All you tell me about the United States," she had written, "is so interesting, and the censor's notes have made it doubly so. I must say very frankly that your letters often puzzle me, and sometimes—as for instance with regard to all your references to the question of women's rights—I am less inclined to take sides with you than with the censor. We are a very happy couple, you and I, but this is not the general rule. The condition of woman in all Latin America is a continental tragedy. I can easily imagine how much happier woman is in the United States and how man is happier in consequence. You think that your letters would cure me of my longing to know the United States, but they have had the contrary effect. That country attracts me now much more than Europe."

And something that all his life had seemed to him most natural, most logical and most advisable for the cause of national morality, was that the Church be sup-

ported by the State. The people themselves are not generous enough to pay on their own initiative the expenses of the church—he had always believed. The state must exact from all citizens the payment of contributions for the support of the most important services of the nation: safety, justice and education. Are not religion and fear of God more important than these?

Only when he saw that in the United States the Catholics were more devout and sincerely religious than in his own country, when he saw that they supported their own Church with more liberality than the state in Chile had ever shown in supporting the national cult, he began to think the matter over very carefully, thereby divesting himself of many prejudices that had become incrusted in his mental personality. He began to understand that it would be much better for Catholicism in his country—as in all Latin America—to retain no connection between Church and State. The money which the State gave to the Church, the budget estimates for the cult, that every year gave rise to a sectarian dispute in Congress, would be easily covered by public initiative, and the people would be more intensely and sincerely religious by the mere fact of their contributing voluntarily to the support of the Church.

He had often to take his meals without wine because in certain restaurants none was to be had. At first this seemed to him an unheard-of thing, but he had to put up with it. Sometimes he was invited to dine at a house where only water was served, which seemed to him nothing less than a crime, a breach of hospitality. On the occasion of a short trip that he had made to a dry State, he spent two weeks without tasting a drop of wine. The first day he found this deprivation unbearable, the

second day he was able to put up with it better, and though at the end of his journey he was naturally anxious to return to Chicago in order to take his meals with wine, he was surprised to note how each day it had been easier for him to enjoy a meal with water instead of wine.

Personal convenience contributes greatly to everybody's system of philosophy. We rarely find individuals willing to reason and act on the strength of the abstract, eliminating their personal convenience in order to formulate their social or political creed; and there is nothing very strange in the fact that our Spanish-American vineyard proprietor should begin to look with a certain modicum of sympathy—timid sympathy, it is true—upon the prohibition movement of this country, seeing that the land he owned not only could produce grapes, which drop by drop had distilled a fortune for him, but also possessed, hidden in its bowels, copper, for the exploitation of which sober men would be needed. This line of thought influenced him subconsciously.

And this campaign against alcohol was beginning to take root in Latin America. In Mexico, Brazil and in Chile the governments had been taking steps which were bringing them nearer to prohibition. The United States would soon be on a basis of prohibition; the great experiment was about to be made throughout the country, and upon the result of this experiment depended the fate of whisky, wine and beer in Latin America. Every country in the world is a social laboratory, and it is best that all should not make the same experiment at the same time. Germany and Austria-Hungary had been experimenting in autocracy; the United States were experimenting in democracy. And the world had learned its

lesson. Europe was experimenting with official prostitution, the United States with the suppression of prostitution. Latin America experiments with the negation of women's rights, the United States with their exaltation. France experiments with the glass of wine at mealtimes, the United States with the glass of milk.

In no other country are so many social experiments made as in the United States because here each State is also a laboratory within the nation. Here there is personality for the individual—man, woman and child; there is personality for the community, for the city and for the State. And in no other country are the experiments being made with more faith and more vehemence. Every new idea, every new proposal which has any probability of success is given an opportunity to make good.

This Spanish-American gentleman had believed that the United States occupied a lower place than the countries of Central and South America in the matter of culture, habit and social manners; but, just after he had received from Chile the notes that the censor in New York had added to the letter in which he spoke about this subject to his wife, an incident had occurred which caused him to alter his mind on the subject. A young American who spoke Spanish, but who had never been in a Spanish-speaking country, told him that on a visit to New York he had attended several times at the Spanish Theater of that city in order to exercise his ear in the language; and he added that he had never seen a display of worse behavior. The audience shouted such impudent vulgarities at the actors that they had made him blush as never before in his life.

That theater is frequented exclusively by Spaniards and Latin Americans, and the young man from Chicago

had come to the conclusion that the people of these countries were habitually coarse. The hero of our story had to take it upon himself for the first time the defense of Latin Americans from such attacks, and to maintain that the theater which the young man from Chicago had attended did not cater to the best people from these countries. But the very fact that he had to undertake this defense made him think that he, in his turn, had perhaps jumped at conclusions with the same undue haste as the person whose inferences he was now setting right.

There were uncultured, uneducated, badly behaved people everywhere, in that America and in this America; with the difference that in Latin America the social classes are so widely separated amongst themselves that the well bred man has no opportunity of criticizing the vulgar herd. It is an unheard-of thing over there that a millionaire should seat himself alongside a workman, as might easily happen here.

The censor's argument concerning the letter in which he had spoken of the want of good manners, of courtesy in the United States had impressed him greatly. Here was no privileged, hereditary class which inherited its social manners with its name and fortune. Here a workman could become a man of importance in the land, often in a few years' time. In this democracy there were to be found rough men among the upper classes; whereas in Latin America this was not the case because stability of caste was there the rule. The description of the sinking of the *Titanic* had moved him acutely. This at least was evidently the truth: those men who might perhaps not yield their seats to *ladies* in a trolley-car were quick to give their life-belts to *women* in a wreck at sea.

One afternoon, after having visited Hull House, and

after a delightful chat with Jane Addams, right in the settlement, where he had tea with this wonderful woman and with other women who worked with her, he returned to his hotel and seated in his room up on the tenth floor, with his eyes fixed upon the lake, there came to his mind a deeply felt experience of his life. It was an intimate story about a pretty girl of his own social circle, to whom he had done irreparable harm by airing an injurious and unjustified opinion about her. Later, he came to know her intimately and became convinced of his lamentable error.

Why did this story come to his mind? Because he was beginning to believe that the United States was a second girl about whom he had expressed injurious and unjustified opinions. It was not so easy to become acquainted with a country as with a person, but in fact a country has also individual characteristic features; and the ugly conviction was already dawning on him that he had been slandering unconsciously a country not only worthy of the greatest respect and admiration, but worthy also of being imitated by the sister countries of America for the good of the entire continent.

Moreover, the successful conclusion of his business here, the sale of those deposits which left him the possessor of a large fortune and a stockholder in the new enterprise, influenced subconsciously the new condition of his mind in observing, judging and generalizing. In the transaction of this business he had been treated with the most rigorous honesty and the most exquisite affability; his country was spoken of with the utmost respect; it was proposed to remunerate generously the men that were going to be employed and to provide good living

conditions for them. All this also helped him to get rid of his former prejudiced viewpoint.

The day was approaching when he must return to his native land. Before leaving he was to stop for a few weeks in New York, a city with which he was not personally acquainted, since on arriving in this country he had landed in New Orleans and had visited only the Southern, Western and Central States.

In New York he took an apartment in the Waldorf-Astoria, and from there made short trips to Washington, Boston and Philadelphia. Two days before he left, General Pershing arrived in New York. The city was en fête. He also was moved to see from his window on Fifth Avenue the "march past" of soldiers who had been led by a simple, unassuming man, a genuine type of the people whose flag he defended.

The afternoon before his departure, while engaged with packing in his room, he was called to the telephone. A lady wished to see him. He went down and received the lady in one of the large saloons on the main floor.

"Sir —," began the young lady, whose big eyes irradiated sympathy, "I have not the pleasure of knowing you personally; only by chance I discovered that you were here, and I have not hesitated in coming to ask you for a moment's conversation. My name is Mabel Jones. It was I who in the Censor's Office of the Government read and added comments to the letters which you wrote your wife."

The gentleman's surprise was such that he could not control himself sufficiently to hide it.

"Please sit down, madam, your visit is a great pleasure for me."

"I want to ask your pardon personally. . . ."

"But it is I who should ask your pardon and thank you. I have contracted a debt toward you which I do not know how to repay. I have read all the notes with which you supplemented my letters, and they have been a decisive factor in showing me how I should judge of this country. I beg your pardon, madam, for the errors into which I had fallen."

She smiled.

"Is it to one who is convinced, or to a Latin gentleman, traditionally gallant with ladies, that I am speaking?"

The elegant figure, the delicate features, the gentle manners and the instinctive aristocratic grace that this man had inherited from his forefathers served but to corroborate the preconception that Miss Jones had formed of him. He, smilingly, but giving to his tone and to the slight movement of his head all the attributes of conviction, rejoined:

"A convert, madam, and also a repentant sinner."

The conversation swept quickly from one topic to another, speaking of imperialism, of democracy, of woman suffrage, of education, of marriage and of divorce. Now that they had reached the same level, it was easy to understand each other.

In the midst of a well dressed crowd in constant movement, amid thousands of voices muffled by carpets and curtains, surrounded by the scent of flowers and the melodious strains of the orchestra, they seemed to be as isolated as the monks of St. Gothard; and as the sun bathes the mountain tops, the light of truth bathed the spirit of this Spanish-American.

The conversation took them so far, that night began

to fall without either of them noticing the flight of time. When he saw how late it was, he asked her:

"Would you be so kind as to accept an invitation to dinner? It is the first and last opportunity that I shall have to see you."

And she, knowing that he was leaving on the following day, and having her message still untold, did not scruple to accept the invitation. They were only a few steps away from the spacious dining room of the hotel, with its windows looking out upon Fifth Avenue, very near one of which they took their places.

He repeated in different ways how very grateful he was to Miss Jones for all the trouble she had taken, expressing himself as doubtful of ever being able to recompense her trouble.

"You can repay me by granting a favor I wish to ask you."

"It will be a pleasure for me to have the opportunity to do anything for you."

"My supplements to your letters have contributed, you tell me, to make you better capable of understanding this country. I think that by publishing them together with your letters, which are a revelation of the way in which many Latin Americans judge the United States, others might also be induced to learn the truth about my country. I doubt whether the perusal of these letters will alone suffice to definitely convince anybody with deep-rooted convictions toward a contrary opinion, but they may serve as a compass to direct the mind, as a help to understanding. Would you give me permission to publish your letters?"

"With the greatest pleasure, although I would prefer that you do not publish my name. Or if you wish my

name to appear, you must give me permission to change the form of the letters, which I wrote as if I were speaking freely, alone with my wife."

"Oh! That is just something that must be preserved. It could very rarely happen that any one would write in that way for our public, censuring our nation; but you have left on record in those letters the form and substance of opinions held by many, very many Latin Americans regarding my country. There are writers among them who have spoken with still more rancor of my country in books, magazines, newspapers and public lectures. These opinions are mistaken, sometimes purposely, and evidently inspired by bad faith, but most of the time they are due to ignorance. At all events, it is advisable to know these conceptions in order to combat them. It makes no difference that your name is withheld. You are a Latin American, a representative Latin American of the highest class of those countries. That is what matters."

"Thanks for your good opinion. You may use those letters as you see fit."

All New York seemed to be passing through the Avenue, the most imposing artery in the world. From their seats, the American of the North and the American of the South were as if seated on the banks of a swollen human river.

"Yes, I have arrived at the true comprehension of the significance and beauty of democracy, and I believe that this country, more than any other, is striving wholeheartedly that democratic ideals may prevail," he continued gravely. "This nation has the biggest collective soul in the world. I told you before that I was a repentant sinner, a convert. I might say that it is an-

other man whom you are meeting now. I have been transformed; I have a different soul in the same body. Not only have I changed my mode of thinking with regard to your country; I have acquired a new philosophy regarding many of the cardinal problems of life.

As he spoke, his eyes seemed to shine with a new light, the illumination of awakening. It was more than the awakening of a man; it was the awakening of a continent.

"Of all the things you have said to your wife in those letters, of all your judgments, which appears to you now as the most mistaken? Which of them do you regret most?" asked Miss Jones.

This question delighted the Chilean gentleman. Though all that he had said in the letters was liable to put him out of countenance before an American lady, there was one thing which mortified him more than the rest.

"What I most regret to have said is that the American woman is not a woman, but a neutral being, and that I would not have married one of them if there had been no other women in the world. They are charming."

"I might have expected that answer," she said smilingly. "Politeness is second nature to you Latin Americans."

"I admire this country," he went on, seeing that he need no further insist in his apology. "I think you are giving a lesson to the whole of our America; but do you not think that there is a real social menace, a danger for democracy, in this popular ferment, in these ideas of communism, of bolshevism, that fill the air in your country?"

"No," she answered. "The American people, on the

whole, believe in democracy. Foreign elements, which we have in more abundance than any other nation, have come to preach here a revolutionary socialism which is at variance with our principles. There is but one way to play the game of life, and indeed all games, whether they are of the mind or of the muscle. Be it chess or baseball, both sides begin with the same elements. The two castles, the two bishops, the two knights of one player can move from square to square in the same way as the castles, the bishops and the knights of the other player. And in baseball the balls and bats are the same for both teams. But the intelligence, the plan of campaign of one chess player or one baseball captain is superior to that of the other, and sooner or later a master stroke puts the balance in his favor. The defeated party is not beaten definitely; more study on his part, more practice, more attention, may see him the winner to-morrow. Good sportsmen go on with the game; as losers they join in the applause for the victors, who reap the laurels won by their efforts. Later on these honors may be theirs.

"Thus, in a democracy we want the game of life to begin under equal conditions for all. The public school, the library and the college are within the reach of every one. The winners are those who, with more effort and more intelligence, move their pawns to the best advantage. All have a chance to win on a larger or smaller scale. We must play the game. The distinctive token of victory differs according to the game that is being played. In chess it is checkmate, in baseball the home run, in art the glory, and in business it is money.

"But the game must be played, and the laws of the game must be respected, which in the case of life are

the laws dictated by the majority. There must be winners and losers. And the winners of to-day are not necessarily the winners of to-morrow. If the losers are in the majority, and if they are not satisfied with the rules of the game, they can change them, because the fundamental principle of our laws is that they can be changed in accordance with the will of the majority."

"And what do the communists want in this game of life?"

"They want . . . not to play the game. They claim that there should be no winners or losers. They want it to be established that he who exerts himself, he who studies and he who works shall enjoy the same honors as he who does not exert himself, or he who does not study, or he who does not work; they claim that Edison should receive the same remuneration as the joiner who makes a wooden box for the phonograph invented by the scientist; they want Carrel to earn as much as a quack dentist; they think that Ford should earn the same wages as a chauffeur. They would snatch away the winning pieces from a chess player who is about to win the game. These Utopian and nonsensical pretensions are equivalent to an order for the removal of mountains, a foolish mandate to raze the Andes or the Rocky Mountains in order to make of the world an even, level plain. This is at variance with the spirit of our country."

The orchestra filled the room with its melodies. Elegantly dressed ladies and gentlemen continued coming in and occupying all the tables of the large dining room. Outside, the Avenue looked like day, with its brilliant lights. The human river streamed on in a continuous and overflowing torrent.

"But the men and women of our country," she con-

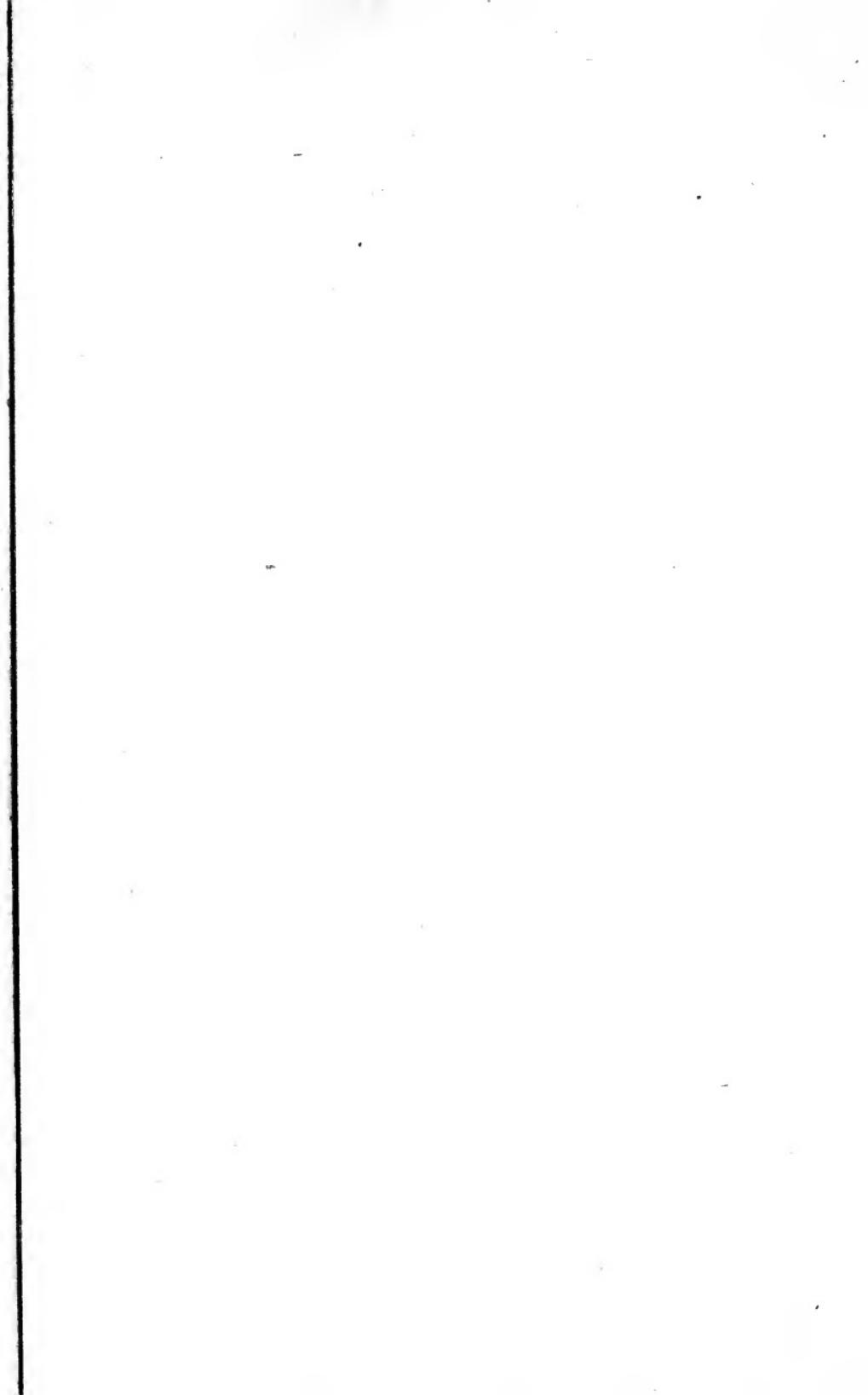
tinued, "have confidence in themselves, they wish to play the game of life and to continue their efforts in the struggle to perfect the laws of the game."

At that moment—it was a day of civic celebrations and of receptions for great soldiers—the strains of the national hymn of the United States were heard, and the Chilean gentleman felt himself overpowered by almost the same emotion that always moved him when hearing his own national hymn. He rose immediately, even before the rest of the people, and at that moment, there, in the heart of New York, he felt that he was in a glorious country, which was receiving the men of old Europe, and inspiring them with the new energy and ideals that a virgin world has to offer. He felt, for the first time, the fibers of continental love vibrate; he had a presentiment of the future greatness of all America, and he understood that he must be animated by a spirit of love, fraternity and mutual intelligence, in order to take his part in the fulfillment of the great destinies of the New World that was to be a world made new.

They were an American of the North and an American of the South, educated in two different continents, with different idiosyncrasies. They were two souls, symbolical of two different races which had come from Europe three centuries ago, and were occupying different rooms in the same continental palace. During three centuries these peoples had merely exchanged visiting cards. Only now were they beginning to know each other; only now was it dawning upon their minds that mutual understanding and coöperation were necessary. He would return home, to the side of his wife and children who were anxiously waiting for him; she would remain here, at the side of those dear to her.

Their eyes met; not the eyes of a man and a woman lit up by passion, but those of one America and the other America that understood each other, two continents of a new world that had been divorced from each other and that wished to be re-united.

THE END



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